



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

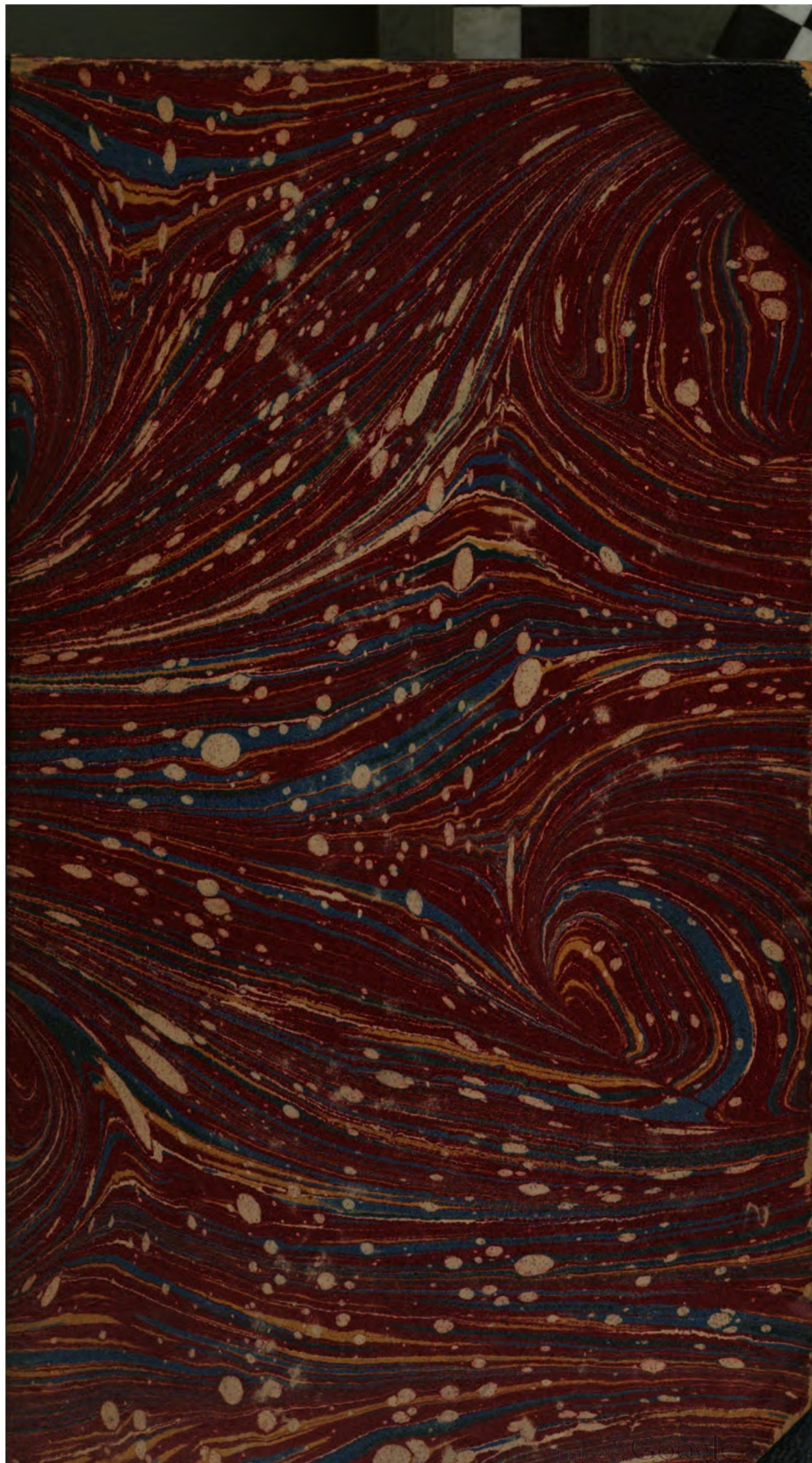
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

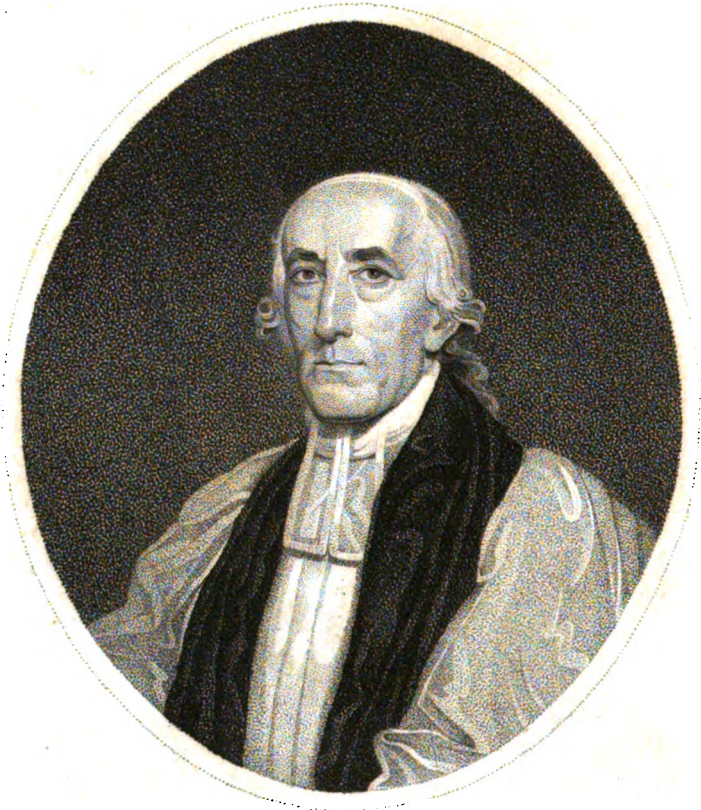
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Hope essay add: 27.



Edwin &c.

The Right Reverend
BENJAMIN MOORE D.D.

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York.

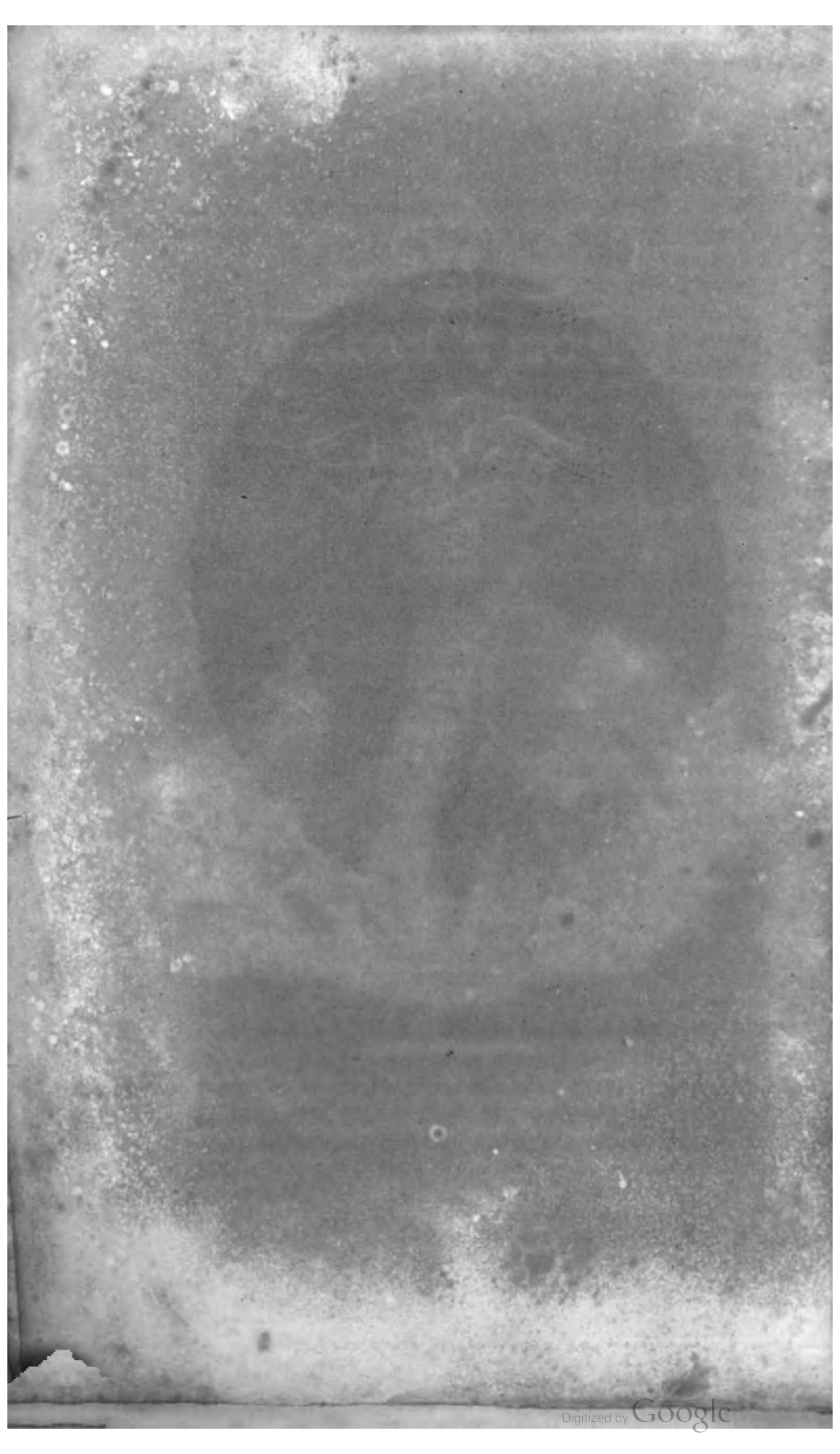
THE
PORT FOLIO
Vol. 4.



PHILADELPHIA,

*Published by Bradford & Inskip
and Inskip & Bradford*

NEW YORK.



THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

Vol. IV.

JULY, 1810.

No. 1.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP MOORE,

*Rector of Trinity Church, in the City of New-York, and Bishop of the Protestant
Episcopal Church in the State of New-York.*

BENJAMIN MOORE, D. D. rector of Trinity church, in the city of New-York, and bishop of the protestant episcopal church in the state of New-York, was born in Newtown, Long-Island, on the 16th of October 1748, was ordained deacon on the 24th of June, 1774, by doctor Terrick, bishop of London, and priest on the 29th of the same month. He was elected bishop of the protestant episcopal church in the state of New-York, by the convention of the said church, in the month of September 1801, and consecrated to this sacred office on the 11th of the same month, in the city of Trenton, New-Jersey, by the right reverend bishop White, of Pennsylvania, presiding bishop; the right reverend bishop Clagget of Maryland, and the right reverend bishop Jarvis of Connecticut being present and assisting.

VOL. IV.

A

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER XIII.

The Cape, island of Hayti, November, 1805.

HIS august majesty the newly created emperor made his first visit to the Cape about the fifteenth of October. A few days after his arrival, he summoned the inhabitants of the town male and female, but particularly the people of colour, to assemble on an appointed day upon one of the public squares. This notification created among the mulattoes a considerable degree of alarm, for ever since the establishment of the new government, a jealousy arising from difference of colour, had been gradually insinuating itself between them and the blacks, and they were apprehensive that as their common enemies the whites were no longer present to keep alive their united hatred of that people, the vengeance of the negroes might be turned against them as participating of the French blood of their fathers. To remove all uneasiness upon this head was an important desideratum with the emperor, for upon the union of all his subjects rested the stability and tranquillity of his empire. When the body of inhabitants, which was very numerous, had assembled, his majesty mounted a stage, and surrounded by many of the grand dignitaries of the empire, addressed them in the style of a plain blunt man who only knew how to "speak right on." He stated that the object of his assembling them, was to impress upon their minds the necessity of cultivating unity and harmony among one another as children of the same family, whatever might be the shade of difference in their complexion. In the course of his oration, he very *modestly* reproached some of the coloured *fair sex* for their too great fondness for the whites. It was expressed nearly in the following style and language. "Women of colour, why do you wrangle so much with one another? Why do you entertain so great a partiality for the whites? As soon as an American vessel arrives, many of you run to the wharves to see the captain and supercargo, and you immediately begin to quarrel about the choice of sweet-hearts. Of what consequence is colour? I have wives in all parts of my dominions, of every shade, black, yellow, and white, and to me they are all alike; I love them equally well." This harangue was delivered in the very coars-

est Creole dialect, which is the species of language always used by his majesty: not because it is supporting the appearance of republicanism by affecting the manners of the plebeians—but because his majesty can speak no other.

Notwithstanding however this very friendly talk, there were in the Cape many individuals whom nothing prevented from leaving the island, but the prohibition to emigrate, which extended to all subjects. In January soon after the settlement of the government, Des-salines had issued a proclamation inviting the Haytiens, who, during the troubles of the revolution had left their country, to return, and promising to pay to the captains of vessels who would convey any such to the island, a sum of money for their passage. This address had not produced the desired effect. Very few instances occurred of the invitation having been accepted, and it was found at length that so far from the number of liege subjects increasing by importation, there was a prospect of the reverse. There were many individuals and families among the people of colour, who were not calculated for the tumults of a revolution, or fond of the system of cruelty and tyranny practised by the present rulers. There were also many who, in the former happy state of the country had been wealthy proprietors, and whose situation and circumstances having by no means been changed for the better, had just cause to complain of a sad reverse of fortune. Many of these unfortunate people were willing to abandon their property and their country to enjoy in a foreign clime, perhaps in poverty, that peace of mind ever attendant upon a confidence of political security and protection, which cannot be felt within the reach of a despot. Applications for passports had frequently been made, but very seldom with success, and the prohibition to carry away the subjects of the government was generally known to foreigners. Still however some instances occurred, of successful escapes, but on or about the twenty-first of October, an infringement of this municipal regulation produced a very melancholy occurrence. The armed ship *Pilgrim* of Philadelphia was at that time at the Cape, and after being prepared for sea, and whilst under way, with several vessels who were sailing under her convoy, she was brought to by the fort at the mouth of the harbour, and ordered back with the rest into port. The cause of this detention was

the circumstance of Christophe's having been informed that a number of the natives and several Frenchmen had been privately concealed on board of her. It is said that the general had been acquainted with the transaction several days previous, but under an impression that they would alter their minds and return again to the shore, he had taken no notice of it until the last moment. A guard of soldiers was immediately despatched on board the ship to search, and there discovered two Frenchmen and about twelve or thirteen people of colour. They with Mr. Tate, the first officer of the ship, were all conveyed to shore, when, as soon as they had landed, without any examination, Mr. Tate and the two Frenchmen were commanded to be instantly hung. The fatal decree was executed without delay upon the scale-beam on the commercial wharf, and so exasperated were the soldiers, that it would have cost any American his life, to have attempted to interpose in behalf of his unfortunate countryman. The captain of the ship it is stated, was ordered to be shot, but some delay having taken place in the execution of this mandate, his friends had time to make intercession for him, by which he was saved. The people of colour, who had been found on board the ship, among whom were some women, were put into prison, but were soon afterwards liberated, and in a few days the fleet was permitted to depart.

This unpleasant occurrence produced much confusion in the transaction of commercial affairs, and created for a few days among the Americans a considerable uneasiness. Business was so much suspended, that the emperor became provoked and sent a message to the merchants to inquire whether or no they intended to go on as usual with their commerce. This impressive example of the rigour of the government, was followed on the 22d of October by a proclamation, which stated, that "notwithstanding the respectful treatment the Americans had received from the Haytiens, some of them had, in an unaccountable manner, violated the municipal regulations of the empire, by attempting to carry away the natives of the island." It was composed of two articles; the first declaring that in future any person guilty of such an attempt should be imprisoned for ten months, and then

sent home with a prohibition never again to appear in the island under pain of death. The second declared, that any native detected in the attempt to escape, should be shot upon the public square.

About this time two Spanish vessels were captured by Haytien cruizers, and carried into Aux Cayes, the crews of which were marched into the country, and there in all probability destroyed. One was also brought into the Cape having on board a quantity of silks, which furnished the whole court with suits of that article. It has also been mentioned that an American vessel trading to the island about this period was captured by a French privateer, the crew of which murdered all the Americans, but being afterwards taken by a British cruizer, were delivered, as a punishment for their piracy, into the hands of the indigenes, who very quickly despatched them.

After his departure from the Cape the emperor went into the southern department of the island to view the fortifications and to accelerate the military preparations of the troops in that quarter. The grand campaign against the city of St. Domingo which was intended to be opened in the ensuing spring, occupied the principal attention of his majesty and his chiefs, who spoke very confidently of leading into the field, an army of fifty thousand men. Success was considered as certain, and the same pleasing anticipations of vengeance and pillage were entertained by both officers and men, each being eager for his share of both.

The garrison at St. Domingo, as well as the inhabitants of the Spanish part of the island generally, were apprised of the meditated invasion, and were accordingly preparing themselves for resistance. It has been said that a degree of jealousy had latterly prevailed between the French and Spaniards of this department, almost sufficient to prevent them from making common cause against the blacks, and that despatches had been intercepted by the latter containing a proposition to Dessalines from the former, to deliver into his hands the Spanish inhabitants, upon the condition of his permitting them to depart without molestation. This statement, however, I do not believe to be correct, although it has been very confidently related in some of the American gazettes.

Ever since an open declaration of hostilities by the emperor against the Spaniards, incursions upon a small scale had frequently been made upon the possessions of the latter, attended with massacres, and robberies of cattle and other property. The Spaniards had few opportunities of retaliating, but were well disposed to do it when in their power, as is evident from the following circumstance. A Haytien armed vessel with a crew of twenty-five negroes ventured upon the coast from the Cape as far as Port Plate, and the captain feeling all the consequence of a commander of a line of battle ship, was so silly as to demand the surrender of the town. The crafty Spaniards pretended great joy at the opportunity afforded them of testifying their attachment to his imperial majesty the emperor of Hayti, and in a very friendly manner invited the officers and crew of the *man of war* to partake of a grand *fête* which they had prepared in honour of the occasion. The device succeeded; the unsuspecting blacks went on shore, were entrapped, and received from their kind hosts a treatment very similar to what their imperial master was in the practice of showing to the Frenchmen whom he found in his dominions. Not one was left alive to carry home the tidings of the sad fate of his comrades.

The year 1804, being the first of the independence of Hayti, closed without producing any other events of moment, leaving the nation in the height of their preparations for a campaign, which added nothing to their military renown, and cost them the lives of many "peasant slaves." This expedition will form the subject of my next communication.

R.

1
Page 426, line 16, last Letter, for *bear-skins* read *bare-skins*.

*Sketch of the Life, Character, and Works of Voltaire.***MR. OLDSCHOOL,**

The following sketch of the life, works, and character of the celebrated Voltaire may probably appear new and interesting to many of your readers. If you should be of this opinion, it is much at your service.

A SUBSCRIBER.

VOLTAIRE is generally considered as the most universal genius, and most elegant writer of his nation; but he was not satisfied with this splendid fame; he was ambitious of uniting with it the unfortunate reputation of an infidel. He was born at Paris in 1694; and his respectable father Mons. Arouet was as well known for his literary accomplishments, as the regularity of his life. It was the lot of this virtuous man to sigh at an early period over the licentious deviations of his son. Impiety in him burst forth with his wit, which was uncommonly premature. His infant tongue could scarcely articulate verses when he distinguished himself by little poems both impious and obscene.

The college of Louis le Grand at that time the school of learning and piety, proved to him the rock on which he split, not but he received there the best lessons of virtue enforced by the edifying example of very able professors; but more flattered by the applauses of a few licentious fellow students, than influenced by the remonstrances of his teachers, he gave ample scope to the proud temerity of his heart. It is well known, that father le Jay his professor of rhetoric, often foretold that he would become the *standard of infidelity*. This prediction was unfortunately too literally accomplished. After leaving the college the young Arouet (for as yet he had not assumed the name of Voltaire) connected himself with the most notorious Parisian freethinkers. He was a constant guest at the *petits soupers* in the temple, and the poison of impiety daily exhibited fresh symptoms of its virulence from his intimacy with the abbè *Chaulieu*, and the table companions of that epicurean poet.

It was at this early period that he conceived the plan of his epistle to *Urania*, which sometime after the death of the abbè *Chaulieu* he ascribed to that deistical writer. But with respect to this fact no person could be mistaken. This epistle so celebrated for brilliancy

of style and harmony of versification is still more so for the blasphemies and cynical licentiousness that pervade it.

Œdipus, which was the first theatrical composition of Voltaire, while it seemed to promise a worthy successor of Corneille and Racine, evinced but too plainly the turn of his mind. Persons of religious feelings discovered in it many reprehensible expressions, and among others, were offended with these captious verses:

"Les pretres ne sont point ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
"Notre credulite fait toute leur science."

"Priests are not what the thoughtless crowd conceives
"But only wise, because fond man believes."

Many lines of the *Henriade* seem to be fashioned on the same anvil; and when the young poet showed his work to the famous and unfortunate Rousseau, this sublime writer shocked at the tone of declamation, satire and hardihood which the youthful author had assumed, advised him to take Virgil, rather than Juvenal for his model, and to respect what mankind had always deemed respectable.

To forget, if he could, some disappointments and affronts, which he had experienced in France, Voltaire retired to London in 1726, where in the society of the English deists, who were very numerous at that time, he wrote his famous *Lettres Philosophiques*, which were afterwards condemned to the flames by the parliament of Paris. This work appears to be dictated by an inveterate, blind and furious hatred to the christian religion. Historical forgeries and misrepresentations, antithesis and epigram constitute its principal merit and strength. Religion either directly or indirectly is the constant subject of his attacks, which by their unparalleled virulence resemble the fierce voracity of a vulture gorging itself with its prey. In this work indeed he pays some insidious compliments to the quakers, but that respectable body will not thank him for doing it at the expense of other christian societies.

Christianity under every form is treated with less tenderness than the systems of paganism of which the infamous divinities and licentious fables found a worthy advocate in Mons. Voltaire. The historical anecdotes, with which these letters abound are generally calculated to disfigure and depreciate religion, and

observations merely of a philosophical nature are mixed up with critical reflections upon its tenets. When any translations are made from English writers, they are almost always such as foster the spirit of unbelief, and the excess of their extravagance is made the standard of their merit.

It was during this visit to England that Voltaire was introduced to Pope; and being invited to dine with him, he talked, at table, with so much indecency, especially with regard to religion, that the poet's mother was obliged to retire. He was once also in company with Dr. Young, the sublime author of *Night Thoughts*; when *Paradise Lost* happening to become the subject of conversation, Voltaire threw out many indecent observations, not merely upon Milton's allegorical characters, but upon the sources whence they were drawn. This at last provoked Young to address Voltaire in these well known lines,

"Thou art so witty, profligate and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton's *Devil*, *Death*, and *Sin*."

But the most conspicuous edifice which Voltaire has raised to the genius of irreligion, is, without controversy, his "Essay on General History," so deservedly proscribed by the French clergy in 1765. A man of wit has observed, that the following title would be very suitable to this work: "A System of universal History, in which the author arranges his facts according to his fancy, in order to prove that religion is an atrocious chimera, and man a brutal and mischievous animal, the everlasting sport of blind fatality: a work well calculated to form honest and virtuous men!"

But what is the conclusion which every reader will draw from the perusal of this history, which the enthusiastic admirers of Voltaire have presumed to prefer before the sublime discourse of Bossuet. Is it not, "that whoever is in no fear of a God, is unacquainted with the means of troubling the world?" Fatalism is every where represented as triumphant; an imposing catalogue is exhibited of all the splendid villains, who have lived in prosperity, and died in peace: and to this is opposed a long list of virtuous men and conscientious sovereigns, who have perished

miserably amidst wretchedness and disgrace. In writing the history of wars, the author never forgets to remark, that the most just have always been the most unfortunate and disastrous.

The picture indeed which he draws of the misfortunes experienced by virtuous persons, would appear to the eye of wisdom as a conclusive argument, that there is another life in which compensation will be made to suffering virtue, and all the seeming irregularities of this world will be adjusted. But this *judicious* historian has no such ideas; chance alone is his constant and supreme director of the universe. The soul of an animal of which he has no knowledge, furnishes him with an unanswerable proof that his own is nothing but a modification of matter; that all men are mere machines, which a capricious being annihilates as soon as they have acted their destined parts in the world. That there is a wonderful resemblance between a child, and a puppy; and that the whole difference between a Newton and a mole consists in a more or less degree of organic refinement.

The soul of man once removed, revelation falls of course, and this *great historian*, accordingly, opens his strongest batteries against it. He gathers up all the fables of ancient and modern times; dives into Indian traditions, and displays all the absurdities of mahometism, and after endeavouring to throw an air of consequence over these fooleries, he gravely places them by the side of christianity, where they seem to hold a preference to our holy religion.

The evidence of facts causes but little embarrassment to our author. He boldly denies, or covers them with ridicule. The most authentic claims, the most ancient histories, and monuments that have escaped the ravages of time, all sink under the prejudices and misrepresentations of this literary dictator. That religion which had triumphed over the fury of the Cæsars, and the hatred of philosophers, was established, he tells us, like other sects, without opposition; nay, it was favoured and patronised by the *virtuous* Nero, the sage Dioclesian, by their ministers and their executioners. These certainly are wonderful discoveries; but it was reserved to a poet to make them, whose walk lies chiefly in the regions of fiction.

The same air of flippant pleasantry and misrepresentation runs through his Philosophical Dictionary, where it assumes a more undisguised appearance. As an author grows old he should cease to be squeamish, and this maxim was adopted by Voltaire in all its latitude. The pruriency of his imagination increases with his years. To be convinced of this the reader needs only to open this dictionary, the Pucelle, or Candide. Persons the most familiar with licentiousness cannot read these works without indignation. Every page is defiled with vulgar pleasantry, gross impieties, and disgusting ribaldry. No respect is paid to the Deity, none to religion, to virtue, or to morals, and, we may add, none to taste; for what can be more opposed to taste, to the perception of what is true, refined and beautiful, than a low and grovelling style delineating manners still more base and contemptible; than a crude collection of puerile incidents, improbable adventures, and forced witticisms, which would disgrace the character of a footman.

But, it is when he attacks his adversaries that Voltaire totally renounces his claim to good breeding. The most outrageous abuse then flows from his pen, and all respect to rank and character is entirely thrown aside. The venerable archbishop of Auch, and the bishop of Puy are assailed in terms as opprobrious, as Grub-street or Billingsgate could furnish. In a pamphlet which is entitled *Defense de mon Oncle*, he adds to the vilest abuse the most revolting indecencies. Some of the chapters are entitled, *On Sodomy*, *On Incest*, *On Abraham* and *Ninon de l'Enclos*, &c. &c. the contents of these chapters fully answer their titles. What astonishes us is, that at the age of seventy, a man, who calls himself a philosopher, could display such moral depravity by publishing to the world these degrading productions. He might have meant to render his libels more saleable, but they too clearly evince the base passions that gave them birth. They have, indeed, raised a blush upon the face of many of his admirers, for who not born and educated amidst the dregs of society would not blush at such outrages against the common decencies of life.

It was by these and similar disgusting effusions of his bile that in his retreat at Ferney, which he describes as a paradise, Voltaire endeavoured to compensate his feelings for the privation of the pleasures of Paris, of Berlin and the court. In vain did he affect to des-

prise grandeur and distinctions. They were the constant subjects of his regret, his irritation, and his grief. He reflected in the bitterness of his soul, that it was once in his power to live happily with Frederick the great; but presuming to indulge himself in some unbecoming familiarities with this monarch, to insult his favourites, to displace the president of his academy and circulate some atrocious satires, he was obliged to leave Berlin with precipitation and disgrace. How he employed his time during his retirement at Ferney, how he sickened over the rising fame of Rousseau, exposed the weakness of his best friends, and spared no invectives and calumnies against his enemies, may be seen in the journals and travels of that period. After an absence of twenty-seven years, he was induced to visit Paris once more; where he was welcomed with extraordinary, and enthusiastic honours, which plainly evinced the decay of moral and religious principle in that capital. They proved however too oppressive for this feeble old man, and he died within a few days suffocated with the incense of theatrical adulation. Many accounts of his last moments have been circulated; but the following it is believed is the most authentic, it appeared in the Annual Register for 1778.

“The marquis de Villette, with whom Voltaire resided in Paris, when he perceived his visitor’s death approaching, sent for Mons. Bonnet, curé of St. Sulpice, to persuade him if possible to comply with the usual forms of their religion, in order that the proper honours might be paid to his remains. The curé began by questioning Voltaire if he believed in the divinity of Christ; but was hastily stopped by the wit’s saying “ah! mons. le Curé, if I pass that article to you, you will demand if I do not also believe in the Holy Ghost, and so on, until you finish by the Bull *Unigenitus*. The curé departed, but in a few hours after, a great change appearing, he came a second time, and began by putting his hand on the dying man’s head, as he lay in bed; upon which Voltaire raised his own hand to the curate’s head, and pushed him away, saying; “I came into the world without a *bonnet*, (a cap) and will go out of it without one, therefore let me die in peace.” He accordingly turned his back towards the curé, and died in a few minutes, without speaking another word; on the 30th May 1778.”

How censurable soever his levity may be, yet there was nothing impious in the death of Voltaire. Had he even believed in the fundamental doctrines of christianity, he might not possibly have deemed it his duty to acknowledge them, to a person, who would have required him to profess others, peculiar indeed to his church, but equally important in his eyes. The persecuting spirit, and superstitious practices, which he conceived arose from the discriminating doctrines of the Roman church had been the habitual subjects of his opposition and ridicule, and however some may conceive him to be mistaken in tracing these evils to their source; yet every friend to mankind will so far allow credit to his writings as they contributed to disgrace and expel from society the monsters of intolerance and the harlequins of religion. Fair had been his fame, and the gratitude of the world increasing and everlasting, had this writer stopt at this glorious point. But his writings in general, and his posthumous letters in particular, clearly show, that his opposition and hatred were not pointed at the noxious or unbecoming excrescences, but at the vital parts of christianity itself. His invectives against these were not only indecent and disingenuous, but were uttered, moreover, with a degree of acrimony, spite, bitterness, and bigotry unexampled in any other deistical writer whatever. As the following sketches of this celebrated character are, probably, not generally known in this country, I submit them to your judgment, as deserving the public attention. The following first appeared at the end of a work entitled "The Oracle of Modern Philosophers;" but with many inaccuracies, which were afterwards corrected.

" You ask me for a faithful character of Voltaire, with whom you say you are acquainted only through his works. In my opinion, it is a point of some importance to know him even as an author. But you are desirous also of knowing him as a man : under both these views it is my intention to delineate him. Mr. Voltaire is above the middle height. He is lean, and of a dry temperament. His countenance of a bilious and dingy hue, exhibiting an air satirical and caustic, with eyes uncommonly arch and sparkling. His whole manner exhibits the fire which you perceive in his writings. Lively even to levity, he is ever dazzling you with the brilliant scintillations of his wit. A man of this constitution must of course be a valetudinarian. So keen

a blade must be always wearing out the scabbard. He is gay from disposition, but composed from necessity, and reserved without friends, he knows the world and forgets it.

“Aristippus in the morning and Diogenes in the evening, he loves grandeur but despises the great: with these he feels himself at ease, but is reserved with his equals. His first address is polite, but it soon becomes cold, and ends in disgust. He loves the court, but is quickly tired of its restraints. With sensibility without attachment; voluptuousness without passion, he clings to nothing through choice, but to every thing through inconstancy. Reasoning without principles, his understanding acts by fits like the folly of other men. With an active mind and a malignant heart, he penetrates into every thing in order to despise it. Vain to excess, but still more avaricious, he writes less for reputation than for money. He was made for enjoyment, but is busy only in accumulating wealth. Such is the *man*, now behold the author.

“Being a poet by nature, his verses cost him too little. This facility injures him; he abuses it continually, and of course, seldom gives us any finished production. As he composes with ease, ingenuity, and eloquence, next to poetry his occupation should be history, were he capable of profound research, and an inviolable love of truth; but he has adopted the manner of Bayle, whom he copies after, while he censures him. It has been said that a writer without passion and prejudices should be of no religion, or country whatever. In this particular Voltaire makes rapid strides to perfection. No one surely will accuse him of national partiality or attachment; on the contrary, a strain of complaint approaching to the querulous imbecility of old age runs through all his writings. He is continually blaming and ridiculing whatever is French, while every thing that lies at a thousand leagues distance from France is the constant subject of his extravagant encomiums. As to religion, it is well known, that he acknowledges none at all. He possesses much French and foreign literature, much of that motley erudition so fashionable at this day. He would be an adept in politics, in physics, in geometry, in what you please; but in all these capacities he never penetrates beyond the surface of science. And yet it requires a very pliant genius to touch even thus lightly on such a variety of subjects. His taste is more delicate than true. An ingenious satirist, but indifferent critic, he is fond of ab-

stract sciences, which peculiarity, nevertheless, excites no surprise. He is accused of never knowing how to stop at the golden point of moderation. At one time he is a melting philanthropist, at another an outrageous libeller. In a word, Mons. Voltaire is ambitious of passing for an extraordinary man, and such he surely is."

Another portrait of Voltaire drawn by one of his cotemporaries, a Mons. de la Baumelle, is not, I believe, very generally known.

"Voltaire, says he, possessed every requisite to the most extensive reputation. His wit was universal; and as an individual he had more than any other man; but the genius that confers durability on wit, he did not possess. He was highly pleasing at first, but is become less so, from abounding only in beauties that are hackneyed and obvious. He seizes upon whatever comes within his view, and makes it his own. With the rapidity of the eagle, he wanders his bright and penetrating eye. The profusion of imagery which he throws over the same object, the variety of his expressions, and the luxury of his elocution serve only to mask the leanness of his ideas, and the scantiness of the funds on which he is incessantly drawing. His phraseology, if not the most appropriate, is always the most brilliant. He has the art of approximating extremes, and by forcibly contrasting them, surprises the reader at once with the harmony and the conciseness of his diction. But as to the powers of fancy, displayed in his writings, they are never his own. He may claim the varnish, but the painting is another's. He injures his talents by dissipating them upon every kind of composition. In vain did he canvass his mind for that fertility and depth of thought which it was unable to furnish, and discovering the absence of these qualities, he strove to supply their want by pouring out torrents of acrimony on those who possessed them. By an air of independence and novelty he dazzled the eyes of a nation beginning at length to be weary of the monotony and slavery of its ideas; and by occasional plagiarisms from the English writers, by bold assertions, and frantic effusions, attempted to impose upon the public the pretensions of real genius, while, in fact, he was only embellishing some trivial truth. His compositions cost him but little, but they are worth no more than they cost. On subjects of philosophy they are generally ridiculous; on history replete with taste and falsehoods; on criticism they are singular and uncandid.

In the tragic walk he is very unequal. The details are often admirable, while the plan is defective. As a poet, he is noble, majestic, brilliant, airy, and a faithful painter of nature ; but never sublime. In the line of politics he appears frequently to be perplexed, sometimes frantic, and always mistaken. He is a pigmy discussing the war between the gods and the giants. One valuable quality, however, seems prevalent in his writings, they generally plead the cause of oppressed humanity. Some have compared him to the president Montesquieu, but the resemblance is no nearer than that of the ingenious phrases of Paterculus to the deep researches of Tacitus."

I shall conclude this imperfect account of Voltaire by a few lines from the *familiar letters* of the author of "The Spirit of the Laws." From these the reader will see what this great man thought of the champion of infidelity. Speaking of his disgrace at the court of Berlin, he says, "Let not Mr. Voltaire imagine that they whom he conceives to be his friends, will express themselves otherwise in their private letters. There is but one opinion respecting his talents, and the same is the case respecting his character. He is, therefore, at liberty to treat me as he has done some eminent prelates, although I am infinitely less worthy of his anger. In doing this, he only confirms by fresh injuries the former opinion of the public on the *mildness* and *moderation* of his temper." When the French Academy voted a statue to Voltaire, the following inscription was handed about Paris. It does not contain much point, and I know not whether you will deem it worthy a corner in The Port Folio.

En tibi dignum lapide Volterrano

Qui in poesi magnus, historiâ mediocres, philosophiâ minimus, religione nihil.

Cujus ingenium aere, memoria tenax, judicium imbelles, improbitas summa.

Cui plausere scioli, risere mulierculæ, favere prophani.

Quem irrisorem hominum, Deûmque Senatus.

Physico-Atheus hoc marmore donavit.

BRITISH BIOGRAPHY.

ABROAD, there appears to be no end of the procession of periodical papers. They start up every day, like the mushrooms of a summer's night. We have Tatblers, Triflers, Lookers-on, and Babblers in abundance. After Ramblers, Loungers, Idlers, and Loiterers, we expected to see no more of that family, when lo! a Mr. Clarke, a self-taught genius, appears not unpleasantly before us, in the guise of a good-natured SAUNTERER.* This is the most

* This is a novel appellation in the nomenclature of the British essayists, and we think it a very excellent and appropriate title. But it may perhaps be considered a curious circumstance in the annals of literary composition, that many years ago, long before the appearance of Mr. Clarke's book, in conjunction with the brilliant TYLER, the present chief justice of Vermont, and John Curtis Chamberlain, esquire, an accomplished scholar, and a well principled man, who in our *national assembly* adorns and defends the best councils of his country, the inditer of this note, on topics of life and literature, wrote some ten or twenty papers for a village newspaper, and the task of composing the initial essay, and sketching the outlines of the plan devolving on him, he chose the appellation of THE SAUNTERER, which, it is confidently believed, was then perfectly new. This paper, which, as far as the splendid abilities of his distinguished associates gave it light and lustre, was in a very elegant taste, both of invention and composition, has long since shared the fate of all those productions which the indiscretion of authorship commits to the perishable pages of an ephemeral gazette. Essay No. I, which cost its author the literary labour of a week, has long since sunken to the very bottom of Lake Lethe. Not one trace of the fugitive remains. Its parent merely remembers that in his partial opinion, the short-lived infant had in its features rather more of the *goodly child*, than of the ill favoured urchin. After this awkward introduction of egotism, it may not be intolerably impertinent to add, in reply to some who unreasonably tax him with literary laziness, that for a period of more than ten years if, instead of writing for gazettes, he had written for the book-sellers, and prearranged his crude thoughts and simple expression in volumes, rather than in sheets, he would have exhibited a greater mass of composition, than any other individual in America, whether a man of letters by profession or otherwise, has ever exhibited, during a period of equal duration. The writer of this article has not like the erudite Erasmus, during an anxious life of penury and vicissitudes produced *ten folios*, but during a life in many of its features of *misfortune*, not unlike that of Erasmus, he has written more than *five* amid the incroachments of Sickness, the blandishments of Sloth, the phantoms of Melancholy, the spectres of Indigence, and the overpowering sorrows of Domestic Calamity.

recent collection of miscellaneous essays we have on our table; and we have perused it without any very alarming symptoms of lassitude. The author, who was but a mere stripling, when he commenced his literary career, fancies sometimes that he is a poet, and, at other times, that he is a successful imitator of the style of doctor Johnson. In both these respects, we think that he is deplorably mistaken. But candor must allow that he often acquits himself very adroitly in his *Essay Exercise*. As a favourable specimen of his powers we have transcribed for preservation in The Port Folio his self biography, which we think will invigorate the literary efforts of many a struggling scholar.

EDITOR.

I was born at Mary-Port in Cumberland, on the 16th of March 1787. From my 5th till my 11th year I was occasionally at school; but the greatest part of the learning I acquired at that period was gained by my own exertion. My father whom some unexpected misfortunes prevented from sending me to a public seminary, as he at first intended, endeavoured to divert my mind from books to the pursuits of commerce. His efforts, however, were ineffectual: my love of study was too ardent to be destroyed by the dictates of prudence, and after a long struggle, he relinquished the contest. I was now completely happy, I rose every morning at 7, and continued in uninterrupted study till midnight, when, if I sunk into the arms of sleep, it was only to dream of the books I had read the preceding evening, or anticipate the pleasures of the succeeding day. My reading was desultory, but industry long continued must always have a perceptible effect; in the course of three years I had taught myself to read and write French with tolerable facility, had gained a slight knowledge of arithmetic and Latin, and had read nearly thirteen hundred books on various subjects. My happiness, however, was interrupted by the removal of my parents to London in the beginning of the year 1800. In the metropolis I did little but saunter in the streets, lounging at the bookseller's, or examining the physiognomies of the passengers. My stay in London was not of long continuance. In the month of June I arrived at Newcastle. In the beginning of 1801, when I had nearly attained my fourteenth year I formed the intention of publishing a periodical paper at Newcastle. An introductory essay under the title of the Genius and some other papers were already written, and I looked

forward to the execution of my project with all the ardour and anxiety which is natural to youth. As I knew that my plan would be ridiculed, if I was discovered, I wrote a letter, signed with my real name, to an eminent printer in the town and carried it myself. I was told to deliver the answer to my father (for so they supposed Hewson Clarke to be) in which I was informed that it would be necessary to know the author of the paper, and that fifty pounds must be deposited previous to the commencement of its publication. As fifty pounds was more than I could possibly command, and as I had resolved not to disclose the secret to any one, this information totally disconcerted me, and I was obliged to defer the gratification of my literary ambition till a more favourable opportunity.

On the twenty-second August 1802, I engaged myself as assistant to a surgeon and apothecary. In this situation, I had very little leisure. My time was engaged in the daily routine of business from seven in the morning till eight in the evening, besides the casual employment to which my profession subjected me. My ardour however, for reading and composition did not forsake me. In the hours stolen from sleep and business, I read the principal books of the neighbouring library and composed a number of essays in prose and poetry, some of which have since been published and the rest committed to the flames. About this period, the Tyne Mercury, a literary newspaper, was established at Newcastle and conducted with great spirit and liberality. In this paper I commenced the publication of the Saunterer, on the 7th of June 1804. They who pursue literature in solitude and leisure, undisturbed by the intrusion of the world, and the cares of active life, have little conception of the difficulties that attend the author who composes his productions amid the noise and bustle of business; his attention distracted by a variety of objects, his ideas confused by the interruptions to which his situation perpetually exposes him; always in a hurry, lest the next moment should prevent him from concluding what he has with difficulty begun; and obliged to commit his productions to the press, without perusal or correction. The greater number of the Saunterers were composed upon the bottom of an inverted mortar, amid the cla-

mours and the rudeness of vulgarity and ignorance, and sent to the printer without their author being able to correct them, even when he knew that correction was necessary. Many of them were written at intervals, when the ideas which inspired his mind at the commencement were totally forgotten at their conclusion; and when he was glad to express the thoughts which crowded into his mind without any regard to their arrangement. The *Saunterer* was continued in the *Mercury* till the 22nd number. When I found that the public were satisfied with my writings, I ventured to disclose myself. In the metropolis, an author is treated like other men. He is neither an object of wonder nor curiosity. But in a town like Newcastle the case is very different; a writer whether his productions be excellent or otherwise, is there considered as an extraordinary being. Every speech he utters is considered as oracular, and his person becomes the object of vulgar curiosity. In a town, where the title of an author excites so much astonishment, it was not to be expected that one, who pretended to criticise its manners or amusements should pass unnoticed. Before I had finished my 10th number, I could not pass the streets, without being pointed at as the *Saunterer*; the writer who was so severe upon the ladies, &c. I was continually assailed by anonymous letters, censure, ridicule, advice, or admiration. If I expressed any opinion in conversation, which did not perfectly agree with a passage in the *Saunterer*, a letter of remark was sent to the newspaper; and if I was seen walking with a lady, then, *the Saunterer who ridiculed the ladies in his works was actually in love!*

It is with pleasure that I turn from the ignorant wonder of a foolish multitude to the more gratifying approbation of a scholar and a gentleman, of one who knows how to praise with discrimination and to censure with politeness. From him I received the offer of a friendship, which I hope will end only in the grave. By his kindness I have been enabled to relinquish a profession, which I now look back upon only with disgust. Of this gentleman I cannot conclude without regretting that I am not permitted to mention his name.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE XI,

Of the different figures of speech, and the peculiar method of justly communicating to each its proper expression both in reading and recitation.

GENTLEMEN,

The intention of our wise and benevolent Creator, in endowing us with the faculty of speech, was, that we might communicate our thoughts and ideas to each other. Language, therefore, is the channel of thought; and the two great properties of language are perspicuity and ornament: or, first, the power of conveying our sentiments clearly or intelligibly to the minds of others, and, secondly, that of doing it in a polished and impressive manner.

The former property, or perspicuity, relates more immediately to composition: the latter, ornament, in a very considerable degree to elocution; because a figure or ornament of language would be very imperfectly and ineffectually introduced, if it were not enlivened by an appropriate mode of communication.

Rhetoricians have recommended the use of these figures, and elucidated their various powers. They are considered by Cicero as the chief source of light, of lustre, of energy, and of beauty, in language; he calls them the *eyes of eloquence*. They are embellishments of language, dictated either by the imagination, or the passions; and Quintilian, the father of the oratorical school, divides them into two general classes; viz. those which respect the sense, and those which respect the sound. Of the former class are metaphors, allegories, &c. which have little reference to delivery, their perfection depending upon the accuracy of composition. But irony, climax, antithesis, &c. suppose a pronunciation throughout suitable to each, without which they cannot have their appropriate expression.

They were termed figures or attitudes of language by the Greeks, because they considered them as certain forms or positions given to words and thoughts, in order to heighten their beauty or increase their effect; as painters, by the attitudes of

their portraits, render them more striking, or show them to greater advantage. It is my intention to define and exemplify, in my present address to you, some of the most important, and those in most general use; the whole collection being too extensive to admit of proper discussion within the prescribed limits of a lecture. To more elaborate treatises upon elocution I refer you for the remainder: many of which, however, will be found by a judicious critic to be nothing but pedantic subtleties, and, therefore, unnecessary appendages instead of real ornaments.

The following I consider to be of the number I have alluded to as the most interesting and useful, as well as most immediately connected with the subject which here demands your particular attention.

The first and most general figure to be met with in compositions of every description is Metaphor, under which, the language, relinquishing its precise and literal meaning, by a natural and animated description, directs the mind of the hearer or reader to the contemplation of the subject it is applied to, by the aid of imagery and allusion, so as to be rendered visible, as it were, to the mental eye, as it would be if represented on canvass to the corporeal. Hence a good rule has been established by rhetoricians to test the accuracy of a metaphor or allegory, when it is suspected to be imperfect or mixed, viz. to consider what sort of appearance the image or images presented to the mind would exhibit if delineated with a pencil. By which method we should immediately become sensible, whether incongruous circumstances were mixed, or the object was presented in one natural and consistent point of view.

A metaphor is sometimes confined to a single word, and is then called a trope; as, when we call a stupid man an ass. Of tropes the principal are metaphor, metonymy, synecdoche, and irony. When the name of one thing is applied to another on account of a supposed or real resemblance, it is called a metaphor; as, clouds of dust. When a trope changes the names of things by putting the adjunct for the subject, the effect for the cause, or the cause for the effect, the matter for the form, or rather for

the form and matter united, or the form for the matter, it is called a metonymy; as, clothed in *purple*, meaning purple garments. That is his *hand*, meaning his hand writing. When we put the name of a part for that of the whole, or the name of the whole for that of the part, it is a synecdoche; as, he gets his *bread* by his industry, meaning his support. When our words convey a sense contrary to what they express, but agreeable to what we intend, or are understood to intend, it is an irony; as, when we call a profligate, a very pious, good man. Particular care should be taken in pronouncing this trope, that our emphasis should have such expression that our meaning may not be misunderstood. These are, strictly speaking, tropes.

The difference between tropes and figures consists in this, that tropes affect single words only or chiefly; figures, are phrases, sentences, or even a continuation of sentences, used in a sense different from the original and literal sense, and yet so used as not to occasion obscurity. Hence, when tropes are extended into a description they become figures. Of figures the most important are the following, allegory, comparison, prosopopeia or personification, apostrophe, hyperbole, climax, and antithesis.

As metaphor is intended to ornament and give animation to a subject, a change of tone, of look, and of general expression, must take place, accommodated to the nature of the illustration introduced. For instance, lord Bolingbroke, speaking of the behaviour of Charles I to his last parliament, says, "In a word, about a month after their meeting, he dissolved them; and, as soon as he dissolved them, he repented; but he repented too late, of his rashness. Well might he repent; for the vessel was now full, and this last drop made the waters of bitterness overflow. Here we draw the curtain, and put an end to our remarks." This, though a perfectly correct and apposite metaphor, does certainly not require the animation in its delivery which the following does.

King Lear, when expelled from his house and exposed to all the violence of the tempest, exclaims, in this animated metaphor,

"Poor naked wretches! whereso'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?"

SHAKESPEARE.

A very different expression from either of the foregoing, viz. a softness of tone, a complacency and gayety of countenance, with a sudden change to the frown of contempt and indignation, and a corresponding tone at the last line, is required in Chamont's speech in the Orphan, which is full of brilliant metaphors: and, at the last of keen resentment against the treatment of his sister:

" You took her up a little tender flower
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines. There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Until at last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away!"

OTWAY.

The most powerful indications of awe and terror in the tones, looks, and gesture of the speaker, are requisite to give proper expression to the following metaphorical description of the last day by Dr. Young:

" At the destined hour,
By the loud trumpet summoned to the charge,
Shall all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines, all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines, and take by storm,
This poor, terrestrial, citadel of man."

Night 9.

The following metaphorical description of expiring life, by Dr. J. Watts, should be pronounced with the utmost pathos and solemnity, in a low and tremulous tone of voice, with strong emphatic pauses:

" Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
 Of breathing clay—a burden to the seat
 That bears these limbs—a borderer on the grave;
 Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp
 Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim;
 The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff
 With doubtful alternations, half disjoint'd,
 And ready to expire with ev'ry blast."

Lord Chesterfield, in his speech on restraining the liberty of the press, furnishes us with an assemblage of correct and beautiful metaphors:

" Every unnecessary restraint is a fetter upon the legs, is a shackle upon the hands of Liberty: and one of the greatest blessings we enjoy, one of the greatest blessings, my lords, which a people can enjoy is liberty. But, every good in this life has its alloy of evil. Licentiousness is the alloy of liberty. It is an ebullition, an excrescence; it is a speck upon the eye of the political body, which I dare never touch but with a gentle, with a trembling hand, lest I injure the body; lest I destroy the eye upon which it is apt to appear. There is such a connexion between licentiousness and liberty, that it is not easy to correct the one without dangerously wounding the other. It is extremely hard to distinguish the true limit between them. In a changeable silk we can easily see there are two different colours, but we cannot easily discover where the one ends and the other begins: they blend insensibly."

Allegory being a metaphor extended so far as to amount to a long continued description, or representation of some one thing by another that resembles it throughout, and the description carried on agreeably to the figurative as well as the literal meaning, requires a similar extension and accommodation of expression, according to the nature of the exemplification. Allegory is sometimes carried through a whole work, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan. *Spencer's Faery Queen* consists of a series of allegories. Opposition of character in allegory, may be exhibited in the following extracts.

Akenside, in his poem on the Pleasures of Imagination, represents by a beautiful allegory, the necessity of industry to promote reputation in every line of life, and that some men are more susceptible of improvement than others:

But, though heav'n
 In ev'ry breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet, in vain,
 Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enliv'ning suns; and genial show'rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in the spring.
 Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour, or attend
 His will obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects; one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild:
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty.

Here there being little emotion of mind expressed, little action is required: what is used should be slow and graceful; except in the last line but two; when the arms should be raised to the height of the head, and expanded; and at the expressions "wonderful" and "wild" should, though extended, be brought somewhat nearer together, the palms turned outwards, and the fingers expanded, with a corresponding expression of countenance, which should be suddenly contrasted in the next line by a change of tone expressive of tenderness, and a look indicative of love and solicitude, accompanied by a sigh, and inclination of the head to the left shoulder.

In the following extract, the phrenzy of despair is forcibly expressed by Calista, in the Fair Penitent:

It is the voice of thunder, or my father.
 Madness! confusion! Let the storm come on,
 Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me!
 Dash my devoted bark: ye surges break it!
 'Tis for *my* ruin that the tempest rises!
 When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
 Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Act 5th.

The strongest expressions of grief and terror are to be given to the face and gesture, in the recitation of this energetic passage:

and, as in the former quotation, the last line should exhibit a perfect contrast in tone, look, and action.

I have here selected very brief instances of this figure, being restricted with respect to time, and necessarily led by the nature of my present subject to introduce a variety of examples. For complete allegories I refer you to Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, and the other well known periodical works; Milton's allegory of Sin and Death in his second book of *Paradise Lost* is universally and deservedly applauded.

Nearly allied to metaphor and allegory is comparison, in which the two subjects are kept distinct in the expression as well as in the thought, whereas, in the former, they are distinct in the thought but not in the expression. This sudden change of thought requires an accommodated change of enunciation and action, descriptive of the exemplification introduced.

The degree of action and of general expression must depend altogether upon the nature of the description given: a comparison may be truly eloquent and apposite, and yet admit of very little action, and no variety of tone or change of countenance; as, in the following, from one of the sermons of the late reverend Dr. William Smith;

"Our faith and hope can give us no resemblance of God: but our charity makes us in some sort, what he himself is in a superlative manner—the helpers of the helpless, and partakers of his own joy in beholding a happy world. Our faith and hope may serve us as the handmaids of love here below; but leaving them behind us as of no further use, our love is all that we shall carry hence with us, as our dowry from earth to heaven.

As yonder majestic Delaware is fed and supported in its course by tributary rills and springs, flowing from each mountain's side, till at length it comes to mix its waters with its parent ocean, where it no longer stands in need of their scanty supplies; so faith and hope are the nourishing springs of our love, in our journey heavenwards; but when once arrived there, we shall no longer stand in need of their aid. "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Our faith shall be swallowed up in vision, and our hope in fruition: but our charity and love shall remain forever, mixing and blending in the unbounded ocean of parental and eternal love."

Vol. II, ser. 19.

Here any other action but that of the hand directed towards the river at the word "Delaware," and towards Heaven at the word "Heavenwards," would be improper.

Burke's use of this figure in his celebrated description of the queen of France is of a similar nature:

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles: and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult—but the age of chivalry is gone!"

In the following simile, the conspicuous light in which the valour of Hector is placed, demands a considerable degree of exertion in the reader or speaker, in order to repeat it with proper animation:

"Thus, breathing death in terrible array,
The close compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and, Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent sends)
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends,
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds.
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain,
There stops. So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopp'd unmov'd."

Il. b. 13, l. 187.

In the preceding book, Homer's description of Sarpedon's rushing into the battle, like a lion among a flock of sheep, requires still more animation:

"So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow,
 Descends a lion on the flock below;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty and stern disdain.
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey."

Il. b. 12, .357.

Among the most brilliant figures of eloquence we may place the figure prosopopeia or personification, which consists in ascribing life, sensibility, and action to inanimate objects. This figure admits of three degrees; first, when some of the properties or qualities of living creatures are given to inanimate objects: secondly, when those inanimate objects are introduced as acting like living creatures: and, thirdly, when they are represented, as speaking to us or as listening when we address them. The expression of the reader or speaker should rise in this scale, according to the strength given to the figure, accommodating it to the character or description introduced.

In the first or lowest degree this figure seldom raises the style above what may be conveyed by a single epithet, as the angry ocean, the thirsty ground, a furious dart, fierce winter, time kills grief.

A remarkable combination, with respect to different objects of this degree of the figure, is to be found in the following passage from Thomson's *Winter*:

"Now shepherds! to your *helpless* charge be kind;
 Baffle the *raging* year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the *bellowing* east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's *wing*
 Sweeps up the *burden* of whole wintry plains
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two *neighbouring* hills,
 The *billowy* tempest 'whelms, till upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain *swells*,
 Tipp'd with a wreath high curling to the sky."

Winter, l. 263.

The second degree of this figure, is, when inanimate objects are represented as acting with a complete personification of character like living creatures; as in the following correct and vivid, though solitary instance of ornamented style in the sermons of Dr. T. Sherlock :

“Go to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirement; show her the prophet’s chamber, his concubines, and his wives; and let her hear him allege revelation, and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and his lust. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men; let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, and view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies; lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!” When natural religion has thus viewed both, ask her, which is the prophet of God! But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, “Truly this man was the son of God!”

T. Sherlock’s sermons, dis. 9, vol. 1st.

An ode to the departing year by Coleridge commences with this singularly beautiful instance of personification in this degree:

“Spirit! who sweepest the wild harp of time,
It is most hard with an untroubled ear,
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixt on heaven’s unchanging clime,
Long had I listen’d, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness and a bowed mind:
When lo! far onwards waving on the wind,
I saw the skirts of the DEPARTING YEAR!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then, with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the enter’d cloud forbade my sight,
I rais’d th’ impetuous song and solemnized his flight.”

The third and the boldest form of personification is when inanimate objects are introduced not only as feeling and acting, but also as listening and speaking. Although this degree of the figure is sometimes the channel of calm and tender sentiment, it is generally the language of strong passion; and therefore, when it is introduced as the effusion of a mind violently heated and agitated, a corresponding tone and glow of elocution is necessary for the proper expression of it.

In reading or reciting the following lines by Metastasio, the utmost tenderness of tone and suavity of manners is required:

Gentle Zephyr! as you fly,
If you kiss my fair one's ear,
Whisper soft that you're a sigh,
But from whose breast she must not hear.

Limpid rill! if e'er my love
Near thy gurgling runnel rove,
Murmur that from tears you rise,
But tell her not from whose sad eyes.

The personification of *Pride*, in Pope's Essay on Man, exemplifies this figure, without calling into action any violent emotion of the mind:

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine;
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Milton thus describes the powerful and instantaneous effect of Eve's eating the forbidden fruit:

"So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat;

Earth felt the wound ; and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works, gave signs of wo,
That all was lost!"

Apostrophe is a figure which admits of more animation both in language and delivery than mere personification, because the object is addressed in the second person as if present.

The tone of voice to be employed in pronouncing this figure is as various as the passions it assumes ; but as these passions are frequently very vehement, a higher and louder tone of voice is generally necessary in the apostrophe, than in that part of the subject which precedes it.

Dr. Akenside, in his proposed inscription for Shakspeare's monument, exhibits a fine exemplification of apostrophe.

O youths and virgins! O declining eld!
O pale misfortune's slaves! O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet! Ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings!
O sons of sport and pleasure! O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through th' embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause!
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument, with reverence, while ye stand,
Say to each other; " This was Shakspeare's form,
Who walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion, and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire."

Dr. Wm. Smith commences a sermon to the freemasons in 1778 with a fine apostrophe to liberty.

" Liberty, evangelical and social! Jewel of inestimable price! Thou blessing of all blessings the first! Wooed and courted by many; won and wedded by

few! Ever near us; yet often at a distance fancied! Through all the modes of faith by the saint pursued; and in every frame of government by the patriot sought! O thou celestial good! or rather, Thou who art the author of all good terrestrial and celestial! Supreme architect of the universe! who by our great and spiritual master thy son, hast taught us the true way of liberty—the way of being free and accepted through him, may I now be enlightened and enlivened by a ray from thee.”

In all such addresses, the action, countenance, and tones, should express an apparent consciousness of the presence of the person or object.

Hyperbole may be stiled the extravagance of figurative language, and consists in magnifying or diminishing an object beyond reality.

Milton describes the remorse of Satan under this figure:

“ Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell.
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat’ning to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

A woman in grief is thus extravagantly described by Lee:

“ I found her on the floor
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That, were the world on fire, they might have drown’d
The wrath of heav’n, and quench’d the mighty ruin.”

The following hyperbolical description of a man swimming, is given by Shakspeare:

“ I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trode the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swol’n that met him: his bold head
’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar’d
Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes
To th’ shore, that o’er his wave-borne basis bow’d,
As stooping to receive him.”

Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.

The absurdity of describing in such turgid language, so familiar an action as that of swimming, will be rendered conspicuous by contrasting Shakspeare's inflated, with that of Thomson's simple and natural description of the same act :

Cheer'd by the milder beam the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well known pool, whose chrystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below ;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
Instant emerge ; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes
As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
While, from his polish'd sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round."

Summer, l. 1243.

The tones and action, however, in the reading or recitation of these descriptions, ought to be accommodated to the style in which they are conveyed. The former with the most boisterous energy, the latter with the same calmness and simplicity with which nature impels the performance of the action described.

Climax or amplification bears a striking resemblance to hyperbole, differing from it chiefly in degree. The object of hyperbole is to stimulate imagination, and extend our conception beyond the truth ; that of climax, to elevate our ideas of the truth itself, by a concatenation of circumstances, ascending one above another in importance, and all referring to the same object. In reading or reciting a climax, the voice and expression must rise with the subject.

Among the poets, Shakspeare gives frequent specimens of this figure : such as,

" The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Dr. W. Smith in his funeral oration on general Montgomery, who was slain in the attack made by the Americans upon Quebec, in 1775, introduces the following animated climax :

"The magnificent structures raised by the gratitude of mankind to their benefactors of old had but a local and temporary use. They were beheld only by one people and for a few ages.

"The heav'n aspiring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, and all that ere upheld
The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Are mould'ring into dust."

"In vain does the way-faring man investigate the tottering ruins for the divinity once enshrined there! a scanty receptacle, about six feet in length and half the breadth, informs him that it once contained some human dust, long since mingled with the common mass. In vain does the prying antiquary dwell upon the sculpture, or strive to collect and spell the scattered fragments of letters. The inscription is gone—long since gone, effaced, obliterated! And fruitless were the search through the whole world for the hero's name, if it were not recorded in the orator's page, and proclaimed by the faithful voice of history.

"There it shall live, while the smallest vestiges of literature remain upon earth—yea, till the final dissolution of things human; nor shall it perish then; but being the immediate care of heaven, the great archangel, when he sweeps suns and systems from their place, and kindles up their last fires, stretching forth his mighty arm, shall pluck the deathless scroll from the devouring conflagration, and give it a place among the archives of eternity."

The following singularly sublime passage in the sermon of a protestant divine, on the resurrection, affords another brilliant exemplification of this figure; and if delivered with proper expression of voice, pauses, and gesture, must exhibit a specimen of perfect elocution:

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre. Death held his sceptre over the son of God—still and silent the hours passed on"—the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears—the enemies of Christ exulted in their success—the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow—the spirits of glory waited, in anxious suspense, to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God! At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced

—" 'Twas as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause!

Young's Night Thoughts, N^o. 1.

the approach of light—the third day began to dawn upon the world—when, on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken—an angel of God descended—the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground—“his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow—” he “rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it!” But, who is this that cometh from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? “He that is glorious in his apparel, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy prince, O Zion! Christians! it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection—he arises a conqueror from the grave—he returns with blessings from the world of spirits—he brings salvation to the sons of men! Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious. It was the jubilee of the universe! The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy! The father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens with complacency—he beheld his world restored—he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of THE ETERNAL descended, as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations!”

There is perhaps no figure more generally used to enforce sentiment than *antithesis*; and it is frequently adopted by our best authors. The pages of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, and Mr. Gibbon, abound with antitheses. It is in fact a species of witticism, which, if conducted with tolerable correctness, cannot fail to please. It consists in placing together and contrasting things, essentially different or contrary, that they may mutually set off and illustrate each other.

Few of the figures of rhetoric derive more beauty from a proper pronunciation than this; the ear being as much gratified by an antithesis or opposite tone of the voice, as the understanding is pleased and enlightened by a contrast of thought. In general, the proper expression requires a considerable pause to be observed between each opposing part, which, with a correct emphasis, will sufficiently diversify them to the ear.

The following extract from Cicero's second oration against Catiline will forcibly exemplify this figure:

“If we will but compare *both parties*, and weigh the justice and the reasons of the *one* against the *other*, we shall find how inconsiderable our enemies are, and how easy it is to conquer them. For *modesty* fights on *this side* and *impudence* on *that*; here is *purity* of manners, there *impurity*; here is *faith*, there

fraud; here is piety, there wickedness; here is constancy, there fool-hardiness; here is honour, there infamy; here is continence, there lust; here in fine, justice, temperance, courage, prudence, and all kinds of virtues are in confederacy, and contending with injustice, with luxury, with cowardice, with temerity, and all kinds of vices."

These are some of the principal figures which elevate and ornament sentiment, and which in order to answer the end of their creation, and give a forcible expression to it, must be delivered with a justly corresponding energy of elocution according to their distinct nature. Instructions however, with respect to that expression, can be but very imperfectly conveyed through the medium of written language. To be correctly taught they must be exemplified. As it would be a vain undertaking for a painter to draw an accurate likeness of an individual whom he had never seen, without contemplating the form and assemblage of his features, and the peculiar expression of his countenance, so the mere description or theoretical communication of the laws and powers of oratory can never teach the art of speaking, unless the eye and the ear are at the same time instructed.

I shall conclude this lecture with a specimen of eloquent composition, as brilliant in imagery, as correct in style, and as refined in sentiment, as can be found in any language; and dictated by a man as remarkable for the point and power of his pen, as for the profligacy of his principles, and the infamy of his life, I mean the late Thomas Paine, author of several political publications, during the revolutionary war, and of several insolent and blasphemous attacks upon Christianity, since its termination. In the Pennsylvania Magazine for March 1775, he published the following just and animated reflections on the life and death of lord Clive:

" Ah! the tale is told! The scene is ended, and the curtain falls! As an emblem of the vanity of all earthly pomp, let his monument be a globe; but, be that globe a bubble; let his effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep; and let Fame, in the character of Shadow, inscribe his honours on the air.

I view him but as yesterday on the burning plains of Plassey, doubtful of life, of health, of victory; I see him in the instant when " *to be or not to be,*" were equal chances to the human eye. To be a lord or a slave—to return loaded with the spoils or remain mingled with the dust of India. Did necessity always justify the severity of a conqueror, the rude tongue of Censure would be silent;

and however painfully he might look back on scenes of horror, the pensive reflection would not alarm him. Though his feelings suffered, his conscience would be acquitted. The sad remembrance would move serenely, and leave the mind without a wound. But oh, India! thou loud proclaimer of European cruelties, thou bloody monument of unnecessary deaths, be tender in the day of inquiry, and show a *christian* world thou canst suffer and forgive!

“Departed from India, and loaded with the plunder, I see him doubling the Cape, and looking wishfully to Europe. I see him meditating on years of pleasure, and gratifying his ambition with expected honours. I see his arrival pompously announced in every newspaper, his eager eye rambling through the crowd in quest of homage, and his ear listening lest an applause should escape him. Happily for him he arrived before his *fame*; and the short interval was a time of rest. From the crowd I follow him to the court; I see him enveloped in the sunshine of sovereign favour, rivalling the great in honours, the proud in splendour, and the rich in wealth. From the court I trace him to the country: his equipage moves like a camp; every village bell proclaims his coming; the wondering peasants admire his pomp, and his heart runs over with joy.

“But, alas! not satisfied with uncountable thousands, I accompany him *again* to India—I mark the variety of countenances which appear at his landing. Confusion spreads the news. Every passion seems alarmed. The wailing widow, the crying orphan, and the childless parent, remember and lament; the rival nabobs court his favour; the rich dread his power; and the poor his severity. Fear and Terror march like pioneers before his camp; Murder and Rapine accompany it; Famine and Wretchedness follow in the rear!”—

In my next lecture, which will complete my proposed course, I shall state to you the different divisions of a regularly composed oration; with illustrations of its most essential and prominent parts, from some of our most celebrated forensic and didactic writers.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

IN the daily details of life, whatever combines economy with elegance is of most desirable acquisition. In the perusal of those foreign journals which are dedicated to the discoveries of philosophy, or the progress and improvement of the useful or elegant arts, we find many articles which may be very profitably perused on this side of the Atlantic. These we shall make it a cardinal point of duty to select and preserve with the greatest care in this Journal. Many a housekeeper, and all the *lady Bountifuls* of our fine and fruitful country will, after perusing the ensuing paper, adopt its suggestions.

EDITOR.

*A cheap method of preserving fruit without sugar, for domestic uses, or sea stores, by Mr. Thomas Saddington, No. 73, Lower Thomas Street.**

SIR,

I SHALL be much obliged to you to lay before the Society of Arts the enclosed communication, and a box containing the following fruits in bottles, preserved without sugar, namely apricots, gooseberries, green currants, raspberries, cherries, Orlean's plums, eggplums, gages, damsons and Siberian crabs. I have also sent some fresh English rhubarb plant, preserved in a similar manner. The same mode is applicable to other English fruits, as cranberries, barberries and many more. This manner of preserving fruit will be found particularly useful on shipboard for sea stores, as the fruit is not likely to be injured by the motion of the ship, when the bottles are laid down on their sides and the corks kept moist by the liquor, but on the contrary, will keep well, even in hot climates.

The *cheapness of the process will render it deserving of the attention of all families from the highest to the lowest ranks of society*. If the instructions I have sent are well attended to, I have no doubt that whoever tries my method will find it to answer his expectation.

I am, &c.

T. S.

A new method to preserve various sorts of garden and orchard fruits, without sugar.

The general utility, as well as luxurious benefit, arising from the fruit produced by our gardens and orchards, is well known

* Five guineas were voted by the Society of Arts to Mr. S. for this invention.

and acknowledged at the festive board of every family ; nor is this utility and benefit less manifested by a desire of many persons to preserve them for culinary purposes in the more unbounded season of the year ; and I am well persuaded that this commendable desire would be greatly extended in most families was it not attended with so much expense as is generally the case by preserving fruit in the common mode with sugar, this article chiefly constituting the basis by which it is effected. In addition to the expense of sugar, which is frequently urged as a reason for not preserving, there are other objections to the method, and what I am about to mention cannot be considered as the least, namely, the great uncertainty of success, occasioned by the strong fermentable qualities contained in many sorts of fruit. It may be said by some that fruit may be preserved for a length of time without sugar by the ordinary mode of baking or boiling, and being closely stopped up, to which assertion I freely assent ; but even this method is frequently attended with uncertainty, for if the cork or other means used for keeping the external air out of the vessel becomes dry, or from any other cause the atmospheric air exchanges place with what is impregnated by the fruit, it soon becomes mouldy and unfit for use.

From these considerations, and a desire of preserving fruits at a trifling expense, I have made various experiments of doing it without sugar, and at the same time with a certainty of their retaining all those agreeable flavours which they naturally possess ; and it is highly probable that they will keep perfectly good for two or three years, or even a longer period, in any hot climate, by which it appears to become a valuable store for shipping or exportation, as I have exposed them to the action of the meridian sun in an upper room, during the whole of the summer, after they have been so preserved (being done in 1806). I have now the pleasure of laying before the society specimens of the fruit alluded to.

PROCESS.

The bottles I chiefly use for small fruit, such as gooseberries, currants, cherries and raspberries are selected from the widest

necked of those used for wine or porter, as they are procured at a much cheaper rate than what are generally called gooseberry bottles. Having them properly cleaned and the fruit ready picked, which should not be too ripe, fill such of them as you intend doing at one time, as full as they will hold so as to admit the cork going in, frequently shaking the fruit down while filling. When done, fit the corks to each bottle, and stick them lightly in so as to be easily taken out when the fruit is sufficiently scalded, which may be done either in a copper, or large kettle or saucepan over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of any sort at the bottom to prevent the heat of the fire from cracking the bottles: then fill the copper, or kettle with cold water, sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top in it; put them in sideways to expel the air contained in the cavity under the bottom of the bottle; then light the fire if the copper is used, taking care that the bottles do not touch the bottom or sides, which will endanger their bursting; and increase the heat gradually until it comes to about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three-quarters of an hour. For want of such an instrument, it may be very well managed by judging of the degree of heat by the finger, which may be known by the water feeling very hot but not so as to scald it. If the water should be too hot, a little cold may be added to keep it of a proper temperature, or the fire may be slackened. When it arrives at a sufficient degree of heat it must be kept at the same for about half an hour longer, which will at all times be quite enough, as a longer time or a greater heat will crack the fruit.

During the time the bottles are increasing in heat, a tea kettle full of water must be got ready to boil as soon as the fruit is sufficiently done. If one fire only is used the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork with the boiling water out of the tea kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, by squeezing the cork in, but you must

not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles with the hot water; when they are corked, lay them down on their side, as by this means the cork keeps swelled and prevents the air escaping: let them lie until cold, when they may be removed to any convenient place of keeping, always observing to let them lie on their side until wanted for use. During the first month or two after they are bottled, it will be necessary to turn the bottles a little round, once or twice in a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise on some fruits, from forming into a crust, by which proper attention the fruit will be kept moist with the water, and no mould will ever take place. It will also be proper to turn the bottles a little round once or twice in a month afterwards. Having laid down the method of preserving fruit without sugar in as clear and concise a manner as possible, I will recapitulate the whole in a few words which may be easily remembered by any person. Fill the bottles quite full with fruit—put the corks in loosely—let them be put into a kettle of water—increase the heat to scalding for about three-quarters of an hour, when of a proper degree, keep it at the same half an hour longer—fill up with boiling water—cork down tight—lay them on their side until wanted for use.

It may be said as an additional reason, as well as cheapness, for using wine or porter bottles instead of gooseberry, that there is a difficulty of obtaining them, even at any price, in some parts of the country; and indeed they are equally useful for small fruit, and answer the purpose quite as well, excepting the little inconvenience of getting the fruit out when wanted for use, which may be easily done by first pouring out all the liquor into a basin, or any other vessel, and then with a bit of bent wire, or small iron meat-skewer the fruit may be raked out. Some of the liquor first poured off serves to put into pies, tarts, or puddings, instead of water, as it is strongly impregnated with the virtues of the fruit, and the remainder may be boiled up with a little sugar, which makes a very rich and agreeable sirup.

In confirmation of the foregoing assertions I now produce twenty-four bottles, as samples, containing twelve different sorts of fruit, namely, apricots, rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, rasp-

berries, cherries, plums, Orlean plums, egg plums; damsons, Siberian crabs*, and green-gages, which have all been preserved in the manner above described.

In order to diversify the degree of heat and time of continuance over the fire, I have done some in one hundred and ninety degrees, and continued them in it for three quarters of an hour; from which experiments it is evident that the heat is too powerful and the time too long, as the fruit by the degree and continuance is reduced nearly to a pulp.

In the summer of 1807, I preserved ninety-five bottles of fruit, the expense of which, exclusive of bottles and corks, was one pound, nine shillings, and five pence half-penny, but having some fruit it will not be right to judge them at a higher rate than one pound nine shillings; and allowing five shillings, for the extra coals consumed in consequence of my not having a conveniency of doing more than seven or eight at a time, and they being done at fourteen different times, it will amount to one pound fourteen shillings; the average cost of which is nearly four pence half-penny per bottle, exclusive of the trouble of attending them. But if we estimate their value in the winter reason at one shilling the bottle, this being in general as low or lower than the market price, they will produce four pounds fifteen shillings; but losing one bottle by accident, reduces it to four pounds fourteen shillings, leaving a nett profit of three pounds, on ninety-four bottles, being a clear gain of nearly two hundred per cent.

Another great advantage resulting from this statement will appear by making it an article of store for shipping or exportation; and I shall submit a few ideas tending to promote such a beneficial object by doing it in large quantities, for which purpose sufficiently extensive premises must be fitted up, with a proper number of shelves, one above another, at a distance of about five inches.

The vessel for scalding the fruit in should be a long wooden trough of six, eight, or ten feet in length, two or three in breadth,

* *Apples and Pears* may be done for *shipping*, &c.

and one in depth, fitted with laths across to keep the bottles upright, and from falling against one another; this trough of water to have the heat communicated to it by steam, through a pipe from a closed boiler at a little distance. The boiling water, wanted to fill the bottles with, may be conveyed through a pipe and cock over the trough, by which arrangement, many hundreds of bottles might be done in a short time. It may be prudent to observe that this idea is only speculative, not having been actually practised, but at the same time seems to carry with it a great probability of success and is worthy the experiment.

It remains now that I state some reasonable object for troubling the society, whom I have taken the liberty to address with these communications. The first is a desire of publicity, sanctioned by their investigation of the experiments made for preserving fruit without sugar, thereby lessening the expense attending an object of so much public benefit and utility. The second arises from a personal or private consideration; but on this subject I shall only observe that I wish to throw myself entirely on that protection which has ever characterised the liberality of the society; and that I shall feel highly honoured, if they conceive what I have communicated deserving any mark of their favour.

I am gentlemen, &c. T. S,

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF THE YELLOW SPRINGS,

In Pennsylvania.

OF the various watering places and rural retreats which invite the languid, the listless, or the laborious citizen to invigorate his system, to relax from the fatigues of business, or to restore his declining health, none certainly combines so many advantages as this delightful spot. Its proximity to the city, the salubri-



Yellow Springs in Pennsylvania.

From an original drawing by the possession of the Rev. A. D. H. H. H. H.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

ty of the air, the purity of the water, the coldness and clearness of the bath, the fertility of the soil, and the variegated scenery which surrounds it, all conspire to charm the senses, and to sooth, and exhilarate the mind.

The distance of the Yellow Springs from the city of Philadelphia is about thirty-two miles, in a north-west direction; and they derive their name from the ferruginous sediment which collects at the bottom of the baths and drinking springs, the quality of which is found, by a chemical analysis, to belong to that class which are called simple carbonated chalybeates, or water in which iron is held in solution by the carbonic acid gas. Some of the tests applied have exhibited a small proportion of limestone. It operates very powerfully as a diuretic and cathartic, and sometimes at first, on weak stomachs, as an emetic: it is extremely light, and may be drunk in almost any quantity, without oppressing the stomach: it creates an eager appetite, and is very agreeable to the palate.

The Yellow Springs are in the township of Pikeland and county of Chester. The place was first settled and the mineral springs discovered in 1743. In 1745 they were visited by the citizens of the metropolis, and have ever since been gradually more and more frequented during the summer season.

The farm in which they rise, having never yet been in the possession of a person of taste and fortune, is still in a rude, unimproved state. Every charm with which Nature could embellish it is liberally bestowed. The singularly beautiful undulation of the grounds, exhibits a luxuriant variety of picturesque scenery, not to be surpassed either by the romantic wilds of Switzerland, or the diversified and enchanting vales of Italy or France.

This seat of health, hilarity, and rural elegance is surrounded at a distance by forest crowned mountains,

"Majestic woods of every vigorous green
Stage above stage high waving o'er the hills;
And to the far horizon wide diffused,
A boundless, deep immensity of shade:"

while the eye is in every direction delighted, within the circumference of a smaller circle, with highly cultivated farms, large

and commodious houses, hanging, as it were, upon the declivities of mountains, or seated in the midst of verdant dells, "looking tranquillity." These with the various tints of vivid green, interspersed with rich and diversified fields of grain—the silvery buckwheat, golden rye, and glittering ranks of corn—with numerous flocks and herds browsing the sun-clad hills, or ruminating beneath umbrageous trees, form a perfection of landscape calculated to gratify the most fastidious taste, and to amuse and charm the most capricious and glowing imagination.

Were the efforts of Art combined with those of Nature, and regulated by the dictates of an improved taste, this highly favoured place would burst upon the enraptured traveller with all the potent charms of magic or enchantment. The bath which is most inviting and consequently most used, is situated in a beautiful vale opposite to, and about two hundred and twenty feet from, the mansion house, at the extremity of a grove of lofty beech trees: near it is the chalybeate spring, perpetually flowing from a rock into a white marble reservoir: there is connected with the above mentioned, another plunging and one shower bath. In an adjoining meadow there is also another plunging bath and chalybeate spring, rather more highly impregnated than the other.

The transparent bath is surrounded by a stone wall twelve feet high; the bath itself being eight and a half feet square, and four feet nine inches deep: the bottom of fine blue gravel, through which, in a variety of places, the rising of the spring is visible.

The principal house for the accommodation of visitors is a frame building one hundred and six feet in length, and thirty six in breadth, erected on the side of a mountain, in a north east direction from the mansion house, and distant from it about one hundred and twenty yards; the upper story is divided into ten small rooms, and the lower floor into a central dining room, sixty by twenty six-feet, with a handsome parlour at one end, and two bed rooms at the other: underneath are kitchens and a billiard room; along the whole front of the middle story is a portico nine feet wide. This large building was erected for and occupied as a military hospital during the revolutionary war; it has since been plastered and rendered a comfortable dwelling.

The prefixed view was taken from the upper part of the mountain, on the side and near the base of which this house stands; the roof and upper story are seen: the house on the right hand is the old mansion house, opposite to which are the grove and bath; and the buildings between the two houses are stables; that in the meadow and in front of the long house is a bathing house. Pickering creek runs through the meadows in front of both houses.

It is remarkable that on this Farm which consists of one hundred and sixty acres, there are seven mineral springs, all chalybeate, and nearly of the same strength; and that no others have been discovered in the county. The hills surrounding the springs now in use are chiefly of granite, in a great variety of combinations; the principal are felt-spar and quartz, interspersed with mica, and small particles of fibrous schorl.

The diseases immediately affected by this water, it being a powerful tonic, are rheumatic and nervous affections, palsy, hysteria, epilepsy, obstructions of the liver and spleen, and all complaints which are accompanied with general languor and debility.

A.

MR. BURKE'S IMITATORS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As the season is now advancing when the sun, moon, stars and comets are to undergo an annual levy to contribute their respective quotas towards the embellishment of our country's honour, it may not be improper to indulge in a few reflections on an occasion so illustrious. The anniversary of our national existence is usually celebrated with all the splendor that the solar system can confer, when nicely wrought up into metaphors. I beg leave to declare in the outset that I have no objection to a revival of the "decree of Augustus Cæsar that all the world shall be taxed," if the revenue can be appropriated to purposes so laudable. If the solar system is capable either by metaphor,

or otherwise of adding any thing to our national dignity, imperious necessity demands such a subsidy. This license is the more indispensable as the emperor of France is about appropriating the planet we inhabit to his own exclusive enjoyment. It is a well known maxim of common law, that he who takes the freehold is fairly entitled to the emblements. As his imperial majesty therefore claims the earth in fee simple, all metaphors, similies, images and allusions derived from earth may fairly be considered in the light of emblements and do of right appertain unto the owner. To this cause I impute the strong partiality of our anniversary orators to resort to celestial bodies to bespangle their panegyrics. As his imperial majesty has never laid perpetual claim to the celestial regions, or has never taken possession of them, our orators may exercise a custom, which as Blackstone informs us was recognized by common law, that authorised paupers to glean on the premises.

As this is the season for the resuscitation of such metaphors, I think it proper to make a few remarks on that species of composition. First I beg leave to enter a complaint, in behalf of Edmund Burke, that whatever licences our orators and others think proper to take with "bodies celestial" they have no right to consider Mr. Burke as one of that number. These gentlemen, however, regard his page as common property as the firmament, and borrow from him with the same prodigality; nay what is more inexcusable they take his very words and divert them from their original purpose. Burke inveighs against the administration of his country, and our orators make him guilty of treason by inveighing against the country itself. Burke moreover applauds a government consisting of king, lords and commons; our orators make him utter identically the same panegyrics on a government purely republican. Burke testifies in rich and gorgeous language his detestation of the French revolution; our orators have caused him to pour the same philippics on those who have opposed that revolution. Burke laments the misery and oppression which his fellow subjects in India suffer; our orators compel him to speak the same language of the sufferings of his fellow subjects at home. Thus Burke is made inconsistent with himself both in his invectives and panegyrics.

Now, unless those gentlemen, who have made such liberal use of his language, can produce a letter of attorney under the hand and seal of the orator, specially empowering them to utter recantations in his behalf, and confirming every thing that they do, I must think his reputation very unsafe in their hands.

Probably no man has done more injury, though unintentionally, to the taste of American youth than this celebrated writer. He throws over his subject a metaphoric veil, rich, and sparkling with every variegated brilliance. In whatever he did he was redundant. His speeches, his writings, and, if biography speak true, his conversation, all bear the same characteristic exuberance. The point he labours to establish is fairly lost amidst a deluge of superior wisdom. When we read his parliamentary speeches, and compare them with the motion that he advocates, or opposes, we can but be astonished that so trivial a cause should move such a mass of intellect. Dr. Goldsmith, that nice and acute discernor of character, alluded to this in the following lines,

“ Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.”

This rendered him so unqualified to manage the impeachment against Warren Hastings. The lord chancellor restricted the debates of the managers with the punctilious nicety of a special pleader. Burke, whose mind was warmed by the sufferings of India, could not endure such severity of discipline; he struggled for enlargement, and his constitutional irritability, sharpened by opposition, produced those frequent and intemperate sallies of passion of which his more phlegmatic opponents never failed to reap the advantage. With the pen he was alike uncontrollable. His letter in which he has delivered down the name of Bedford to indignant posterity, is a composition entirely of this cast. No one remembers the attack made upon him in the house of lords when he reads the justification of Burke. It was thus the fate of this man to be above the subject which he handled, and of him it may be said in the language of Dr. Young, with more truth than poetry, that he

"Resembled ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

An imagination so active, and governed by a sensibility as ardent, delighted to hold a dangerous career. Many of us remember that when his reflections on the French revolution were first ushered into the world, men of sober temperature pronounced them the ravings of insanity. Amidst the acclamations and admiring plaudits of millions, he had the courage to stand alone in his censure, and his warning voice was almost literally "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Subsequent events stamped this insanity with an authenticity next to revelation. Characters of this kind "are a law unto themselves." The mind of the reader is full of Burke, and the gorgeous drapery of his language reminds him of a criticism of Charles Fox no less elegant than just, that "his metaphors were more his foils than his ornaments." Souls combining such rare and wonderful qualities are scarcely fitted by nature for any situation. As politicians they are dangerous; their large and expansive views of the subject cannot bear the minuteness of detail, difficulties insurmountable appear to them diminished to the size of cobwebs, and are rather incentives to persevere than obstacles to confront. This will explain the cause of Burke's long and unprofitable labour in the government of the Indies. Contrasting the free and happy nature of the government at home, with the tyranny and oppression which his fellow subjects suffered abroad, he adopted the quixotic idea of securing to them all the blessings of the English constitution. This was a subject on which his fancy so delighted to dwell that he would probably, had the occasion required it, have died on the scaffold a martyr to the illusion. Visionary as this scheme undoubtedly was, it gave rise to specimens of eloquence that would not have disgraced the proudest days of Greece and Rome. It evaporated, where it began, in the effusions of imagination, and remains to this day a noble record of genius and of benevolence, and of nothing else. Burke was at last furnished with an opponent mighty enough for his genius to encounter, and that was the French revolution. This engrossed the mind of Burke, condensed all his powers, and invigora-

ted all his faculties. Never was such a giant of enormity grappled by so powerful an opponent. The civilized world beheld the contest with amazement, while the hoary veteran instead of being exhausted, was renovated in every struggle. The issue is well known—the tomb of Burke breathes a solemn warning to nations still by the blessing of heaven independent. It is difficult for the mind of man to conceive of a situation more trying to the fortitude than was Mr. Burke's, on the discussion of the Quebec bill in parliament. For twenty-five years he had been the most confidential friend of Mr. Fox, and had never seriously differed with him on any subject but that of the French revolution. Burke had been regarded as the venerable champion of liberty, and it was the universal belief at that time that the revolution in France was auspicious to its promulgation. Mr. Fox joined in an admiration so prevalent, and it was opposed by Edmund Burke. The honours of a long life, the well earned laurels of many hardy battles for liberty were staked on the issue of the contest. Ignominy seemed the only retreat for the head gray with honour. From the ministerial side of the house Burke derived no support: from his former confederates and friends he encountered the warmest opposition. Mr. Fox advanced to the argument, supported by a popularity formidable enough to confound every hostile effort. This “was a scene for Burke to act in”—he fought and conquered. Now it may, with emphasis, be demanded how would Burke have appeared to posterity, if the French revolution had not furnished him with an object large enough for his genius to encounter? He would have been in all probability considered as a visionary, as a man whose ardent habits disqualified him for the sober office of a legislator.

I have been thus minute in delineating some of the points in the character of this wonderful man, to caution young men against tampering lightly with his manes, to convince them that something further is required before they can inhale the true spirit of Burke than a servile imitation of his metaphors only—to show them that they must be endowed by nature with minds of congenial vastness before they rashly adopt him as a model. This excessive propensity to illustration, this harlotry of metaphor,

the predominant foible of the day, corrupt the purity of style and impair the energy of language. Composition, and more especially an orator's composition, is made a cluster of glittering conceits. It cannot too frequently be repeated to a young man that it is one of his first duties to accustom himself to plain and perspicuous phraseology. Youth is naturally prone to ornament, and there is no apprehension that he will ever fastidiously reject a temptation so strong. The heads of universities are officially bound to repress this rage for ornament, and many of them are highly censurable for affording it so much of their patronage. Chief justice Jay was a model of just phraseology. He is never redundant: he is never ostentatiously brilliant, but his thoughts are strongly and concisely conveyed with a tempered gravity of dialect. Any one who has the curiosity to examine the style of the chief justice may consult the second vol. of Dallas's Reports, page 419, where he will find a very admirable specimen of the manly eloquence of this great man. He will likewise discover in the argument of judge Wilson, in the same case, a sample of brilliant conceit, much learning and very little sense. The chief justice advances to the point, clears away the sophistical rubbish, and conviction follows every step. His confederate struts "about it and about it," displays his peacock splendor at every turn, pauses to arrest our admiration, and then triumphantly stalks off with all his brilliancy of plumage erected. He achieved nothing, and attempted to achieve nothing in the argument, with great gravity he states what the question is not, and then leaves the point undiscussed and undecided. Such are the consequences of indulging this rage of illustration. The fancy collects and arranges a mass of brilliant materials, and after the work is done, we find to our astonishment we have prepared no argument to be illustrated.

A. O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO,

A RIDE TO NIAGARA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Finding myself at Williamsport, in Lycoming county, about the beginning of May, 1809, and having a month to spare, I determined to take a ride to the Falls of Niagara. I had visited the Genesee country and the Falls of Genesee in the year 1796, but notwithstanding the four years' exertions of captain Williamson, the Genesee was at that time almost a wilderness, and I was not tempted to go further westward than the mouth of the river. It is now a very populous and well cultivated country, considering the short period of its settlement, and every year lessens the inconveniences attending so interesting a journey. Travellers, who, like myself, ride post through a country, have seldom much accurate information to give: but as I think the tour will yearly become more fashionable, because it deserves to become so, I send you the observations that occurred to me on the route. Even the designation of stages and the names of taverns, will not be without their use to persons in this state, who have leisure and curiosity to visit an object so remarkable as Niagara Falls. At any rate, the following notes will form a tolerable register of the *present* state of the country. I wish we had such, imperfect as it is, of every part of the United States.

T. C.

ITINERARY.

I set out from Williamsport on Saturday the sixth of May, 1809, in the afternoon, and went to (14 miles) Reynolds's, a good tavern. Here the tolerable road ends.

15* Sunday 7th, to Higley's at the block house, along a villainous road, nearly impassable for a pleasure carriage.

10 To Bloss's at Peters's Camp: a very bad road through a very improvable country. Iron ore and bituminous coal found within a mile and a half of his house: the iron ore not rich, nor the vein of coal thick. A miserable habitation, but civil people.

9 To Jeny's: a house to bait at only.

* The figures at the beginning of the paragraphs denote the number of miles from the place mentioned in the preceding, to that in the paragraph at which the figure is placed.

10 To widow Berry's: tolerable accommodation. The bottom lands of the Tioga* are almost all of them in the incipient stage of improvement. They are as yet chiefly settled by half share intruders, who are gradually becoming tired of their illegal and precarious title. The flats are not wide, but the land is very rich.

8 Monday, may eighth, crossed the Tioga and the Canisteo or Canister, to judge Linby's, about a mile over the state line; at the state line the road, from being execrable through Pennsylvania, from Reynolds's, (I may indeed say from Williamsport, considering the frequent crossings of Lycoming Creek) to the boundary line of the state, becomes suddenly pleasant and good. I do not now recollect how many times a traveller has to pass Lycoming Creek, and Trout Run, and the Tioga, and the Canister in the last fifty miles; but there cannot be less than between forty and fifty fordings altogether; I believe the latter number is nearest the truth. And yet the greater part of the road passes through or in sight of very good land. Between Reynolds's and judge Linby's, I met with no hay.

12 To Irwin's at the painted post: through a good country, along a good road, to a tolerable tavern.

12 To doctor Falkner's, who keeps tavern at Mud Creek. He is the president judge of the court of common pleas of Steuben county. The judges of common pleas in New York state receive no salary: they are allowed some trifling bench fees, not worth their acceptance, and seldom inquired after. The courts sit three times a year. The judges of the supreme court attend (singly) to hold circuit or nisi prius court twice a year. The

* I wish we had preserved more of the old Indian appellations. The head of Tioga was *Cutcutticanay*. The Indian name of Delaware was *Muckerick Kitton*; it is so called in the first purchase deed of fifteenth July, 1682. Schuylkill was *Manaiunk*. In another deed of same date, the islands in the Delaware within that purchase, were *Mactinnicunk*, *Sepassinks*, and *Ouctons*. The names of *Neshaminck* and *Pemapecka*, are preserved. Chester Creek was *Mackopanackhan*.

Duck Creek, in Chester County, was Quinquingus.

The Genesee River is the Chênēsēō. The gut called in that country Jerundagut is Eütēnāntōqūōt. The Indians of that country lay the emphasis on the last syllable.

court of common pleas lasts about six days: probably a lawyer as the president, with a decent salary, would abridge this two days, and save the time, the trouble, and the expense of the suitors, at least to the amount of one-third. The attorneys (four at present) usually reside at Bath. There are from forty to fifty suits brought to a term.

6 To Bath, to William Spring's tavern. This is the county town of Steuben. It was the scene of the Genesee speculations so much encouraged by captain Williamson. It is situated in a high cold climate; almost surrounded by mountains; on a meagre, barren, siliceous soil. It contains even now, although the first town built by and the favourite residence of captain Williamson, but thirty houses. Captain Williamson's old house, a mile before you reach Bath, with eight hundred and forty-six acres of land, four hundred of which were cleared and improved, and sixty of them meadow, sold lately to a Mr. Hopkins for nine thousand dollars. The buildings alone cost captain Williamson at least fifteen thousand. Goods are purchased here chiefly from Newyork, which, as a market, is upon the average about one-sixteenth cheaper than Philadelphia. The price of carriage hither is about the same, viz. two dollars and twenty-five cents per hundred weight; but the road to and from Newyork is much the best. I staid here on business part of Tuesday, May ninth, and in the afternoon went on to Terples's (twenty miles). He is the sheriff of the county, and keeps a tolerable tavern. Very bad road from Bath hither.

Wednesday ninth, rain. In the afternoon to Rice's (eleven and a half miles) at Snell's town, nicknamed Pen Yang, from its being originally settled by Pennamites and Yankees in about equal proportions. This is a poor place and a very middling tavern. It is on the outlet of the Crooked Lake where there is an excellent mill-seat. I heard of limestone about nine miles from Terples's near to the bank of the Seneca Lake, but I saw not a particle of that stone on the whole road from the mouth of Loyalsock till I came here: an extent of ninety-four miles.

Thursday May 11. To Powel's at Geneva (fifteen miles). About one hundred houses; a place of much trade. A delight-

ful street on the bank of the lake: the houses of frame, well painted, clean, cheerful, with a full view of this charming lake in front. Geneva is built on limestone, which I suspect extends all the way up the Seneca Lake to Catharine's Town, if not in a continuous stratum, in hills and nodules. Powel's tavern was built by captain Williamson. It might be kept cleaner and neater than it is. I guessed it at fifty feet square withinside. I inquired of Powel, if there had been any appearance of plaster of paris remarked in his neighbourhood, or in any part of the Genesee country: he said he had never heard of any, unless a substance like alabaster which had been suspected for plaster, about nine miles off. Instead, therefore, of going the direct turnpike road to Canandaigua, (pronounced Canadarque) sixteen miles, I went the Sulphur-spring road.

9 To Sterne's tavern: walked to Dickson's mill and house, about half a mile off on the opposite side of the road, and found a well that had been partly dug and abandoned, in which I dug out some specimens of good genuine gypsum, too decidedly marked to be mistaken. I could see none on the surface.

3½ To Powel's at the Sulphur-springs. This is the brother of Powel at Geneva, a civil obliging man. The place is dreary, but the house large, though unfinished. It was intended as a kind of watering place, and no doubt the spring would have an excellent effect in cutaneous disorders, in diabetes mellitus, and, I think, in pthisis. Doctor Beddoes's theory has not been of much service as yet in that terrible disorder, but old Mr. Watt of Birmingham, whose opinions and observations are entitled to very great weight, informed me soon after his daughter's death of that disorder, that she never took a dose of inflammable, mixed with atmospheric air, without manifest alleviation of the symptoms. From whatever species of idiosyncrasy (whether natural or induced by disease) it be, certain it is, that the blood in that disorder is too much oxygenated. Doctor Rollo's successful practice gives well-founded hope that these springs would be of great use in diabetes. The establishment is too large for the resort. There are two or three sulphur springs hereabout, but Powel's is the largest and most saturated.

He told me that however well corked and secured, the water would not bear transportation. I tried it, by well corking and waxing a vial full, but on opening it a month afterward, its peculiar smell and taste was gone. I gave for a bottle of London porter (so called) at Powel's five shillings York money: probably the people, who would otherwise resort here, find the living somewhat too expensive. An assessor here informed me that the lands of that township were rated one with another in the tax books, at twenty-two shillings and six pence, York currency, per acre.

10 To Taylor's at Canandaigua: a good tavern. Canadarque consists of one street extending from the lake. It contains from ninety to a hundred frame houses, generally speaking, neat and elegant in their external appearance; a meeting house and a court house. It is indeed a very handsome town. There are two potash works here. About eight lawyers, for this is the county town of Ontario. The agriculture of the neighbourhood is probably improving, for I observed in one of the newspapers (there are two published here) forty half blooded Merino lambs to be disposed of at Palmyra by William Howe Cuyler. The house and lot of forty acres in this town formerly owned by Mr. T. Morris, sold to the present occupant, Mr. Clarke, a tanner, for seven thousand dollars. In the time of Mr. Morris it was, in good truth, a hospitable mansion; and then, the only house in the place of genteel appearance. At present there are twenty as good.

10 Friday, twelfth, to Ecclestone's.

2 To Hall's; the more frequented of the two.

12 To the widow Berry's, about half a mile on this side the Genesee river. This is in Hartford. From Canadarque hither, you pass through Bloomfield and Charlestown townships. It is one village all the way from Canadarque; at least you are scarcely ever out of sight of a house. In Bloomfield I saw two brick houses, one brick store, and one brick meeting house. My memory does not serve me to recollect any other from Williamsport hither, but log and frame buildings. In Pennsylvania, on this route, you see log houses; in Newyork state, frames. Indeed the county town of Williamsport, in Lycoming, contains

but two brick houses, the house of Mr. M. Ross, and the very excellent tavern of Mr. Wilson. Judge Hepburn has a brick house about a mile off. And yet limestone is to be found but two miles and a half distant from Williamsport, at the mouth of Loyalsock; and from the outlet of the Crooked Lake through Geneva to Lake Erie limestone abounds. From Canandaigua hither the stone on the road is round siliceous pebble, siliceous grit, chert, chert-flint, flint occasionally by itself, and sometimes imbedded in limestone, chert intermixed with limestone, and here and there limestone, in the proportion of perhaps one-fourth of the whole number of stones. For a mile before you come to the Genesee river, the road is made chiefly of gravel formed of compact siliceous stones.

4 Across the Genesee river. Passed the Indian village of Canewagas. This tribe has reserved about two miles square on the river. It began to rain, and I was compelled to put up for the night at a tolerable tavern kept by a major Smith.

12 Saturday, May thirteenth, to Marvin's; tolerable house. Very poor cherty land for five miles from Smith's.

8 To Keys or Kyes at Batavia. Excellent land and well settled for the last eighteen miles. The road tolerably good. Limestone and chert all the way. The country is very level, and as well fitted for a Batavian as any I know of.

Batavia contains two taverns, (another is fitting up in the court house) two stores, and about a dozen houses. One of them is the land office of the Holland company for the disposal of the three millions of acres purchased of the late Robert Morris. This is under the care of Joseph and Benjamin Ellicot, brothers to Andrew Ellicot of Lancaster, one of whose sons has a mill here in the town upon the Tonnewanta creek.

All the Holland company's lands hereabouts (ninety-four miles one way by about as much in the broadest part the other way) have been accurately surveyed under the direction of the Ellicots, who have laid down connectedly on a large scale every tract, on one large map divided into three parts. Each part is attached to rollers and inclosed within a glass sash frame, so that by turning backward or forward the roller containing the

survey required, you find in a minute's time any particular tract, its courses and distances, and a reference to the field notes containing the quality of the land and its timber. All the field books are half bound and numbered, and the notes appear to be judiciously taken; so as to enable the company to judge of the comparative value of each tract. The rollers appear to me to be about eight or ten feet long each, and the tracts very neatly and accurately laid down. The great convenience of this plan renders it well worthy of imitation in our land office of Pennsylvania, where, to the great disgrace of the state, no connected map can be found of any one county in it. The Pennsylvania land office has been in full operation now for a century; and it is not saying a great deal too much, that the Ellicots, on the part of the Holland company, have done more accurate work, have finished and connected more surveys, and furnished less ground for uncertain titles, interfering claims, and protracted law suits, in half a dozen years, than our land office can boast by the labour of a hundred. For, amid so much as hath been done, how little hath been done effectually! That legislature that would order, and those officers that would complete a map of each county in Pennsylvania containing every tract laid down from official survey, would indeed deserve the blessings of their country. If the business of courts is to be diminished, this indeed would be an effectual way of doing it.

The common selling price of land in the Holland purchase is from two to four dollars an acre, long credit. At first they took payment of the instalments in wheat, at present they demand cash. Mr. Joseph Ellicot, I hear, means to remove his office to Buffaloe, recently named Newamsterdam. The company has erected, at their own expense, at Batavia, a court house, a gaol, and a hotel, all under one roof. The outside is airy and neat, but the inside is neither elegantly nor commodiously distributed for any of the purposes intended. They make good beer in Batavia, at five dollars the thirty-three gallons; chiefly from wheat.

10 To Goss's, to feed: a poor place. Richardson's, a mile further, seems somewhat better.

3 Carr's saw-mill on Murder Creek. The stone all chert. The limestone appears to decrease in quantity.

5 To Van Dēewinder's, a frame house, the only place between Batavia and Buffaloe where you can sleep, and bad enough it is. The road from Batavia hither is very full of stumps and swamp holes; three-fourths of it consists of log causeways. There is a log cabin about every mile or two. It is much the worst road I have met with from the state line hither: it is much the same as the road from Lycoming Creek past the block house and Peters's Camp to Tyoga, only the Holland company have taken somewhat more pains than the state of Pennsylvania.

14 Sunday, May fourteenth, to Ransom's to breakfast: fried veal: the only fresh meat, except some beef at Canadarque, that I have seen since I left Williamsport. Nor has my horse had hay more than once since I left Reynolds's, the first stage from Williamsport. They attribute the want of it to a winter unusually protracted.

8 To Landen's at Buffaloe, a village of about sixteen houses near the outlet of Lake Erie on the lake. From Van Dēewinder's here nothing but chert along the road, but Landen says they have plenty of limestone upon the hills about three miles off. Landen's is but an indifferent tavern, though the best in the place. Buffaloe appears very well situated for business with Erie, Detroit, and the western part of upper Canada, but there are, as yet, no symptoms of industry. Landen tells me that the whole road round the lake to the town of Erie in Pennsylvania, ninety miles off, is well settled except about nine miles. I asked him where was the market for the produce of that part of the country? he replied, New Orleans, by the Chatangue Lake, there being but nine miles of land carriage from Lake Erie to New Orleans, to wit, the Chatangue portage, which is true. But, in my opinion, the market will be Montreal, for there are not more than nine miles portage from Lake Erie to Montreal, to wit, at Queenstown, and, as I think, the navigation is not only very much shorter, but much casier. For when the lake salt is four dollars and fifty cents at Buffaloe, it sells at ten dollars at Pittsburgh; hence, allowing a dollar per barrel profit, the carriage from Buffaloe to Pittsburgh

will be five dollars by water. I believe land carriage is now about six dollars per hundred weight from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The ice was very thick in Lake Erie.

3 To Millar's ferry along the bank of the lake. If it be no object to call at Buffaloe, there is a road turning to the right, about two miles from Buffaloe, which leads directly to the ferry, and saves that distance. The stone that bounds the river here is a mass of black chert. I arrived about twelve o'clock, but the ice was so thick in the river Niagara that it was impassable till three. There were three wagons of emigrants waiting to cross to the British side from Shoharie in Newyork state, and Buffaloe in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania; they were chiefly Germans. They expected two hundred acres of land to cost them about fifty dollars; I understand the British government sells it at forty dollars per two hundred acres. The American emigrants to Canada generally complain, as I heard, of the violence of party politics in Newyork state and in Pennsylvania. The taxes in Canada are very light, but unequal. The crossing here is three-fourths of a mile over; price half a dollar for man and horse. They catch abundance of fish in the spring with a seine. The family were dining on pickerell and salmon trout, each about four pounds weight.

15 To Chippeway: a house every three or four hundred yards all the way. An excellent road through good land. Chippeway contains about ten houses. There are two good taverns, one kept by Stevens, the other by Fanning. Stevens being the nearest and the newest I stopt there. They are of equal repute. Each has a new part connected with the old building, and each has eight windows in front. The diningroom at Stevens's is twenty feet by thirty, carpetted. The attendance good, and the people civil. For a pint of tolerable Teneriffe, a gill of rum, supper, breakfast, bed, and feed for my horse, I paid only thirteen shillings and six pence York money. There had been a handsome bridge over the Chippeway, but the middle part was broken down, and they now ferry across. On the opposite side to the taverns, is a fort with a lieutenant's guard. The waters of Chippeway are dark coloured owing to its running for near

thirty miles through a swamp. Mr. Ellicot told me that forty miles up the river there was gypsum in abundance, as he had been informed. He also mentioned two places near the mouth of Chippeway, in the river, whence issued bubbles of inflammable air in considerable quantity, which might be fired by putting a small keg over the place with the bottom and top out, and one end immersed in the water. But my landlord, Stevens, could give me no information; nor would he take the trouble of giving me any particular directions as to the proper means of seeing the falls to the best advantage. "They are by the road side, you cannot miss them."

(To be continued.)

HORTICULTURAL.

In the progress of Taste, Elegance and Luxury, the art of gardening particularly in Pennsylvania and the sister state of New Jersey is cultivated more sedulously than the ignorance and prejudice of foreigners can conceive, or concede. Not merely the kitchen garden, but the flower garden claims much of the regard, both of the laborious and the opulent classes. In the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia there are many delightful gardens, which a VIRGIL would not disdain to describe, and in whose bowers a Lyttleton might desire to dwell. Of the *Shenstones* of Society, who prefer the *Leasowes* to London itself, the following hints will reward the attention.

EDITOR.

On the cultivation of common Flax, Linum usitatissimum of Linné, as an ornamental plant in the flower garden, by Mr. John Dunbar, gardener to Thomas Fairfax, Esq.

(From Transactions of the Horticultural Society.)

The Horticultural society will perhaps honour with their attention a short paper, the object of which is to bring into cultivation, the *common flax*, as an ornament of the flower garden, not merely as such, but *with a view to the profit* it will afford, at least to the servant, if not to the master; and the interest of the former can

seldom be promoted in an honest way, without some benefit accruing to the latter. This plant, when so cultivated, like wax and honey, forms part of the natural riches of a country, and if it could supplant the cumbersome yellow lupine in our flower borders, the annual revenue arising from it would amount to several thousand pounds.

If gardening were in its infant state among us, a complete treatise on the culture of this plant might be necessary; but as this is not the case, only what is especially material will be noticed, with some directions how to prepare the plant after it is gathered. They are the result of several years' experience, by which a family, consisting of five persons, has been supplied with all the linen they required.

The soil of every flower garden is always rich enough to produce good flax; but if it is loamy rather than sandy, the quantity will be nearly double: even in the fields, which can never be cultivated with the nicety of a gentleman's garden, I have observed the greatest crops in a loamy soil, and that they yielded an article superior in quality as well as quantity: for as the durability of the fibre depends in some measure upon its size, there can be no doubt that tall and vigorous plants are preferable to small ones.

There are various ways of disposing this plant so as to be exceedingly ornamental, but none more so than scattering it in random parcels, or little clumps of from ten to twenty plants, towards the back of the flower borders and in the front of the shrubbery: for, without the summer proves uncommonly dry, it will attain to the height of three or four feet. If a temporary edging or summer screen is wanting for any particular bed, it may be also employed for this purpose.

The seeds of good flax are short, plump, thick, very oily and of a light brown colour. The best season for sowing them in most gardens is February, or the beginning of March, when the general crop of hardy annuals are put in: but if the ground be sandy and naturally dry, they should be sown in October or November. No more attention than what is necessary for the other flowers in the garden, which is keeping down all weeds while in the seed

leaf with a hoe will be requisite for this. As soon as the seed begins to ripen and the plants turn yellow, pull the whole up by the roots and lay it in bundles exposed to the full sun, if the weather is fine, to dry completely. Then pull the heads off and shake out the seeds. Immediately after, it must be laid to macerate in a ditch or pond of water, and kept under by a long piece of timber floating upon it. From five to ten days is the time necessary for its immersion, and after the fifth, it must be examined daily, taking especial care that it does not lie too long. As soon as ever you find the fibres are sufficiently macerated to separate from one another kindly, spread it out to dry upon a new mown meadow. When dry it must be again collected into bundles and either sent to the flax dresser, or prepared for spinning at home by the gardener's wife.

In many districts, this operation is well understood, and if carefully performed, homespun linen from *such flax* will last twice the time of most of the Irish linen that is now to be purchased in our shops.

I believe it is a great error to pull the flax so green as is commonly practised, and a still greater to soak it in water before it is previously dried: for the fibres require twice the time to macerate sufficiently for separation in the dressing; a process by which they are considerably weakened.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BEEHIVE—No. I.

Sic vos—mellificates apes.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you the first number of a series of desultory papers, which, if you think them likely to amuse or instruct any of your readers, I request you will publish. Otherwise you may employ them for the harmless purpose of lighting your cigars.

A CONSTANT READER.

Printed June 9, 1810.

Universal peace in the realms of literature.

In a free country, like ours, where party passions too frequently reign uncontrolled, and sometimes extend their baneful influence into the very pulpit, in which, to preach "peace and good will to all men," even "those that hate and persecute us," is the paramount duty of the sacred functionary, any effort to circumscribe their sway—to screen from it the retreats of literature as a sanctum sanctorum—must call forth the warmest plaudits of every liberal man, whatever may be his political feelings and opinions.

Strongly impressed with this idea, the reader may readily conceive how grateful to my mind was the perusal of the annexed dignified introduction to a criticism upon Adams's Lectures on Eloquence, which I met with in the Monthly Anthology for last April. The writer, whose politics are diametrically opposite to those of Mr. Adams, is nobly superior to the contemptible meanness of being influenced by this consideration in pronouncing sentence upon that gentleman's recent work, on which he bestows his most unqualified approbation:

"We should esteem ourselves altogether unworthy the honour to which we aspire, of being numbered among the friends of literature, if we could for a moment suffer our judgment of the claims of a man of letters to be influenced by any feelings of political antipathy. It is the delight and charm of literature, that it affords us a refuge from the tumults and contentions of active

life, a spot where we may escape from the hot and feverous atmosphere, which we are compelled to breathe in the world, and enjoy that repose which we find nowhere else—not always, alas! even in the holy walks of theological inquiry. We should feel the same sort of repugnance at introducing the passions of party into these quiet regions, as at bringing a band of ruffians into the abodes of rural innocence and happiness, to mar their beauty, and violate their peace. At the same time, however, in a country like ours, where politics possess an interest so overwhelming, that he who will not talk of them must be content to pass his days in silence—to say that we have formed no opinion upon one who has engaged so much attention as Mr. Adams, would be laying claim to a neutrality which it is no part of our ambition to profess. We have, indeed, no wish to disguise our sentiments on the political career of Mr. Adams. We have, on this subject, no sympathy with him whatever. We see and lament that the orb of his political glory has become dark—

Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse:

Without all hope of day. *Samson Agonistes.*

“We offer this free expression of our opinions, lest the praise we may be bound in justice to bestow, should lose its value, by being supposed to proceed from political friends. Having then made this sacrifice to the unhappy temper of the times, we proceed to the examination of the work of this gentleman, whose claims to the name of the best read and most accomplished scholar our country has produced, are, we presume, beyond all dispute.”

This exordium comprises in itself, brief as it is, the elements of a code of laws for the government of the republic of letters, which, I would to God, were ratified, and, like those of the Medes and Persians, were made unalterable! How delectable, how transporting the idea of a friendly and benign intercourse between men devoted to literary pursuits, although professing political opinions diametrically opposite to each other! What a vast addition to the comforts of life, and what an acceleration to the progress of science and literature!

I hope the reviewer in the Anthology will kindly accept this sincere tribute of the warmest approbation from a fellow citizen, who has not the slightest knowledge of his name, situation, abode, or rank in society—and whose plaudit, therefore, cannot possibly be in the remotest degree affected by any motive of a sinister or suspicious nature. But that gentleman has a higher tribute than these lines can bestow; he has the inestimable testimony of the "*mens conscia recti*," whose decision far

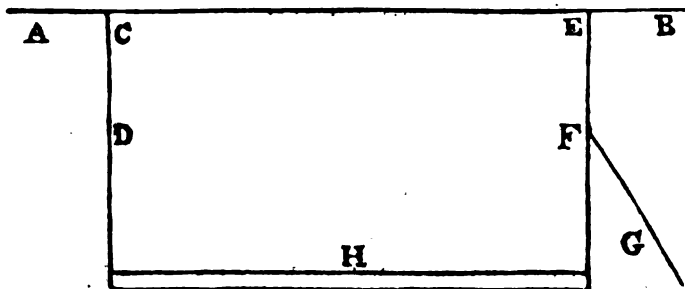
"outweighs

Whole years of stupid stares and of loud huzzas."

Comfortable nights in summer.

The oppressiveness of sultry nights is among the most uncomfortable circumstances attending the extreme heats of our summers. After having borne the relaxing effects of a day in which the mercury has fluctuated from eighty-five to ninety-five, with a murky atmosphere, that renders respiration extremely difficult, it is a serious misfortune that we rarely have a refreshing night breeze, such as the inhabitants of the West Indies enjoy. But, as a tolerable remedy, I suggest to the public a very simple substitute, which, on trial, I have found capable of rendering a bedroom nearly as comfortable in the dogdays, as it is in spring, or fall, and with very little expense in the fabrication, and little or no trouble in the operation.

The substitute is a machine in the following form—



A B is a rod which rests in a pivot upon the tester of the bed; C D E F is a strong wire, bent in the form of a parallelo-

gram, and covered with paper, or silk; G is a string which comes over one of the bed posts and which the person lying in bed draws towards him for the purpose of ventilation. H a piece of lead to increase the momentum of the machine.

It is easy for the reader to conceive the salutary effect of this contrivance, even without making trial of it. I flatter myself it will come into general use, and be a means of increasing the comforts of life in regions under the influence of a torrid sun, and debarred from the advantages of sea breezes.

Let it not be supposed that I lay any claim to the discovery of the principle of ventilating rooms by large fans. That principle was in use before I was born, and I am astonished that it is not more generally employed, particularly by our men of fortune. At Gadsby's hotel in Baltimore, at the Tontine coffeehouse in New-York, and in various other respectable houses of entertainment throughout this country there are large fans used during the summer months in the principal rooms, which are kept in motion by servants, to the very great comfort of the guests. Whatever merit there is in the present machine merely depends upon extending the application of an old principle—introducing it from the dining room to the bedchamber.

Q.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

*"O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
"Si nostras olim tua fistula dicat amores."* VIRG.

Sing our past loves, when I am gone, she said;
Thy tender strains shall cheer my clay-cold bed.

1.

DULL roll the hours, and heavy hangs the day,
Oppress'd with woe my broken spirit lies,
Since my poor heart to wretchedness a prey
Heav'd its last sigh o'er Mary's closing eyes.

2.

Stretch'd on the rack of thought, my tortur'd mind
Recalls each image of the doleful scene;
Nor in the range of nature can it find
One transient ray that borders on serene.

3.

Creation's glories, once my keenest joys,
On Contemplation's eye unseemly pall,
Ev'n Friendship's balm my loathing bosom cloy,
For she is gone who once gave zest to all.

4.

Flow on, ye tears; pour forth, my woe worn breast,
O'er the cold clay your unavailing grief;
For nought but sorrow now can yield me rest,
In nought but tears my heart can find relief.

5.

O ye, who fann'd by Hymen's choicest gales
Once floated gaily down the stream of life,
While Love's soft breath fill'd all your flowing sails,
And all was harmony unmix'd with strife;

6.

Say, from your arms did e'er the envious blast
Dash some fond hope beneath a ruthless sea,
Or on rude rocks some darling object cast?
Then, "if ye lost an angel, pity me." *

7.

For she, alas! was all to me, and more
Than bright-ey'd Fancy's fairest visions show
Of female worth, when she surveys the store
And culls each antidote to human wo.

* Young.

8.

Soft was her heart and gentle was her mind,
They taught each wish at Virtue's voice to moye,
While bounteous heav'n had in her soul combin'd
With Duty Friendship, and with Friendship Love.

9.

Thoughtless of self alone, her gen'rous breast
On social duties dwelt with fond delight;
Each gnawing Care found there a place of rest,
Sooth'd by her voice, or melted at her sight.

10.

O lovely Mary! dearer far to me
Than India's wealth or Pleasure's brightest charms,
What can, alas! supply the loss of thee,
For ever ever absent from my arms?

11.

How in this world, to me a desert grown,
Without my heart's best portion can I dwell?
For me forlorn, forsaken, and alone,
O toll full soon the last sad solemn knell.

12.

Farewell bless'd spirit; and if aught below
Can still to thee a sense of pain impart,
O witness not my agonising wo,
View not the gloom that broods upon my heart.

13.

Thus to the winds I breath'd my sad complaint
Along great Delaware's majestic shore,
'Midst bitter sighs impatient of restraint,
And rising sorrows still demanding more;

14.

When on my clouded soul a sudden blaze
Shed its mild radiance of ethereal light,

Such as a pitying angel oft conveys
To chase the shades of intellectual night:

15.

Cease, faithful mourner, cease thy doleful strain;
A small still voice or said, or seem'd to say;
Dar'st thou th' Allwise disposer to arraign?
Or with rash grief control his sov'reign sway?

16.

Know then, ("enough on earth for thee to know,")
Thy Mary lives; escap'd from human sight,
She soars triumphant over pain and wo,
And calmly waits thee in the realms of light.

17.

Each murmur now sunk gently to repose,
Reluctant Nature felt the sweet control,
What erst was hope, to bright conviction rose,
And Faith's whole radiance burst upon my soul.

C. H. W.

THE CLASSICAL WORLD.

The Roman Horace, who, with the usual ardor of poets, has not failed to record the history of his success or defeats in the campaigns of Cupid, seems often to dwell with a sort of rapture of resentment upon the perfidy, fickleness, or coquetry of many of his mistresses. He sometimes indulges himself in a peculiar vein of malignant invective against some of the charmers by whom his advances were either neglected or rejected; and in all these cases, so mortifying to the self love of Genius and Sensibility, the poet loves to reproach some *Julia* or other with the infirmities of age, the neglect of the world, and the coldness and inconstancy of man. The Roman beauties, whether radiant or waning, must be not a little edified with these sarcastic strains, which, as they certainly exhibit proofs not less of talents than of pique and anger, must have had a very powerful effect upon the feelings of the ladies thus lampooned. It is commonly observed that a man of abilities never writes

so well as when under the influence of passion, or some strong emotion or other; and hence Horace has displayed his irritability as a lover in verses, which have lasted many hundred years, and we dare swear, will last as long as the solar system. Hence it may be inferred by the least logical mind among the female sex, that it is never worth while deliberately or rashly to provoke a man of genius, because the creature has the power to *immortalize* both his resentment and a woman's indiscretion.

Horace, in *London*, whom we often quote with applause, has, in a very brilliant manner, imitated one of the most famous of his predecessor's odes. The allusion to Miss Gayton, one of the most fascinating of the syrens of the stage, contains an elegant compliment on her skill in the "mazy dance." The next stanza will be relished by the Philadelphia wits, because it contains a tolerable quibble or pun. In the next stanza, the author, who, we presume, is an Englishman, condescends to adopt the term *lengthened*, instead of *lengthy*, according to the classical standard of Mr. Noah Webster, and others, *natives of America*. The three next stanzas, and the concluding simile are of a character so gay and sparkling, that they would shine in the pages of Charles Hanbury Williams, or lord Chesterfield, or the younger Lyttleton, or of Soame Jenyns.

EDITOR.

BOOK IV. ODE 13.

TO JULIA IN THE VALE OF YEARS.

Audiôtre, Lyce, mea vota dii, &c.

Julia, the gods have heard my prayers,
And spite of all your arts uncommon,
Old Time, whose tooth no mortal spares,
Has made you now a mere old woman.

Yet still amid the youthful throng,
You dance and sing, Alas, how stupid!
Screaming MOORE's amatory song,
To whistle back departed Cupid.

He, reguish god, deserts old age,
To woo *Miss Gayton* young and airy,
Where, bounding o'er the opera stage,
She trips a silver footed fairy.

Your lips no more are his delight,
For Time has of their pearls bereft you,

Your two *wise teeth* soon took their flight
Now one alone, a *coli's*, is left you.

No silk pelise, whose graceful fall
Hides *Mrs. Bayley's lengthened* boddice,
Can e'er departed youth recall,
Or mollify the Paphian goddess.

Ah, Venus! whither are you fled?
Your smiles, why should poor Julia lose 'em?
Why are the thousand beauties dead,
That once enthralled this tortur'd bosom?

I knew you, Julia, Fashion's grace,
Second to none, save Devon's dutchess,
But Death, with premature embrace,
Has caught her in his sable clutches;

Leaving you vainly to regret
The wrinkles on your front engraven,
Croaking a solo, or duet,
Like *Duncan's* harbinger, the raven.

So have I seen, on *Drury's* brink,
With torch like Julia's beauty blazing,
A boy cry—Link, your honour, link!
And point to Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn.

But rude, as Time to you, old dame,
Boreas puts out the shining taper,
And turns the animating flame
To noisome and offensive vapour.

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND BY HIS WIFE.

THIS lady composed the following vocabulary to express the character of a husband, from her own experience, and which proves how copious our language is on that article:—He is, said she, an abhorred, abominable, acrimonious, angry, arrogant, austere, awkward, barbarous, bitter, blustering, boisterous, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careless, choleric, churlish, clamorous, contumelious, crabbed, cross, currish, detestable disagreeable, discontented, disgusting, dismal, dreadful, drowsy, dry, dull, envious, execrable, fastidious, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpish, furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, grumbling, hardhearted, hasty, hateful, hectoring, horrid, huffish, humoursome, illiberal, illnated, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathsome, magotty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulant, plaguy, quarrelsome, queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, spiteful, splenetic, squeamish, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, unpleasant, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yelping dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor will let others eat.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the ambitious aspirant after literary fame, we recommend an attentive perusal of the life of Mr. Clarke, preserved in this month's journal. This instructive biography is a record of the triumphs of victorious Industry, and we hope will stimulate all the ardour of Emulation. We shall, hereafter, probably preserve some specimens of Mr. Clarke's talents, as an essayist. He has not the sparkling wit of George Canning, nor the felicitous phrases of George Ellis, but holds a respectable rank among his literary brethren, especially when we advert to his juvenile age. We have recommended to the attention of the booksellers, the republication of Mr. Clarke's papers, and we predicted that they would excite a sufficient degree of popularity to insure a sale.

Although the topic is exceedingly delicate, and though the editor has an habitual aversion from any approach to the asperities of Controversy, yet fastidious Delicacy, and obstinate Habit must often yield to higher and more generous Powers. He would be blind to the splendor of a noble action, he would be deaf to the voice of honest Fame, he would be dead to some of the most benignant emotions of the heart, if he did not *feel* the obligations conferred upon him by an accomplished gentleman, an *Oxford* scholar, and a true friend, who, in a paper published in the capital of Rhode Island, has generously appeared as a volunteer defender of the reputation of the conductor of this Journal, who has been furiously assailed by an acrimonious adversary, assuming, in the Newyork Commercial Advertiser, the respectable appellation of REGULUS. Of the person or the writings of this antagonist the editor is profoundly ignorant. He has never read the satire in question; and if, from any motive, it be hereafter perused, no defence will be attempted, and no reply will be made. The editor, from general report, is perfectly willing to believe that Regulus is a nervous, argumentative, and elegant writer. We shall never strive to detract from his reputation; but for an instant, we may be permitted placidly to inquire what literary, moral, charitable, or useful purpose could

possibly be promoted by an *unprovoked* attack from an *invisible* foe, who, in the true spirit of Indian warfare, hurls his tomahawk, and aims his arrows from the *covert* of Concealment, and the *ambush* of Safety. Such a *latent* foe, cannot, with the slightest semblance of Truth, be saluted with the epithets of gallant, generous, or brave; but, leaving his *motives* to his own Conscience, his *object* is utterly vain and visionary. The Editor will neither break a lance with him, nor aim at his head the bludgeon of Controversy. With Regulus he will never enter the lists, as a sturdy Polemic, or a courteous Knight. He will not assail his adversary with a Bully's battoon, nor measure with him a Duelist's sword. Even if Regulus were of the same family and *cast* of the Editor, no controversy could ever be maintained between them, because the latter always prefers the character of a sequestered student to that of a literary gladiator. But if the principles and habits of Regulus warrant the Editor's Belief, or even justify his Suspicion, then the gulf between the parties is not only exceedingly wide, but absolutely impassable. A CAVALIER takes no notice of a Roundhead; or if, by some capricious Chance, the latter be the object of a moment's consideration, he is merely glanced at, as we regard some *trivial* object from the *lofty* elevation of the column of Corinth, and the unhappy man is thus surveyed from a *distance* with all the apathy of Indifference, or exciting no other emotions than those of Compassion and Contempt.

From causes alike unforeseen and irresistible, the Biography of commodore Preble, which, from its power of interesting and delighting thousands, has been eagerly read, is necessarily suspended. The ingenious biographer, who claims all our attention, has promised us a continuation of this article for the ensuing month. Though rather averse from the habit of apologizing for ourselves, we are, at all times, prompt to make as good a defence as we can for other men. We know perfectly well the obstacles, the negligencies, and the procrastination of him, who, either from choice or chance, is pledged to *periodical* exertion. Adversity assails, Sickness seizes, Lassitude enfeebles, and even

morning Stupidity overcomes an author, as much as they do meaner, or nobler mortals. We *know* that the excuse of our friend is perfectly valid; and that none but the petulant and the captious will abuse him for a *temporary* suspension of his labours. For our parts, *we* shall always be pleased with his communications, in whatever manner; or at whatsoever season he pleases to impart them.

The Letter from Lexington, in our last number, and that very pleasing poem, The Pilgrim, from the pen of our friend, the Ornithologist, who so graphically describes the feathered choristers of our country, are, in the best sense of the word, extremely popular among the most intelligent of our readers. On an early day we shall take occasion to resume this subject, and while we render homage to the fine talents of Mr. W., we shall, with great caution and modesty, indicate to that gentleman a few blemishes, which, being of a nature perfectly trivial and technical, a mind much less keen and vigorous than his, can readily discern and correct.

The accomplished author of a Poetical Epistle to Walter Scott, which was conspicuously inserted in the first number of our new series, is most earnestly adjured not to relinquish the employment of a pen so polished. Without a moment's hesitation, we pronounce the unknown author to be a poet and a man of genius of very commanding pretensions.

We are promised some valuable papers from Dr. Hosack of Newyork, who, in a "scroll of courteous compliment" addressed to one of our publishers, and in that style of urbanity which we should naturally expect from his habits and education; from his head and his heart; has expressed his good wishes for the success of this journal. Amid the pleasing speculations of natural science, and, we fear, the too importunate cares of his salutary profession, may he always find leisure for an occasional interview with all the Muses and Graces of Polite Literature.

The elegant author of an impassioned and well reasoned essay, which we have recently published, with the title of Shakspeare vindicated against the aspersions of Voltaire, is cordially thanked for so acceptable a service. Voltaire habitually pilfered from our great dramatist, and as habitually vilified the man, whose genius he could never emulate. All the criticisms of this lively Frenchman, when arrayed against the bard of Avon, are absolutely below contempt. In the last years of him, who has been most absurdly and presumptuously called the *philosopher* of Ferney, he and D'Alembert formed a sort of alliance *offensive* to overthrow the reputation of our great poet. They were so far from witnessing a gleam of success in this literary warfare, that their own record of their puny and contemptible exploits is entirely unknown in any *English* translation. They enjoyed the mere pageant and mockery of a triumph *only at home*. Meanwhile, the genius of Shakspeare, like the foundations of the *everlasting hills*, can be destroyed only by that concussion, which demolishes *gorgeous palaces*, with the *great globe itself*.

A favourite correspondent, who is the supposed author of an essay, which, for more than once, we have perused with unmixed delight, is apprised, in obedience to his modest query, that the path through the flowery field he wishes to traverse, though sometimes perplexed, is never impracticable. Let him elect for his guides the great masters of Sense and of Song; let his Diligence but seldom tire, and his Observation but seldom sleep. Let Judgment be invoked to appear with Fancy, Memory, and Learning by his side. Above all, let that celestial Power inspire, which some denominate Genius, and others Enthusiasm, and he may not unreasonably anticipate the arrival of that glorious day, when he shall be saluted with the enviable title of *Beauclerc*, or the fine scholar; and be hailed as the Prince, the Potentate, the Paragon, the Phoenix of American literature.

In this month's miscellany, Dr. Abercrombie's Lecture, in his rhetorical course, upon some of the boldest, most beautiful and brilliant figures of speech, will richly reward the attention of the

adult, as well as of the juvenile reader. We have often availed ourselves of the opportunity to speak in loud commendation of the utility of this gentleman's literary labours, particularly in the department of education. We have been urged the more strenuously to perform this duty, as it regards his lectures in particular, because some who have not analysed the subject with their accustomed accuracy have, perhaps, too hastily concluded that his course of readings upon rhetoric and polite literature was, in some measure, superseded by Blair and Campbell. This is an erroneous inference from premises by no means conceded. In fact, all of the comparatively modern writers upon these interesting, pleasing and useful topics have availed themselves, and sometimes very liberally, of the labours of their predecessors. Cicero and Quintilian have done the same; and Ward and Barron, *cum multis aliis*, have imitated a salutary example. We say salutary, because a system of rhetorical rules is precisely like a system of geography. Absolute *originality* either in the one case or in the other, is entirely out of the question. All that we can ask of the most accomplished author is, that to his work may be applied, what a Roman poet applied to the chariot of the sun, *Materiam superabat opus*. If our lecturer attire his topics agreeably, quote to the purpose, judiciously avail himself of the learning of other men; and all this in a manner graceful and captivating, *omne tulit punctum*, he should gain every suffrage. We speak the more diffusely, because the lecture, which has given rise to these remarks, is, we think, very elegantly written, and the animated extracts from many a writer of sterling brightness exhibit, in a fine light, some of the most prominent beauties of classical composition.

We regret sincerely that the elegant Translator, from the Spanish, of "The Literary Republic," an article perfectly to our taste, does not resume the pen.

The music of Manto is, alas! no longer audible:

"Her harp and dulcet tongue, alas! how mute,
Her harp is silent, silent is her lute."

The gentleman, who amused us in the winter with the burlesque poem, *The Tonsorialiad*, is invited to invoke, with his jocund spirit,

the *quizzical* Muse, which, we aver, must be the *tenth* Muse, the pretensions of that gipsy, Sappho, notwithstanding. If we except LUCIAN, to whom she often appeared, the quizzical Muse seems to be almost a stranger to the grave and formal prigs of antiquity. Cicero made some advances to her, but she rejected his courtship with disdain. On the contrary, she has always been upon excellent terms with such fine facetious fellows as Cervantes, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, and Sheridan. A notable argument this! and which we doubt not will convince others, just as much as we have convinced ourselves, of the immense superiority *we moderns* exercise over those obsolete creatures the Greeks and Romans!

We believe that the "Servin" of the duc de Sully was the prototype, in some respects, of the Proteus whom our correspondent imagines, was versatile as Cæsar, incorruptible like Aristides, wise as Socrates, eloquent as Cicero, and amorous as Antony.

Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid and other *true lovers* among the fine gentlemen of old Rome are perpetually prating about everlasting love. Our Philadelphia "Amandus" belongs to the same tribe.

The cat shall sooner quit her cream,
The sow shall cease to wallow,
Sooner the cow shall fish for bream,
Or whales shall hunt a swallow,
Sooner the bull shall climb a tree,
Or hedgehogs court a plover,
And even dogs and cats agree,
Before he'll cease to love her.

G. W. F. of whose merit as a scholar as well as a companion and a friend we are fully conscious, is again earnestly requested to illuminate our pages with his Genius and to dignify them by his Learning. He has liberal leisure; he has the amplest materials. He is surrounded by old oaks and classical authors. In such company, so auspicious to the noblest efforts of the Muse, may we not anticipate the glorious effects of her inspiration?

"Carrol," for we should not be suffered to print in Philadelphia, if we did not *fun*, *carols* very sweetly. The public shall hear his

song at the proper season; and when is the suitable season? asks the angry author impatiently. Why, sir, that's a secret, and your true editor never blabs. Like another *craft* and *mystery*, we plume ourselves upon maintaining the profoundest secrecy, whenever Honour bids.

We are just and sincere
And true to the fair,
They'll trust us on every occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

TO THE PUBLIC.

TIME, with inaudible step, has slyly come up, and introduced us to a new born July, who seems to be a character auspicious, generous, and genial. Though but an infant, he, however, seems to be endowed with much of the vigor of maturer years, and though his temper is warm, and sometimes a little too ardent, we hope that both we and others may find him a *tolerable* companion, which is as much as can reasonably be expected in the ordinary intercourse of life. This same July admonishes us by looks and gestures, for, it must be confessed he does not *speak* very plainly, that having travelled, without much quarrelling, with his six elder brothers, we must *go on rejoicing* with the rest of the family. For it seems, from the best authority, that the family of the year, like the family of the Patriarch, consists of twelve; and, without any monitor, it is our sincere wish to be upon terms of amity and love with all the brethren.

Thus far, *we have spoken in parables*. But, in language more intelligible to the majority, we simply state, that, according to editorial usage, sanctioned by Custom, perhaps, rather than by Reason, we *come out* of our cloister, to tell the public, what they know already, that in the year of our Lord, 1810, we have finished one volume, and began another. After this clear enunciation of a mere

matter of fact, we make a bow as low as the dignity of cavaliers will possibly permit; and regretting that we have not achieved exploits more illustrious in the Annals of Literature, we most cordially thank our splendid compatriots and munificent patrons for their assistance, urbanity and favour. On our part, though doomed often to struggle with Sickness, a most formidable adversary, and with some other Powers of a character equally tremendous, we will, with the gallant, undaunted, and high spirited MILTON, endeavour sturdily to *lose no jot of heart or hope*, but persevere in humble attempts, however awkward, and however embarrassed, to please THE AMERICAN NATION. Our task is arduous, and we are not unconscious of its high responsibility. The era seems rapidly approaching, when, in spite of the blind Ignorance of some, and the bigotted Prejudice of others, the reign of Good Taste and Polite Literature will be absolutely asserted in America. To accelerate the advancement of an epoch, so glorious, is one of the first wishes of

THE EDITOR.

VARIETY.

HENRY WHITE, a man of genius and a valetudinarian, remarkable for the accuracy and amenity of his style, at a very juvenile age, thus vividly describes some of the tortures to which distempered Sensibility is doomed. The picture of his sufferings is truly dismal, but the tints, however sombre, are the colours, not of Fancy but of Truth.

The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and *overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening*. A very slight *overstretch of the mind* in the day time occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom and terror*. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake—my life; I can only say the game is not yet decided. I allude to the frightful violence of the palpitation.

I am going to mount the Gog-magog hills this morning, in quest of a good night's sleep. The Gog-magog hills for my body, and * THE BIBLE FOR MY MIND are my only medicines.

In Bolingbroke's Reflections on Exile, which is perhaps the most eloquent of the miscellaneous tracts of that fervid writer, we find the following passage than which there is nothing more animated, no, not in Cicero.

How comes it to pass that such numbers of men *by choice* live out of their country? Observe how the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over by name those millions, and ask them, one by one, of what country they are, how many will you find, who, from different parts of the earth, come to inhabit these great cities which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and to vice. Some are allured by ambition, and some are urged by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market, remove hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the east or the west: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the north. You will find no climate so bad, no country so savage as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit there by choice.

Among numberless *extravagancies*, which have passed through the minds of men we may *justly* reckon for one, that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have

* A more efficacious, nay a more *elegant* prescription could not be proposed by the most philosophical of physicians. It is of more value than all the balm of Gilead, all the barks of Quito, and all the poppies of Turkey. The Editor avails himself, with alacrity, of every opportunity to testify his belief of that blessed book, the BIBLE. He speaks of it seriously and *experimentally*, not in the tones of cant, but of truth and admiration. *His* testimony on the side of the gospel may have the more weight, when it is remembered that it is the testimony of a *layman*, and, consequently, is pure from every professional, or interested bias. His exalted opinion both of the matter and style of the sacred scriptures is the result of an habitual application to the subject of all his powers of analysis, and of the most absolute conviction of the truth, as well as of the beauty, variety, grandeur and sublimity of a volume, that shines with no factitious splendour, but in whose immaculate page the diligent student and sincere inquirer may, in the bleakest hours of adversity, always find the first and fairest topics of consolation.

Note, by the Editor of the Port Folio.

for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it :

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni,

Ovid de Ponto, El. iv.

As if the *maladie du Pays* was a universal distemper, inseparable from the constitution of a human body, and not peculiar to the Swiss, who seem to have been made for their mountains, as their mountains seem to have been made for them. This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states; it has, therefore, been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come, in this case, as in many, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves that it is so. But there is nothing more groundless than this notion, and nothing more absurd. We love the country, in which we are born, because we receive particular benefits from it, and because we have particular obligations to it: which ties we may have to another country as well as to that we are born in: to our country by election, as well as to our country by birth. In all other respects, a wise man looks on himself as a citizen of the world; and when you ask him where his country lies, he points, like Anaxagoras, *with his finger to the heavens*.

There is no habit, however inveterate, which cannot be cured by vigorous exertion. Let the patient strive to cure himself by administering *alterative* and *potent* medicines, and his appetites will no longer torment him. After breaking these chains, his mind will return to its proper object with a kind of intellectual elasticity.

The duke de Crillon was at Avignon when the duke of Ormond died there, and having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been witness to a remarkable scene which had just taken place between the expiring nobleman, who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German baron, also one of the most polite men of his country. The duke feeling himself dying desired to be conveyed to his arm chair; when turning towards the baron, Excuse me, sir, said he, if I should make some grimaces in your presence, but my physician tells me that I am at the point of death. Ah, my lord duke, replied the baron, I beg that you will not put yourself under any constraint on my account.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE PORT FOLIO FOR JULY, 1810.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE ordinary and indispensable routine of business imperiously requiring of us to prepare and print our Monthly Miscellany sometime prior to the period of publication, compels us, when copious articles are tardily furnished, to print them in the style of a supplement. But this very circumstance, far from degrading the essays in question, is a lucid proof of our eagerness to exhibit to the public, with all possible celerity, whatever may be brilliant in the eye of Fancy, or be ratified by the severity of Judgment.

Few papers of the didactic character, we presume, could be more agreeable to the tastes and sentiments of our readers than the following. The topic is confessedly important; and, what is not always the case with many other subjects of similar utility, excites a vivid interest and attracts a very general attention. Indeed, an astonishing revolution of sentiment and of practice with respect to the education of women has, of late, been accomplished in America. It would not be uncharitable to assert that not many years have elapsed since many men of the most enlightened minds were guilty of a strange departure from the softness and gallantry of civilization, by cherishing the *savage* idea of the moral inferiority of the sex. Unhappily, men have acted in the spirit of this ungracious creed. In a large portion of this country, women *have been* disgraced and degraded in consequence of the neglect, indifference, or tyranny of man. It is within our remembrance when a girl of the brightest talents had no other discipline than what the narrowest school could bestow. To read and spell without much hesitation; to trace a character in penmanship, which if not absolutely cramp, was almost unintelligible; and to *cipher*, God knows how, through the four first rules of no ambitious arithmetic, constituted once the sum total of female education in America. Hence, a dismal train of consequences the most deplorable. While the ladies were thus "steeped in *ignorance* to the very lips," while they were thus systematically shut out of Minerva's Temple, what was the genuine classification and description of any individual of the sex, but that of a washing, baking, brewing, spinning, sewing, darning and child-producing *animal*?

Let us not be misunderstood as casting censure upon the duties of the good housewife. All her useful arts are equally praiseworthy and indispensable.

But Utility is not all which is sought for in the shortest life, and by the dullest man. We ask, we eagerly ask for Accomplishments too. Even the man of ordinary and blunt perceptions, as well as the man of genius, learning, taste and sensibility, seeks in a matrimonial companion for one who will not merely fill his bed, but grace his board; who will burnish, and polish, and glorify his character; who will not only be blooming and beauteous, but witty and wise; one capable not only of delightfully entertaining the most fastidious guest, but of perfectly educating the most froward child. This is the wife that Common Sense as well as Fine Sense seeks for *as for hidden treasure*. This is the wife who is literally a crown to her husband. This is the wife who, *exclusively*, can render the marriage state happy. For what condition can be imagined more miserable, what more deplorable, and what more ignominious than for a man of reason and imagination to be yoked, to a *creature*, who has no other pretensions than those of any other *animal*? What can be more disgraceful than for a philosopher thus to be fettered by a fool? and what can be more servile and base than to be compelled dayly and hourly, in the person of your other self, to witness the mortifying effects of her entailed and everlasting stupidity?

Thanks to the liberal and aspiring spirit of the age and country, the genius and education of women are not shamefully neglected. Gradually, they have become the objects of a fostering Care. It is true that we have no Madame D'Arblay, no Mrs. Radcliffe, no Mrs. Hamilton, no Charlotte Smith, no Hannah More, and no Maria Edgeworth. Nothing in the shape of these *all accomplished* females has yet appeared in America; and we hazard nothing in predicting that one thousand years in the chronology of this new country will probably roll away, prior to the appearance of even the outline, the shadow, the semblance of such a character. This is not uttered in reproach to the ladies. The reproof falls upon *figures of a higher denomination*, to adopt a phrase from the arithmeticians.

But although the reign of female authorship is wholly unknown in America; and although through the long vista of distant years, we cannot discern a solitary feature of the Augustan age of queen Ann, yet the education of women is sedulously regarded, and the principle itself is gradually gaining advocates of the most stanch and imposing character.

Among these heroes, these cavaliers, these genuine knights of ancient chivalry, may be enumerated the writers in the Edinburgh Review and the eloquent author of the oration in this supplement. Their arguments are invincible. The criticism is profound, the harangue is pathetic; and both combine the true and the beautiful. In the popular mode of this magazine, we diffuse them throughout America, in perfect confidence that they will stimulate the sluggishness of some, awaken the ambition of others, and excite the attention of all.—EDITOR.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN examination of the pupils of the Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia, was held on the tenth ult. before the trustees and a very large and respectable audience who convened on the occasion.

The Rev. Mr. Mayor opened the exercises with an impressive prayer—an appropriate and pathetic address was then delivered on the occasion, by the Rev. Dr. James Gray, one of the trustees, who at the close conferred diplomas on six young ladies who had completed their academic studies. Resolved, that the thanks of the Board be returned to the Rev. Dr. Gray, for the address delivered by him, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication. Resolved, that the said address be published in the Port Folio and in Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.—By order of the Board,

BENJAMIN SAY, *President.*

Extract from the minutes, ASA BASSETT, Secretary.

YOUNG LADIES,

As you are now to take your departure from this seminary, and to enter on the part which your Creator may assign you to act or suffer on the stage of time; I rise in the name, and by the appointment, of the trustees, to bid you an affectionate farewell. It is not easy to conceive a scene more impressive than the present: and those who are most habituated to reflect on human things, and to indulge correct feelings, will experience the deepest impression on the occasion. This is not one of those spectacles where we are obliged to court the illusions of fancy in order to create an interest; and where a single touch of the wand of reason dispels the enchantment. Here all is real, interesting, and affecting. Your teacher appears here surrendering the solemn trust confided to him by your parents, and exhibiting your accomplishments as the result of years of anxious and painful industry. Your parents attend to receive you back, happy to witness your useful attainments, and cherishing, I trust not in vain, the hope that your future discharge of the duties of life will be still more consolatory to them, than even your early progress in learning. You behold yourselves surrounded by a large company of persons, some of whom have long been versant in the duties and sufferings of humanity, and all of whom take a just interest in your fortunes. What an important era in your lives! You are just prepared to start in the noble career of life's duties.—Glory, Honour, and Immortality the prize! Indulge me then, while, catching the glow of the general interest which the occasion has kindled, I venture a few

remarks on your present acquisitions, and on their future application. The truth of what I shall say will, I hope, compensate for the want of novelty; but should that expectation fail, I must plead that benevolence of motive which is always allowed to extenuate the offence of involuntary error.

When we behold before us a number of young ladies who have scarcely attained their full stature, capable of reading their native language, and of relishing the beauties of its authors; possessed of the enviable talent of recording their own thoughts, and supporting a literary correspondence with propriety and elegance; acquainted with the geography of this globe, and with the laws, governments, religions, and customs of the different nations who inhabit it; not strangers to the general laws of this planetary system; qualified, if necessity should require, to manage pecuniary transactions with mercantile correctness; at the same time that they are instructed in the sacred scriptures; understand most of the leading principles of the true religion, and have already acquired many of its practical virtues; we cannot help exclaiming, What a prodigy! In many parts of the world a thousand women have not so much information as one of our girls!

It is impossible to survey such a spectacle without being drawn into speculations concerning its cause, and asking to what singular interposition of heaven we are indebted for so enviable a state of society. It is no answer to this question to say that we live in an enlightened age, that the value of general information is correctly estimated, and that therefore female genius is cherished and cultivated; for this is only a reassertion of the fact in different language. What we are in quest of is the reason of the fact: we ask what is the cause which has enlightened the age, which has given such an impulse to mind, which has elevated female genius and ennobled the female character? This is the question. And without wasting time in proposing hypotheses for refutation, I will venture to assert that the real cause of the phenomenon under consideration, is nothing else than the religion which we and our fathers have had the happiness to enjoy; I mean the religion of the Bible, or Christianity. Let not this assertion receive any indulgence under the idea of a vague compliment to religion, which should be admitted without scrutiny, because it might be thought indecorous to dispute it. On the contrary let it be brought to the rigid test of doctrine, under the impression that to

reject an error is as sacred a duty as to embrace a truth. And to cut off all ambiguity from the question, I repeat the declaration in these unreserved and decisive terms, That the present elevated state of female genius and manners never would have existed without the operation of the christian religion, and that christianity could not have existed and operated to the extent it has done without producing the effect in question. If this should appear to any one the language of prejudice, or of that imperceptible bias which peculiar habits of thinking exert over our moral judgments, let me intreat that man, whoever he is, to spread before him a map of the world, and trace upon it the boundary line of the region enlightened by the christian religion; let him then cast his eyes beyond that line East, West, North and South and make a candid comparison of the relative states of female society in these two grand divisions of our globe. What is the condition of females in Africa, Asia, China, among the aborigines of this country, or any where out of the bounds of christendom? Take them in a mass are they any thing but debased slaves, or ignoble toys? It is by no means insinuated that an equal degree of mental culture pervades female society in all christian countries. The contrary of this is the fact: and for this reason, that christianity does not prevail in the same degree in all those countries; besides that there are certain incidental agencies which aid its operation in some countries, and thwart it in others. But it will certainly be thought sufficient to decide the question under consideration, if it can be made out, that the intelligence, virtues, and general happiness of females, are greater in christian countries, than they are in any other; and that they are greatest in those particular countries where christianity prevails in the greatest purity. I am content that the matter should rest here; though well convinced that higher ground might be occupied without incurring the imputation of temerity; and that nothing would be put to hazard by staking the general female character in the worst of christian countries, against the same general character in any country not enlightened by the christian religion.

Whoever considers the genius of this religion must perceive that it possesses a peculiar aptitude to operate on female character. The Jewish religion possessed the same quality, but in a much lower degree. And I believe it will be found that these are

the only moral systems which have attended to this subject. It is the very genius of christianity to elevate women to a moral equality with men; and, without a compliment, to carry them in some respects higher. When we look to heathen nations, it is only in the lowest state of savagery that any thing like an equality of the sexes is at all discernible; for these both are equally ignorant, vicious, and wretched. But let those savages emerge from barbarism, let them grow into empire and civilization, and then mark the change in the relative condition of the sexes. The men only rise, the women continue where they were, or rather sink lower in the social scale. The slave who followed the footsteps of the savage hunter, with her family and family property on her back, is indeed transformed into a fine lady, and glitters in "barbaric pearl and gold;" but she is no longer the partner of her husband's cares! You must search for her in a closet or in the haram; where she has fewer causes to excite her mind into action, less interest in her husband's heart, and less influence over his conduct, than she enjoyed when both were wandering savages.

But introduce christianity into a society in the circumstances which have been described, and among its first effects is the elevation of the women. Find them where it will, and it will find them out even in the lowest state of degradation, it raises them to an equality with the men. It demolishes the haram; dismisses the dishonourable guard; conducts the wife to the head of her husband's table; gives her to him a friend endeared and immutable through all the vicissitudes of life; makes her his confidant, his counsellor, and the soother of all his sorrows; appoints her the tutress of his children, to teach the young idea how to shoot, to inspire his daughters with every delicate sentiment, and his sons with every high-minded manly principle. It does more. Giving the husband the pledge of his wife's conscientious principle and inviolable honour, the best and in fact the *only* security for his own peace and honour, it conducts her abroad into society to enlighten and purify the general manners, and to exhibit a shining example of all that imparts worth and dignity to human nature. Delighted with her liberty she will not abuse it. Conscious of the confidence reposed in her she scorns to forfeit it. She is tender of her husband's honour, because

she feels it to her own honour. She gives good counsel, because that increases and perpetuates her influence.

It is to our purpose to mention here what has often been stated as a fact, and, I believe, justly : the fact alluded to is this, that christianity prevails most among the female sex. It seems that some gentlemen, who certainly had nothing of the philosopher about them, save the beard, have made a wonderful discovery on this subject ; and assure us that the superior attention of woman to the christian religion is wholly owing to intellectual imbecility, the existence of which they first suppose, and then by way of theory, infer that it disposes the sex to phantasies and superstition, or, in other words, to piety and virtue. Had these gentlemen been pleased to content themselves with saying that females are happily secluded from many of the temptations which corrupt the other sex, we would promptly have acquiesced in so obvious an assertion. But had they gone still farther, and informed us that christianity, though it be of equal importance to both sexes in respect to a future life, is of infinitely greater importance to women than to men in the present life, they would have approximated much nearer to the truth. Adopting this view of the subject, they would thus have addressed us, "Of what indispensable necessity is religion to the male part of the human species in the present state of their existence? What advantage, what honour, what pleasure of life can they not secure without it. Give them splendid talents, a good education, and a large fortune ; and without a single pretension to piety or to the purity of christian morals, they shall be seen making their way to all the distinctions and enjoyments of society, admired and caressed by almost the whole of their sex, however different in character. But how totally is the case reversed to the female sex? Strip one of them of the reputation of christian virtues, and she falls like a star from heaven : her own sex disown her, and she finds no refuge from ignominy in the sympathy of the other sex. On the other hand array a woman in the lustrous robe of christian graces, and whether young or old, whether handsome or otherwise, she becomes an object of admiration to both sexes. Is it therefore wonderful that women should cherish with the tenderest regard, a religion, the observance of which infallibly secures them esteem, adoration, and devotion ; and gives them an incalculable and irresistible influence over society." In such views of the

subject we could cheerfully acquiesce. But while we are attributing the general cultivation of the female intellect, and elevation of female character, to the operation of christianity, we must beware of inferring that every female who experiences the ameliorating effects of that divine religion, has really imbibed its genuine spirit. Its effects are of various kinds : and many who have not permitted it to reign in their hearts, have not been averse to the decoration of character which results from its practical virtues. Its general influence is indisputable. By asserting for the female sex that liberty which pertains of right to every reasonable being ; by making them the friends of their husbands, and directresses of their families ; by introducing them to society at large, where virtue and decorum are their sole protection and honour ; it has placed them in circumstances where they have but two choices—on the one hand insignificance and contempt ; on the other intelligence, virtue, and dignity. It is their glory to have chosen the latter.

That the views exhibited are not incorrect is apparent from many considerations. It is a subject of some curiosity that so obvious is the growth of female genius in christian countries, that it has become a subject of high debate whether the minds of women be not in every article of intellectual resource equal to those of men.—It seems that a formidable phalanx of gentlemen have rallied around the prescriptive claim of their sex to intellectual superiority ; while a scarcely less formidable array of ladies advance to dispute the arrogant pretension, and either by the force of their arguments, or the charms of their eloquence, at least by some charms, have brought over a large number of the other sex to their alliance — Being extremely fond of peace in all its forms, I must beg to be excused from taking any part in this controversy ; and accordingly proclaim a most impartial neutrality. I hope, however, that during this war for intellectual dominion, the sexes will display towards each other that spirit of chivalrous decorum, and those mutual good offices, which distinguish their intercourse on all other occasions. The war is obviously a social war. Neither party, surely, will think of the desperate measure of a secession to the Aventine mount. “Rome cannot bear it, patriotism forbids it !”

But though I cannot act as judge in this controversy, I have no objection to appear as a witness ; and in that character candour obli-

ges me to say that I have observed a good deal of foul play on both sides. The gentlemen for instance have made a complete monopoly of navigation, wholly excluding the ladies from participation ; with the same narrow jealousy, they have engrossed architecture ; and should we unfortunately be involved in a war you will see these same gentlemen manning the fleet, mounting the ramparts, and forming the line bristling with bayonets, without affording the ladies a chance of rivalling their glorious achievements. At the same time, matters are managed with equal unfairness on the other side. For so completely have the ladies engrossed a vast number of offices and duties of still greater importance than those which have been mentioned, that if a gentleman had ever such a genius for them, he has no possible opportunity of displaying it.

Yet after surveying the whole ground, one is tempted to think that matters go on tolerably well as they are. And in the present imperfect state of moral science, we find ourselves strongly inclined to adopt the opinion, that our Creator in his bounty has bestowed both on the male and on the female part of our species, an abundance of genius for the discharge of their respective duties ; and that whichever sex shall most effectually give their genius that direction will eventually rank highest in the scale of excellence.

But forbearing any further remarks on this subject, I shall now proceed, young ladies, to consider the future application of your powers in the duties of life.

From your present habits, it may be anticipated that a considerable portion of your future time will be devoted to reading. You have been let into a precious secret, that the cheapest, most accessible, and most permanent source of enjoyment, is to be found in the exercise of the powers of your own mind, and that among the exciting causes of mind, books hold a high rank. And in the present state of society, such are the facilities afforded for the gratification of a literary taste, that you will find little difficulty in procuring such books as your particular fancy or humour may incline you to peruse. It may be safely taken for granted that biography, history, and works on religion and morals, will form your principal literary avocations. I do not pretend to make a selection for you. Casualty, the advice of friends, and your particular taste, will regulate that matter. I hope it is not necessary to recommend the habitual

reading of the Scriptures. If nothing else could be said in favour of these volumes than that they are the most ancient, and the only absolutely true history that ever was written, these circumstances would be sufficient to recommend them to every curious and cultivated mind; but when it is considered that they are a revelation from God, and contain every particle that is known concerning the present duty and future destination of the human family, our obligation to study them must impress us as sacred.

There is a species of composition, young ladies, which were I not to mention on such an occasion as the present, the omission might be considered a studied one, and perhaps censured as improper. You already anticipate the mention of novels. I am well aware the theme is trite. I might begin by indulging a sharp invective against the general class of such books; I might then except a few from the general censure; and afterwards proceed to inquire whether more good or evil accrues to society from such reading. But why consume the hour. The books are written, and will be read. As soon might Canute expect to repel by a rebuke the advancing tide, as the moralist to argue out of circulation, a species of composition which the vanity and necessities of authors, the interests of printers and booksellers, and the passions of the youthful heart force into the market. But it will not be thought a waste of breath to inquire what advantages may be expected from such books, allowing the selection to be made with the greatest possible judgment and felicity, and wholly overlooking any injury which they may be supposed to inflict on the mental constitution. If I could state this question in terms more liberal and generous I would do it.

When we hear novels celebrated as means for teaching young people the knowledge of human nature, we seem to perceive in the language something so ambiguous and undefined, something which needs so much commentary and qualification, that, like the gordian knot, it is better to cut it at once than to waste time in unravelling its complications. I say, therefore, when we shall see great orators formed by silent meditation, and great anatomists formed by the study of copperplate skeletons and dissections, then, and not till then, shall we behold judges of human life and character produced by novel reading. To study human nature you must mix with mankind: it is in the drawingroom, not in the library,

in the forum, not in the cloister, that the nature of man can be learned, because it is in the former places, not in the latter, that it is displayed in its true colours and proportions. However narrow the circle of individual feeling and experience may be, it comprises almost the whole of what any person knows of this subject: and no extent of genius and learning can supply the want of a practical acquaintance with society. The only accession which our experimental knowledge on this subject admits, is derived from authentic history. If it be asked, May not novels supply the place of history? May they not exhibit views of human nature not found in history? And may they not exhibit more perfect instances of virtue and vice than any that occur in real life? To the two latter interrogations I answer, that these perfect characters, are only perfect monsters. They go to mislead. They can do no good. That extravagance of vice which does not occur in real life can never answer the purpose of deterring us from vitious indulgence; and virtues which have never been practised can scarcely become examples. As to the other interrogatory, the answer is obvious, that to supplant a reality by a fiction is a preposterous method of diffusing truth. But I would ask, is human genius really adequate to the production of a consistent human character by the creations of fancy? Certainly to mark the reigning passion, to delineate the fixed and prevailing habits, to limit or aid their operation by various whims and caprices, to conceive and arrange the events and objects which operate on all these powers; to ascertain, amidst the collisions of conflicting principles, and to arrest and fix those nicer shades which give congruity to character is, to say the least, no easy task; a task perhaps beyond the reach of man. A few rare men there have been, I grant, who have achieved great things in characteristic moral painting, still they have not come up to nature. Let us praise them as we do those sculptors who exhibit a few striking points in the human figure; and if they have not been able to bid the heart beat, and the tongue speak, and the features move, let us pardon their failure because the thing was impossible.

There is, however, only one idea about which I feel any great solicitude. Permit me to caution you against ever making the characters of romance a standard by which to judge of character in real life. For be assured that the sir Guys and madam Bridgets,

the Lotharios and Matildas of the novelists are very different personages, from the men and women with whom it has pleased God to people this world. And perhaps it may be found that no persons are more apt to err and blunder, when introduced on the stage of real life than those whose imaginations have been deeply impressed with the characters of fictitious composition.

Another allegation in favour of novels, is that they contribute to the cultivation of sensibility; and render us more sympathetic, more disposed to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice; and of consequence dispose us to relieve the calamities which occur in the human condition; and are on the whole subservient to virtue. I confess I feel stronger doubts on this subject than on the foregoing. I am not satisfied that the theory is verified by fact, or corresponds with the essential laws of our nature. There can be no doubt that novels act extensively on our feelings, and are able to rob us of many a sob and many a tear. They are a species of artificial stimulant. But it is very questionable whether these chamber cordials are really conducive to the health of our minds; whether this surreptitious enjoyment of our faculties does not rather indispose us to the practical exercise of sympathy in real life. The general sense of mankind on this subject appears not to be obscure; for if any one were in quest of an attentive physician, a tender nurse, or a sympathetic friend, it would not be found an effectual recommendation of any particular person to say that he, or she, was a great reader of novels.

The real advantages of this species of reading appear to be these, that it sometimes creates a taste for reading which continues through life; that it habituates the young mind to the analysis of character; that it imparts a species of sentimental eloquence to conversation; and were I certain that it does not increase the disorder which it is intended to cure, I should apprehend that it may serve as a waste gate to the overflowings of youthful sensibility.

After all, the season for indulging this species of mental diversion is very transient. It is during the vernal equinox of our existence, when the sun is passing the line which separates child-

hood from maturity, a period when all is tumult in the human constitution, that the fictions of romance claim a natural dominion over us, only because the mind is then itself the region of fiction, of hopes and fears, of plans and projects, far beyond the narrow limits of sober reality. But in proportion as it grows up to maturity, and as the grand prospects of society expand to its view, it becomes incapable of being aroused into action by any thing but what is real; it flings away the pap and syllabub of fiction, and calls for more substantial food. This is certainly the natural course of things.

Ghosts, goblins and enchanted castles, do for children; Masters and Misses are enraptured with the sentimental novel; but, unless a morbid taste for fiction be contracted, or the growth of mind be stunted for want of nutriment, men and women demand fact and doctrine. And provided a taste for the sacred writings has been contracted at any period of life, when a man approaches the verge of earthly being, and his sun begins to dip in the western wave, nothing can suffice his mind but those sublime and substantial compositions. In this remark I do not confine my views to a Boyle and a Locke, and a few other very rare, because very great, characters. The doctrine is general: it is a law of our nature. For, if I may be allowed to borrow a phrase from the medical gentlemen, our minds, like our bodies, act by the continual impression of stimulants; and as the fibre waxes rigid, you must increase the stimulating power.

But to pass from the subject of reading, we must presume that you will devote a good deal of future time to literary correspondence. At the same time it is hoped that your correspondents will be few and select, rather than numerous and indiscriminate. Allow me to advise you to avoid all imprudent engagements to write once a week, or once by every post to any body. Pledges of this sort leave scarcely an alternative between an insipid, complimentary, tattling correspondence, and a direct breach of promise. Love your friends, and gratify them; but never permit them to prescribe how often you shall write to them.

And now that I am on letter-writing, I must correct a few phrases which sometimes find their way into the correspondence of friends, and are at the same time so incorrect that I feel it incumbent on me to caution you against the use of them. The phrases are these: "excuse haste"—"excuse bad writing"—and a few others of the same stamp. I object to these phrases because they make false concord in moral grammar. For although such phrases may, and must be, excused when coming from persons exhausted by the duties of active life; yet why should a young lady, who is bound by the law of her being to correctness and elegance in all things, stoop to solicit such indulgence! and why should *she* expose her correspondent to the necessity of making that most mortifying of all apologies, "my friend could have written better—if—she had pleased."

But young Ladies, I must now bring forward an idea in comparison with whose importance all that has been said shrinks into insignificance. The solid and important duties of human life become from this moment your *business*. Your talents, your learning, your various accomplishments, are valuable no further than they are subservient to those duties, than they are employed in the production of actual virtues. When you look to that season of the year;

"Which your own season paints, when nature all

"Is blooming and benevolent, like you;"

you see that your Creator has crowned all his vegetable works with the most variegated and beautiful blossoms; and all nature is fragrance to the smell and beauty to the eye. Yet mark how in a few short days all this perfumery, all these inimitable hues, this pomp and prodigality of vernal beauty, are fled and gone! Weep not that they are fled. For not a flower of them but has left behind its fruit. Lo the advancing harvest and vintage! Such, my young friends, is the law of *your* nature. You are now in blossom, and society looks forward for the fruits of piety and virtue. To do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with your God, is the business of your lives. It is not any natural confusion of ideas leading me to mistake every large room for a church.

nor any incapacity of stripping for one evening the sacerdotal stole, that prompts me to recommend to you above all things the cultivation of religious principle. No, it is a solemn, it is an awful impression, that I should totally fail in the duty prescribed me; and, so far as silence when the occasion demands the declaration of the truth can be regarded as an injury, inflict a real injury on you, were I to omit mentioning that cause which imparts the last and highest polish to our nature, and forms the chief ingredient in the cup of human happiness. It is only when acting under the impulse of religion that man displays the glory of Being. To recognise the presence and majesty of that adorable Being who animated these bodies of clay and stamped the production with his own image; to realise a sense of the love of that Redeemer whose blood flowed to ransom us from all that is horrible; to feel every fibre of our hearts move under the energy of that spirit, who pervading universal nature diffuses motion, life and joy throughout the whole, and is to man the source of intelligence, purity and glory, is the highest attainment of our nature; and places us indeed but a little lower than the angels. Under the influence of principles so sublime and ennobling what may you not become! I see before me the rudiments of future angels. It is an enrapturing thought to anticipate that through life your spirits communicating with the universal spirit, you will think, feel and act, in unison with the will which presides over creation.

Should you be blessed with extensive wisdom, you become eyes to the blind; should you be placed in an affluent station, (which I neither pray nor deprecate) you become the almoners of the poor, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish cometh upon you; should a full cup of pleasure be put into your hand, religion after heightening its relish will prevent its intoxicating effects: and, pardon the transition, should you be placed in the sequestered vale of obscurity, and lashed by every storm that spreads desolation over earthly comfort, religion will teach you to submit, rejoice, triumph. This much on the most important of all themes I thought it my duty to say; but it does not comport with those principles which propriety

prescribes, to say any thing respecting the external modes and forms of religion. You will no doubt search the scriptures, and choose for yourselves whatever form of religion you shall judge most conformable to that standard: and I hope that having made a good choice you will distinguish yourselves through life by an exemplary conformity to the institutions of that religious society, to which you may have attached yourselves. For assure yourselves that the connexion between the external observances of religion and its internal spirit, and between both and practical virtue, and between these three and that sunshine of the mind which is almost the sum of human happiness, is of the most intimate kind.

But it is time to have done. And now, young Ladies, you are perhaps waiting till I shall wish you a great deal of happiness in your journey through life: and provided the term happiness be rightly understood, we will all unite in wishing you as much of it as you ought to wish yourselves. But if by happiness be meant an incessant round of worldly pleasures, then happily for you neither your own fond wishes, nor the misjudging benevolence of friends, can procure it for you; and even were it to be gained for a wish, let me assure you I have not the inhumanity to breathe the cruel petition; for why should I wish you such a degree of pleasure as could produce no other effect than to moor every affection of your hearts to a world from which you must so soon depart, and indispose you to the acquisition of those qualifications which would fit you for a brighter and more noble order of things! go then, young friends, and meet the common vicissitudes of human life. A time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to get and a time to loose, a time to love and a time to hate, a time of war and a time of peace; but amidst the various and fluctuating scene may an unwavering confidence in the superintendence of your heavenly Father, impart firmness to your virtues. Such conduct will repay, and more than repay the anxious labours of your teacher; such conduct will repay, and more than repay, the incalculable debt of filial obligation; and cause your parents in the last faltering accents of expiring nature to bless God for having bestowed upon them the best of gifts, in the most elegant of forms, vir-

tuous and accomplished daughters. The claim which society has upon you is of the most awful nature. To say that you have it in your power to promote the polish of social manners, and contribute largely to the amount of social pleasures, were to pronounce only common praise. More, infinitely more, is in your power! to pour balm into the wounds of bleeding humanity, to still the storm of social passions, to impart popularity and confidence to virtue, to look down the audacious and profligate countenance of vice, and to be themselves the brightest examples of the virtues which they recommend, is the high prerogative of women. Such women may you be, and may the favour of heaven attend you.

CRITICISM.

Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind.

BY THOMAS BROADHURST.

Mr. Broadhurst is a very good sort of a man, who has not written a very bad book upon a very important subject. His object (a very laudable one) is to recommend a better system of female education than at present prevails in this country—to turn the attention of women from the trifling pursuits to which they are now condemned—and to cultivate faculties which, under the actual system of management, might almost as well not exist. To the examination of his ideas upon these points, we shall very cheerfully give up a portion of our time and attention.

A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, every body, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the

difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action; there is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. Taking it, then, for granted, that nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as the other, it is incumbent on us to consider what are the principal objections commonly made against the communication of a greater share of knowledge to women, than commonly falls to their lot at present: for though it may be doubted whether women should learn all that men learn, the immense disparity which now exists between their knowledge, we should hardly think could admit of any rational defence. It is not easy to imagine that there can be any just cause why a woman of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age. If there be any good at all in female ignorance, this (to use a very colloquial praise) is surely too much of a good thing.

Something in this question must depend, no doubt, upon the leisure which either sex enjoys for the cultivation of their understandings;—and we cannot help thinking, that women have fully as much, if not more idle time upon their hands, than men. Women are excluded from all the serious business of the world: men are lawyers, physicians, clergymen, apothecaries, and justices of the peace—sources of exertion which consume a great deal more time than producing and suckling children; so that, if the thing is a thing that ought to be done, if the attainments of literature are objects really worthy the attention of females, they cannot plead the want of leisure as an excuse for indolence and neglect. The lawyer who passes his day in exasperating the bickerings of Roe and Doe, is certainly as much engaged as his lady who has the whole of the morning before her to correct the children and

pay the bills. The apothecary, who rushes from an act of phlebotomy in the western parts of the town to insinuate a bolus in the east, is surely as completely absorbed as that fortunate female who is darning the garment, or preparing the repast of her *Æsculapius* at home; and, in every degree and situation of life, it seems that men must necessarily be exposed to more serious demands upon their time and attention, than can possibly be the case with respect to the other sex. We are speaking always of the fair demands which ought to be made upon the time and attention of women; for, as the matter now stands, the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all. Daughters are kept to occupations in sewing, patching, mantuamaking and mending, by which it is impossible they can earn tenpence a day. The intellectual improvement of women is considered to be of such subordinate importance, that twenty pounds paid for needle work would give to a whole family leisure to acquire a fund of real knowledge. They are kept with nimble fingers and vacant understandings, till the season for improvement is utterly passed away, and all chance of forming more important habits completely lost. We do not therefore say that women have more leisure than men, if it be necessary they should lead the life of artisans; but we make this assertion only upon the supposition, that it is of some importance women should be instructed; and that many ordinary occupations, for which a little money will find a better substitute, should be sacrificed to this consideration.

We bar, in this discussion, an objection which proceeds from the mere novelty of teaching women more than they are already taught. It may be useless that their education should be improved or it may be pernicious; and these are the fair grounds on which the question may be argued. But those who cannot bring their minds to consider such an unusual extension of knowledge, without connecting with it some sensation of the ludicrous, should remember, that, in the progress from absolute ignorance, there is a period when cultivation of mind is new to every rank and description of persons. A century ago, who would have believed that country gentlemen could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy, which we now so frequently

remark,—or supposed that they could be carried up even to the elements of ancient and modern history? Nothing is more common, or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible—to believe that all which is, is all which can be; first to laugh at every proposed deviation from practice as impossible—then, when it is carried into effect, to be astonished that it did not take place before.

It is said, that the effect of knowledge is to make women pedantic and affected; and that nothing can be more offensive, than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex, to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough; but the answer is so trite and obvious, that we are almost ashamed to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms;—because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which every body possesses. Whoever heard a lady boast that she understood French?—for no other reason, that we know of, but because every body in these days does understand French; and though there may be some disgrace in being ignorant of that language, there is little or no merit in its acquisition. Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare. Vanity and conceit we shall of course witness in men and women as long as the world endures: but by multiplying the attainments upon which these feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them, and render them much more tolerable, by making them the proofs of a much higher merit. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

A great many of the lesser and more obscure duties of life, necessarily devolve upon the female sex. The arrangement of all household matters, and the care of children in their early infancy, must of course depend upon them. Now, there is a very general notion, that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestic economy; and that, if you

once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet. These, and all such opinions, are referable to one great and common cause of error;—that man does every thing, and that nature does nothing; and that every thing we see, is referable to positive institution, rather than to original feeling. Can any thing, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose, that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation? We seem to imagine, that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature, by the little laws of a boarding-school; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more, or a little less;—that Cimmerian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction. In the same manner, we forget the principles upon which the love of order, arrangement, and all the arts of economy depend. They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness; but upon the poverty, confusion and ruin which would ensue from neglecting them. Add to these principles, the love of what is beautiful and magnificent, and the vanity of display;—and there can surely be no reasonable doubt, but that the orders and economy of private life is amply secured from the perilous inroads of knowledge.

We would fain know, too, if knowledge is to produce such baneful effects upon the material and the household virtues, why this influence has not already been felt? Women are much better educated now than they were a century ago; but they are by no means less remarkable for attention to the arrangements of their household, or less inclined to discharge the offices of parental affection. It would be very easy to show, that the same objection has been made at all times to every improvement in the education of both sexes, and all ranks,—and been as uniformly and completely refuted by experience. A great part of the objections made to the education of women, are rather objections made to human nature, than to the female sex: for it is surely true, that knowledge, where it produces any bad effects at all, does as much

mischief to one sex as to the other,—and gives birth to fully as much arrogance, inattention to common affairs, and eccentricity among men, as it does among women. But it by no means follows, that you get rid of vanity and self-conceit because you get rid of learning. Self-complacency can never want an excuse; and the best way to make it more tolerable and more useful, is to give to it as high, and as dignified an object as possible. But at all events, it is unfair to bring forward against a part of the world an objection which is equally powerful against the whole. When foolish women think they have any distinction, they are apt to be proud of it; so are foolish men. But we appeal to any one who has lived with cultivated persons of either sex, whether he has not witnessed as much pedantry, as much wrongheadedness, as much arrogance, and certainly a great deal more rudeness, produced by learning in men, than in women: therefore, we should make the accusation general—or dismiss it altogether; though, with respect to pedantry, the learned are certainly a little unfortunate, that so very emphatic a word, which is occasionally applicable to all men embarked eagerly in any pursuit, should be reserved exclusively for them: for, as pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathize, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamblers, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry,—while scholars have both the vice, and the name for it too.

Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important knowledge with what they call simple pleasures; and deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman has no taste and genius for higher occupations, let her engage in these, to be sure, rather than remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation? If she is full of strong sense, and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds?—why books of history and

reasoning are to be torn out of her hand, and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field? Such amusements are innocent to those whom they can occupy; but they are not innocent to those who have too powerful understandings to be occupied by them. Light broths and fruits are innocent food only to weak or to infant stomachs, but they are poison to that organ in its perfect and mature state. But the great charm appears to be in the word *simplicity*—simple pleasures! If by a simple pleasure is meant an innocent pleasure, the observation is best answered by showing, that the pleasure which results from the acquisition of important knowledge is quite as innocent as any pleasure whatever; but if by a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which can be easily analyzed, or which does not last long, or which in itself is very faint; then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.

As it is impossible that every man should have industry or activity sufficient to avail himself of the advantages of education, it is natural that men who are ignorant themselves, should view, with some degree of jealousy and alarm, any proposal for improving the education of women. But such men may depend upon it, however the system of female education may be exalted, that there will never be wanting a due proportion of failures; and that after parents, guardians and preceptors have done all in their power to make every body wise, there will still be a plentiful supply of women who have taken special care to remain otherwise; and they may rest assured, if the utter extinction of ignorance and folly is the evil they dread, that their interests will always be effectually protected, in spite of every exertion to the contrary.

We must in candour allow, that those women who begin, will have sometimes more to overcome than may probably hereafter be the case. We cannot deny the jealousy which exists among pompous and foolish men, respecting the education of women. There is a class of pedants, who would be cut short in the estimation of the world a whole cubit, if it were generally known that a young lady of eighteen could be taught to decline the tenses of the middle voice, or acquaint herself with the Æolic

varieties of that celebrated language. Then women have, of course, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction, who being bound (as they think), in point of sex, to know more, are not well pleased, in point of fact, to know less. But among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman, who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.

There is in either sex a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other: and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing, that a high degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men. Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable, that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest, than a cause of contention. Indeed to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes, is so very ridiculous, that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted. The same desire of pleasing, secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women. We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance. It would appear, from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civilizer of the world. Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant;—they manage their household, only because they are ignorant;—they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess, we have all our lives been so ignorant as not to know the value of ignorance. We have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women, to their being well taught in moral and religious duty,—to the hazardous situation in which they are placed,—to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action,—and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands. After all, let it be remembered, we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex. We would not hazard such a proposition respecting any thing; but we are saying, that, upon the whole

It is the best method of employing time; and that there are fewer objections to it, than to any other method. There are, perhaps, 50,000 females in Great Britain, who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labour: but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness, of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilization. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed,—the ill treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence, and without the power of complaining,—and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased, in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation, respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. ‘The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber;’—‘Nothing so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all.’ These two phrases, the delight of *Noddledom*, are grown into common-places upon the subject; and are not infrequently employed to extinguish that love of knowledge in women, which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent virtues; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence—all of short duration—or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse father, mother, sister and brother, if they want it;—it would be a violation of the plainest duties to neglect them.

But, when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations;—when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant; and then acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night;—and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education.

Then, again, as to the notoriety which is incurred by literature.—The cultivation of knowledge is a very distinct thing from its publication; nor does it follow that a woman is to become an author, merely because she has talent enough for it. We do not wish a lady to write books,—to defend and reply,—to squabble about the tomb of Achilles, or the plain of Troy,—any more than we wish her to dance at the opera, to play at a public concert, or to put pictures in the exhibition, because she has learned music, dancing and drawing. The great use of her knowledge will be, that it contributes to her private happiness. She may make it public; but it is not the principal object which the friends of female education have in view. Among men, the few who write bear no comparison to the many who read. We hear most of the former, indeed, because they are, in general, the most ostentatious part of literary men; but there are innumerable men, who, without ever laying themselves before the public, have made use of literature to add to the strength of their understandings, and to improve the happiness of their lives. After all, it may be an evil for ladies to be talked of: but we really think those ladies who are talked of only as Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Hamilton are talked of, may bear their misfortunes, with a very great degree of christian patience; and such singular ex-

amples of ill fortunes, may perhaps render the school of adversity a little more popular than it is at present.

Their exemption from all the necessary business of life, is one of the most powerful motives for the improvement of education in women. Lawyers and physicians have in their professions a constant motive to exertion; if you neglect their education, they must in a certain degree educate themselves by their commerce with the world: they must learn caution, accuracy, and judgment, because they must incur responsibility. But if you neglect to educate the mind of a woman, by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all: if you do not effectually rouse it by education, it must remain forever languid. Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation; uneducated women cannot. They have nothing to do; and if they come untaught from the schools of education, they will never be instructed in the school of events.

Women have not their livelihood to gain by knowledge; and that is one motive for relaxing all those efforts which are made in the education of men. They certainly have not; but they have happiness to gain, to which knowledge leads as probably as it does to profit; and that is a reason against mistaken indulgence. Besides, we conceive the labour and fatigue of accomplishments, to be quite equal to the labour and fatigue of knowledge; and that it takes quite as many years to be charming, as it does to be learned.

Another difference of the sexes is, that women are attended to, and men attend. All acts of courtesy and politeness originate from the one sex, and are received by the other. We can see no sort of reason, from this diversity of condition, for giving to women a trifling and insignificant education; but we see in it a very powerful reason for strengthening their judgment, and inspiring them with the habit of employing time usefully. We admit many striking differences in the situation of the two sexes, and many striking differences of understanding, proceeding from the different circumstances in which they are placed: but there is not a single difference of this kind which does not afford a new argument for making the education of women better than it is. They have nothing serious to do;—is that a reason why they should be

brought up to do nothing but what is trifling? They are exposed to greater dangers;—is that a reason why their faculties are to be purposely and industriously weakened? They are to form the characters of future men;—is that a cause why their own characters are to be broken and frittered down as they now are? In short, there is not a single trait in that diversity of circumstances, in which the two sexes are placed, that does not decidedly prove the magnitude of the error we commit in neglecting (as we do neglect) the education of women.

If the objections against the better education of women could be overruled, one of the great advantages that would ensue, would be the extinction of innumerable follies. A decided and prevailing taste for one or another mode of education there must be. A century past, it was for housewifery,—now it is for accomplishments. The object now is, to make women artists,—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, painting and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupation of their lives, and derive from them their subsistence, need not be ashamed. Now, one great evil of all this is, that it does not last. If the whole of life, as somebody says, were an olympic game,—if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end,—this might do; but this is merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life, and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. No mother, no woman who has passed over the few first years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up, as she gives up the dress and the manners of eighteen: she has no wish to retain them; or, if she has, she is driven out of them by diameter and derision. The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance. No woman of understanding and reflection can possibly conceive she is doing justice to her children by such kind of education. The object is, to give to children resources that will endure as long as life endures,—habits that time will ameliorate,

not destroy,—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore death less terrible: and the compensation which is offered for the omission of all this, is a short-lived blaze,—a little temporary effect, which has no other consequence than to deprive the remainder of life of all taste and relish. There may be women who have a taste for the fine arts, and who evince a decided talent for drawing, or for music. In that case, there can be no objection to their cultivation; but the error is, to make these things the grand and universal object,—to insist upon it that every woman is to sing, and draw, and dance—with nature, or against nature,—to bind her apprentice to some accomplishment, and if she cannot succeed in oil or water-colours, to prefer gilding, varnishing, burnishing, box-making, or shoe-making, to real and solid improvement in taste, knowledge, and understanding.

A great deal is said in favour of the social nature of the fine arts. Music gives pleasure to others. Drawing is an art, the amusement of which does not centre in him who exercises it, but is diffused among the rest of the world. This is true; but there is nothing, after all, so social as a cultivated mind. We do not mean to speak slightly of the fine arts, or to depreciate the good humour with which they are sometimes exhibited; but we appeal to any man, whether a little spirited and sensible conversation—displaying, modestly, useful acquirements—and evincing rational curiosity, is not well worth the highest exertions of musical or graphical skill. A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach;—not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts—but diffusing, equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure—better loved as it is longer felt—and suitable to every variety and every period of life. Therefore, instead of hanging the understanding of a woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings,—instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the wind,

—we would make it the first spring and ornament of society, by enriching it with attainments upon which alone such power depends.

If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. Let any one consider (in order to bring the matter more home by an individual instance) of what immense importance to society it is, whether a nobleman of first-rate fortune and distinction is well or ill brought up;—what a taste and fashion he may inspire for private and for political vice;—and what misery and mischief he may produce to the thousand human beings who are dependent on him! A country contains no such curse within its bosom. Youth, wealth, high rank and vice, form a combination which baffles all remonstrance and invective, and beats down all opposition before it. A man of high rank who combines these qualifications for corruption, is almost the master of the manners of the age, and has the public happiness within his grasp. But the most beautiful possession which a country can have, is a noble and a rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge;—who, without being feeble or fanatical, is pious—and who, without being factions, is firm and independent; who, in his political life, is an equitable mediator between king and people; and, in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a lustre upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world. But if these objects are of the importance which we attribute to them, the education of women must be important, as the formation of character for the first seven or eight years of life seems to depend almost entirely upon them. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well educated mother to inspire, within that period, such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man; and this is done, not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child; for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age; and the character of the mother with whom he passes his early infancy, is always an event of the utmost importance to the child. A merely accomplished woman cannot infuse her tastes into the minds of her sons: and, if she could, nothing could be more unfortunate than her success. Besides, when

her accomplishments are given up, she has nothing left for it but to amuse herself in the best way she can; and, becoming entirely frivolous, either declines the fatigue of attending to her children, or, attending to them, has neither talents nor knowledge to succeed: and, therefore, here is a plain and fair answer to those who ask so triumphantly, Why should a woman dedicate herself to this branch of knowledge? or why should she be attached to such science?—because, by having gained information on these points, she may inspire her son with valuable tastes, which may abide by him through life, and carry him up to all the sublimities of knowledge;—because she cannot lay the foundation of a great character, if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements, nor inspire her child with noble desires, when a long course of trifling has destroyed the little talents which were left by a bad education.

It is of great importance to a country, that there should be as many understandings as possible actively employed within it. Mankind are much happier for the discovery of barometers, thermometers, steam-engines, and all the innumerable inventions in the arts and sciences. We are every day and every hour reaping the benefit of such talent and ingenuity. The same observation is true of such works as those of Dryden, Pope, Milton and Shakspeare. Mankind are much happier that such individuals have lived and written;—they add every day to the stock of public enjoyment—and perpetually gladden and embellish life. Now, the number of those who exercise their understandings to any good purpose, is exactly in proportion to those who exercise it at all; but, as the matter stands at present, half the talent in the universe runs to waste, and is totally unprofitable. It would have been almost as well for the world, hitherto, that women, instead of possessing the capacities they do at present, should have been born wholly destitute of wit, genius, and every other attribute of mind of which men make so eminent a use: and the ideas of use and possession are so united together, that, because it has been the custom in almost all countries to give to women a different and a worse education than to men, the notion has obtained that they do not possess faculties which they do not cultivate. Just as, in breaking up a common, it is sometimes very difficult

to make the poor believe it will carry corn, merely because they have been hitherto accustomed to see it produce nothing but weeds and grass—they very naturally mistake its present condition for its general nature. So completely have the talents of women been kept down, that there is scarcely a single work, either of reason or imagination, written by a woman, which is in general circulation, either in the English, French, or Italian literature;—scarcely one that has crept even into the ranks of our minor poets.

If the possession of excellent talents is not a conclusive reason why they should be improved, it at least amounts to a very strong presumption; and, if it can be shown that women may be trained to reason and imagine as well as men, the strongest reasons are certainly necessary to show us why we should not avail ourselves of such rich gifts of nature; and we have a right to call for a clear statement of those perils which make it necessary that such talents should be totally extinguished, or, at most, very partially drawn out. The burthen of proof does not lie with those who say, Increase the quantity of talent in any country as much as possible—for such a proposition is in conformity with every man's feelings: but it lies with those who say, Take care to keep that understanding weak and trifling, which nature has made capable of becoming strong and powerful. The paradox is with them, not with us. In all human reasoning knowledge must be taken for a good, till it can be shown to be an evil. But, now, Nature makes to us rich and magnificent presents; and we say to her—You are too luxuriant and munificent—we must keep you under, and prune you;—we have talents enough in the other half of the creation;—and, if you will not stupify and enfeeble the mind of women to our hands, we ourselves must expose them to a narcotic process, and educate away that fatal redundancy with which the world is afflicted, and the order of sub-lunary things deranged.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation;—and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology —though a little of all these things is no bad ingredient in con-

versation; but, let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated, and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images and illustrations;—it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling, without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really nothing can be farther from our intention than to say any thing rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing, that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament, that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation, than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice, is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life;—teach them, that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation, than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine,—not to gratify his palate, but to forget his cares: he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes;—it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination;—it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and, in lieu of that eagerness for

emotion and adventure, which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune, may generally find an excellent companion for all the vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure, he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years;—they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate stile of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die;—when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely, or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments:—no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and, even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connexion between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle; and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing these effects. It might almost be supposed, from the dread which the propagation of knowledge has excited, that there was some great secret which was to be kept in impenetrable obscurity,—that all moral rules were a spe-

cies of delusion and imposture, the detection of which, by the improvement of the understanding, would be attended with the most fatal consequences to all, and particularly to women. If we could possibly understand what these great secrets were, we might perhaps be disposed to concur in their preservation; but, believing that all the salutary rules which are imposed on women are the result of true wisdom, and productive of the greatest happiness, we cannot understand how they are to become less sensible of this truth in proportion as their power of discovering truth in general is increased, and the habit of viewing questions with accuracy and comprehension established by education. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger: their dread of abuses is so much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries and liars. It is true, that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on its application. But, trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad—it operates no where more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself with infusing the mere ability to acquire; but, giving the power, he gives with it a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power; so that an educated person is not only one with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity—a disposition better cultivated—and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted.—Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general: and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and incon-

venience which proceeds from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please, which is productive of the greatest part of civilization and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions, which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men;—if women knew more, men must learn more—for ignorance would then be shameful—and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world;—it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest;—and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best; and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing, and neglected by all; but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge,—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.

J. Maxwell, Printer.



The Right Reverend
WILLIAM WHITE D.D.

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Pennsylvania.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various ; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

Vol. IV.

AUGUST, 1810.

No. 2.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP WHITE,

*Minister of Christ-Church, St. Peter's, and St. James's, in the city of Philadelphia,
and Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Pennsylvania.*

WILLIAM WHITE, D. D. bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Pennsylvania, and rector of Christ-Church, St. Peter's, and St. James's, in the city of Philadelphia, was born in the said city on the fourth of April (N. S.) 1744, was educated in the college of the same, and there graduated A. B. in May, 1765, and A. M. about three years afterwards. He was ordained deacon by Dr. Philip Young, bishop of Norwich, under letters dimissory from Dr. Richard Terrick, bishop of London, on the twenty-third of December, 1770, and priest by the same bishop Terrick, on the twenty-fifth day of April, 1772.

Having, while in England, been conditionally nominated to the place of assistant minister in Christ-Church and St. Peter's, he was regularly elected to the same, on the thirtieth day of

VOL. IV.

Q

November, 1772, and was elected rector of the said churches on the fifteenth day of April, 1779. He graduated D. D. in the University of Pennsylvania on the fourth day of July, 1781, being the first person named for that degree in the said institution. He was elected bishop of the church in Pennsylvania, September, fourteenth, 1786; and was consecrated to the episcopacy on the fourth day of February, 1787, by Dr. John Moore, archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by Dr. William Markham, archbishop of York, Dr. Charles Moss, bishop of Bath and Wells, and Dr. John Hinchcliff, bishop of Peterborough.

N. B. The likeness prefixed to this biography is copied, by permission of Mr. Benjamin Tanner, from his large and elegant engraving from a painting by Stewart in 1795.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADAMS'S LECTURES ON RHETORIC.

Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory, delivered to the classes of senior and junior sophisters in Harvard university. By John Quincy Adams, L. L. D. late Boylston professor of rhetoric and oratory. In two volumes. Cambridge: printed by Hilliard and Metcalf. 1810.

IT seems Nicholas Boylston, esquire, a merchant of Boston, in 1771 bequeathed 1500*l* to found this professorship. His example found no follower for thirty-three years; when, thanks to the patronage of bullion, commerce and literature were reconciled; the only "living fountain" of whatever is "beauteous or sublime" in this institution, was proved to be contained in the fund itself, the salient interest of which had by this time made it adequate to the object.

The world have, in these volumes, the first course of lectures under this professorship, of the "style and sentiments" of which it is for us to take "cognisance."

To say that Mr. Adams writes not like a professor may be to pay him no very equivocal compliment; but he surely would not rank with

“ The mob of gentlemen, who write with ease.”

That he writes with genius is not sufficient. It is especially required of one in his situation, that he should write with correctness. Otherwise his very genius may pander to error. It may go far to consecrate corrupt beauties and gain them general reception. *Noscitur à sociis*. They come recommended from the hand that introduces them. The very brilliancy, which can catch and keep attention, unless well directed, is, from this aptitude, dangerous. The more the attention is rivetted and rapt, the more likely is what is said to be remembered and imitated. The mind is the more yielding; the impression deeper; and greater care should be had of the perfectness of the device. Genius sets the pattern for habits. If bad, they will still be worn, for they are the robes of greatness. Genius makes vices sweet; and those who dare not aspire to “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,” may yet attempt to bedizen their characters *dulcibus vitiis*. To be said to abound with these has been thought proud eulogy. But it is eulogy a scholar should renounce. It can gratify only depraved vanity. The same strength of character which can decorate vice, is certainly better employed in commending virtue, and involves high responsibility in composition, as in life.

To apply these remarks to the work before us, allowance must first be made for its appearance under circumstances, that rendered revision impracticable. The canons of criticism may be said to consider all publications as voluntary acts, and therefore admit not apologies. Not however so to be critics as to forget we are patriots, but, for the ambassador, pardoning much to the professor, these lectures will still remain luminous bodies, in which there are points of opacity not to be overlooked. Errors, that on the most deliberate revision, would not have been corrected or acknowledged, are certainly fair objects of notice. Such as illegitimate words, or words which the fathers of our language

would disown. In this respect we fear Mr. A. offends incorrigibly. But his own practices are defensible only on his own principles, which we hope they did not suggest; and unless it be true, that *every word is pure English, which exactly expresses the precise meaning of the speaker*, such words as "*relucts, idealized,*" &c. are not to be tolerated, but held up and denounced as innovations upon the language.

There is a garishness in Mr. Adams's manner, which to scholars, whose great danger is, that in style they will continue sophisters for life, ought most scrupulously to have been avoided. He wants neatness. He seems to dread precision, which, to style is the plague of Athens. His ensigns armorial are from Asiatic arsenals altogether; and as to metaphor he seems to have, what has been well called the glory of a lover, excess. Hence we hear (p. 104. vol. i.) of the orator "*wielding a nation with a breadth.*" What a long breath must that be? Of eloquence being grappled "*as with hooks of steel to the soul of liberty*" (v. i, p. 71;) of clothing *shadowy* tribes in substantial attire (p. 41, vol. i;) of *beaming a blaze* (p. 294;) of *soaring to an aim* (50;) of "*elaborate pains,*" and lastly an expression the most strangely incongruous "*the shivering horrors of hell-fire.*" (v. i, p. 388.) Little less aversion from plainness of speech might have saved much of this metaphorical confusion. Of Mr. A's style it may be asked, is it not, like the reputation of Cicero, "*offuscated by its own splendour?*"

We observe, too, occasional obscurity not confined to figurative passages. It arises not from the want of perceiving clearly himself; but from not sufficiently attending to the difficulty of making one's own the perception of another's mind. Instance the third period of Lecture the first. "*As these departments of study (grammar and logic) still remain, and the institution, under which I appear, has been superadded to them, by embracing a part of their duties a preliminary consideration requires, that we should ascertain precisely what is the compass and extent of this art,*" &c. The professor does not here mean, that the superaddition had been made by embracing a part of their duties. Yet this is what is expressed. His meaning must be as it had been superadded and did embrace a part of their duties, a preliminary

consideration required, &c. Cancel the word "by" and the obscurity is removed. The error seems therefore too obvious to escape a single perusal. But in page 355, vol. i. is a sentence not merely obscure, but absolutely unintelligible. "The advantage of that natural alliance, which always subsists between honesty and truth, guided by that spirit of truth, which is no other than the perception of things, as they exist in reality, an orator will never use, for he will never need any species of deception." The meaning of this even a Yankee may safely be defied to guess. In the fourth paragraph of the first lecture—"Though persuasion be one of the principal ends of rhetorick, it is not exclusively so;" the expression is absurd. Once admit that it is one of the principal ends, and it must of necessity be exclusively *one of them*. It is not exclusively the principal end, was probably the intended expression. In lecture 2d, p. 67, "under the blaze of a meridian sun I have been sweating with the toil of making day-light visible to your eyes." To make day-light visible, one would have thought conveyed the idea succinctly. But "*light visible to your eyes*," are perhaps all words superfluous and enfeebling. Lecture 3d, p. 78, "the time, when Pittheus is said to have lived, is cotemporary with the age of Solomon." To call *time cotemporary* is absurd. The mischief had been avoided by omitting *cotemporary with*. In the first sentence of the fourth lecture is an obvious grammatical mistake. "The *origin* of the Grecian and Roman republics, though equally involved in the obscurity and uncertainties of fabulous events, *Present* one remarkable distinction," &c.

But to try fairly the style of our professor, we select for analysis the lecture on what is obviously his favourite subject, Cicero and his rhetorical writings. We shall not undertake to methodise our objections or arrange them under distinct heads, but merely set them down, as they occur.

"It was observed by Quintilian," says Mr. A. "that a young man desirous of ascertaining his own proficiency in literary taste needed only to ask himself how he relished the writings of Cicero, and if he found the answer to be, that they highly delighted him, he might safely conclude himself far advanced in refinement." The remark of Quintilian is here weakened by translation. "*Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valdè placebit.*" It applies to any man, and surely proficiency in eloquence is not confined to the young. It

was enough for the professor's object, that the young were included. Besides faithful translation makes the compliment to Cicero greater.

Page 118th. "Than a pupil of Quintilian *could have* from the same cause." *Could have had* should have been the tense. Page 119th. "To a Roman in the age of Quintilian *methinks* the fondness for Cicero *could not be* so clear a demonstration of an excellent taste, as the dislike or contempt of him would have been to prove the contrary." We regret that Mr. A. has lent his authority to save *methinks* from oblivion or obsoleteness. The sentence should read *could not have been*. Otherwise *would have been* is incorrect in the last member of it, the same mood and tense being required in both. This error soon after recurs in "*could eradicate*."

In the subsequent sentences the words in *italics* are utterly superfluous.

Page 122. "There is in this work a very perceptible partiality *favourable* to his own countrymen. He bestows upon them a much larger share of attention; extends greater indulgence to their faults, and warms with more *fervent* admiration at their excellencies, than" &c. He acknowledges elsewhere this predilection and ascribes it partly to his natural feelings and partly to the wish of stimulating *them* by commendation to superior excellence. *Them*, besides, has, as it now stands, a number of antecedents to refer to, before you get back to "countrymen," as feelings, Greeks, excellencies.

Page 122. "We have none of the writings of Antonius or Crassus *left*, upon which we can form an opinion of Cicero's accuracy in the comparison *between them*."

Page 123. "As for Hortensius, it is praise enough *for him* to have been remembered for twenty centuries as the antagonist of Cicero."

Page 123. "In *point of* natural genius Hortensius was perhaps not inferior to his great competitor. But *it is* from the *example of* Cicero's life, *that* the only means of obtaining unrivalled excellence is to be learnt." Misprint probably for *are* to be learnt.

Page 123. "He listened with *eager* avidity to the eminent orators of the age."

Page 127. "They knew neither how to relieve tediousness by a seasonable and pertinent digression, nor finally to enlist the passions and feelings of their auditors *on their side*."

Page 130. "The oratorical partitions are a short elementary compendium, *written in the form of* a dialogue between Cicero and his son; in which by *way of* question and answer, all the divisions and subdivisions of the rhetorical science are clearly and succinctly pointed out. It is altogether preceptive, barely containing the rules without any *illustration from example*."

Page 131. "It was ingeniously said among the Greeks, that it would be as easy to wrest the club from *the hand of* Hercules," &c.

Page 132. "As a compilation from Aristotle and Hermogenes, *set forth* in classical Latin."

Page 133. "He lived at the most eventful period *recorded* in the annals of the world. In a republic, where it had been observed, that the distinction of ranks was more marked than in any other nation *under the sun*."

Page 133. "He rose to a distinction never attained by any other mortal *man*."

Page 134. "That mind, which conquers, not the world of one short lived generation, but *the world of a hundred centuries*; which masters, not only one nation of cotemporaries, but endless ages of *civilized man*, and undiscovered regions of *the globe*." On revision, this sentence would probably have been, not only nations of cotemporaries, but endless ages and undiscovered regions; as our professor could not have meant to restrict cotemporaries to one nation.

Page 137. "Glory was the idol of his worship" for glory was his idol. In the last sentence of the lecture, "We are of the same species of *beings*, as Cicero."

Prepositions are misused, page 118th *to for of*; "sources *to which*." Page 139th *of for from*; "detractors *of his fame*."

Sometimes the expression is flat, page 134, "destining everlasting laurels *to better uses*."

Part of the parallel between Cornificius and Cicero—"Cornificius chills you as he instructs; Cicero *warms you as he teaches*." "*Waxing* infirmities of old age" (p. 136) is a phrase, that rather debases these honourable weaknesses. But in the same page is a *trope*, that, to advert to Mr. Adams's etymological exposition, it will hardly do to *turn round*. "With what all vivifying energy has he *showered* the *sunshine* of virtue upon the frosty winter of life." To *shower sunshine* is about as absurd as to *shine rain*; and to shower upon *winter* a season unpersonified, hardly more tolerable. We thank him for reminding us that winter is *frosty*.

The beauties of this lecture are so obvious, the reader will perceive how impossible it was to suggest defects without at the same time indicating beauties. One passage however we must select, "On the nature of the gods, in the boundaries of good and evil, on those moral paradoxes, which Milton has represented, as constituting at once the punishment and the solace of the fallen angels in Pandemonium, Cicero entertains us in lively language, dignified by judicious reflections, with all the eccentric vagaries of the ancient philosophers, who, like those rebellious spirits,

"Found no end in wandering mazes lost."

The extreme difficulty of contemplating these subjects, so apparent from their works, that embarrassed the noblest minds of an-

tiquity, before christianity rose, is here finely expressed. They were a labyrinth to which there was no clue; a chaos there was no light to change; a maze without end, where the wanderer was lost. On these all-important subjects such thick gloom was terrible; and the wretchedness of this *darkness that was felt*, is made more admirably striking from the reference to "fallen spirits." Care is taken throughout, lest Cicero should be seen groping among these antient philosophers; and thus his name is saved from the fate of Charles twelfth's,

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Under the head of sentiments it is the intention to include every object of consideration, that does not properly belong to style.

Reversing the order of Quintilian, Mr. Adams first inquires, whether rhetoric is an art, and next whether it is a useful art. To a modern reader the proposition of the first question seems absurd; but the absurdity is lessened by reminding him, it was contended that eloquence was something superior to art, that it had its being before, and of course could not have been the offspring of art. "*Nihil, quod ex arte fiat, ante artem fuisse.*"—Quintilian however replies to the cavil, whatever has been consummated by art had its beginning in nature.

The definition of rhetoric from Aristotle, "the power of inventing whatever is persuasive in discourse," does not seem liable to the first objection, made by Mr. Adams and copied from Quintilian, that it omits the essential requisites of disposition and elocution. Taking the definitions of these adopted from Cicero, that the former is the orderly arrangement of ideas, and the latter the application of proper words and sentences, it follows that if such *arrangement* and *application* have any tendency to persuade they are included within the description, "*whatever is persuasive.*" What can have this tendency more than *method* and *perspicuity*? and invention is as much employed, with a view to its object, persuasion, about the arrangement and the language, as the ideas themselves. It affects not this objection nor the answer, whether we translate *δύναμις τοῦ πειστικοῦ* the words of Aristotle, *vis inventiendi* with Quintilian, or more literally *vis videndi* with Fran-

cus Victorius, and it should seem, Burman. Mr. Adams himself seems afterwards to wave this objection and admit that disposition at least is an object of invention, when he concedes, page 394th, that "some *invention* is *indispensable* to conceive and combine any complicated *system of arrangement*."

The other objection, that what has not the least tendency to persuade, may yet be eloquent, is conclusive, and the simple definition, adopted by Quintilian "from some unknown writer," but upon the sanction of Chrysippus, Cleanthes and Albutius, at one time no obscure author and professor, and in our age, countenanced, as we see from the lectures before us, by oracular authority, is perhaps perfect. Professor Campbell's definition, which makes eloquence consist in the adaptation of means to ends, is manifestly defective, since upon this supposition, Euclid's demonstrations are among the most eloquent passages in language.

On the trite anecdote of the importance the Grecian orator attached to action, Mr. A. remarks, "How many blundering comments and how many sagacious misapplications have been made of this story on the supposition that Demosthenes by action merely meant gesture; bodily motion! He then goes on to show that by action was meant *delivery*, which has been aptly called the eloquence of the body. This construction is doubtless correct and supported by Quintilian's authority, who, in his chapter *De Pronuntiatione*, says, that Demosthenes, being asked what was the first requisite in *toto dicendi opera*, *pronuntiationi palmam* dedit; and to the same quality gave the second and third place, till the interrogation ceased, so that he seemed to have considered it not the principal, but sole constituent; and Turnebus, in his annotation on the passage, appears to think he laid most stress where he found greatest difficulty, on the management of the voice, and thus accounts for the use of such hyperbolical language. Mr. Adams however is not upon this subject consistent with himself, since in the second volume, 374th page, he remarks, speaking of gesture, "Demosthenes, according to the well known anecdote related of him, carried his ideas of it still further and considered it as comprising the whole art of elo-

quence." What is this but "blundering comment and sagacious misapplication?"

In proof of the general observation, that words by familiar use are made to deviate widely from their primitive meaning, our author is singularly unfortunate in the selection of his instance. All the senses in which he has thrown the word *invention*, to be used, are easily resolvable into the primitive sense.

In the lecture on demonstrative oratory, notice is taken of the extreme deficiency of the English in effusions of eloquence to their illustrious dead. "Alfred and Elizabeth, Shakspeare and Milton, Bacon and Locke, Newton and Napier, Marlborough and Nelson, Chatham and Burke, slumber in death, unhonoured by the grateful offerings of panegyric." It is doubtless true the French have gone far beyond the English in this department of rhetoric. But it is presumed the interval is not so prodigiously great.—Did Mr. A's extensive acquaintance with English literature furnish him no grateful offering of panegyric to the memory of Alfred? Had he forgotten Bolingbroke in praise of Elizabeth? Have Dryden's encomiums upon Shakspeare, which criticism has pronounced superior to those of Longinus upon Demosthenes, no claim to the title of *grateful panegyric*? Have the "recorded honours" of Chatham and the famed anonymous character, attributed to Grattan, than which no combination of language can tend more "to immortalize at once the speaker and his subject," so suddenly passed from recollection? Have all the morning stars of eloquence sung together the praises of Burke and not one of them reached the ears of Mr. Adams? Is Marlborough without eulogy in his mother tongue; and does Albion yield Apollo no wreath for the favourite of Neptune? The English as a nation, may indeed be penurious in praise; but it is hoped, they are not thus bankrupt in gratitude. But the great heresy of the work before us, to which we have already alluded, is the writer's innovation upon the doctrine of purity. To doctor Campbell's principles, he observes, he cannot subscribe. They resolve language into fashion and the standard of purity into use or custom; but under a variety of modifications, which Mr. Adams has the candour to allow, that the doctor "*found it necessary to direct.*" "This principle, if carried through in its rigour, would be destruc-

tive to all improvement in language. If no word can be properly used, which has not been used before, long used by the generality of the nation and the majority of eminent writers, language would be in a state of perpetual and irreparable decay. There seems a fundamental inconsistency in the principle itself. It supposes a long, settled, universal practice of usages, which never could commence. It holds up a purity to be compounded of impurities multiplied. The first time a word is used by this rule, it must be impure. The second, third, and fourth time it still remains impure, though still in a lessening degree. In proportion to the number of its repetitions, it grows continually cleaner, until by obtruding its pollution upon the whole nation and their best writers for a series of years, it clarifies at length into chrystal. It reverses all our ideas of moral and physical purity. Its virtue consists in the aggravation of its offences. It swells transgression into rectitude; bleaches as it stales; and can lay claim to the honours of spotless innocence only from the moment, when it has become common as the air." All this figure is strangely out of place. Wherever argument only is expected, declamation is insult. A little clearness in perception, however, is all that is necessary to detect the inapplicability of these observations, which extend as much to elocution in the popular sense, as in the academical.

Can it be an object worth ambition to unsettle literary standards? And is all this to be done by a sneer? Would the rhetorician detract from the importance of what gives not only law, but being, to language? Is it not agreed, that there is no possible, natural connexion between signs and things signified? Can any reason under heaven be assigned, but use, why one word should denote one thing more than another? Is not the *intrinsic* aptitude of any given term equally great to express any given idea? And is there any idolatry in acknowledging the creator of language to be its preserver.

It was hoped this question had been put effectually at rest beyond the possibility of further agitation. The only origin for language is use. It is the law of nature that what originates being should direct it. Hence use has immemorially been considered, not the standard of one language in particular, but of

the genus. It is the *jus et norma loquendi* of Horace; the "*analogia*" of Quintilian. "*Ipsam analogiam nulla res alia fecerit, quàm consuetudo.*" It grows out of the nature of the thing, that this, and none other, should be the standard.

But not our language merely; that, without which language is *vox et preterea nihil*, our liberty, Mr. Adams well knows, depends upon use. Some of the most important rights of civilized man are secure upon no other foundation, than immemorial use.

Thus much it seemed necessary to hint as to the importance of the principle. Is it impaired by the necessity of various modifications? What principle in science is without them? This necessity belongs to rhetoric in common with mechanics, mathematics, and the whole circle of sciences. Nor is the importance or solidity of a principle impaired by the number or variety of the modifications it must undergo in application. This is so self-evident as to preclude illustration.

But "if no word can be properly used, which has not been used before, long used by the generality of the nation and the majority of eminent writers, language would be in a state of perpetual and irreparable decay." This does not follow. That it would be *stationary*, perhaps does. This, however, is no fair consequence; for the position, that "this principle in its rigour is destructive to all improvement in language" is predicated on the assumption, that an outrage upon purity, in other terms, the introduction of a word not long used by the generality of the nation and the majority of eminent writers, is an improvement in language. An assumption that amounts, most marvelously, to *begging the question!*

Because a word is pure, it does not result, that it should therefore be used. If used, it is only not liable to objection as being impure. But of two words equally pure but unequally elegant, that express the same thought, it is the business of criticism to commend the exclusive use of the *more* elegant, and thus in time dismiss the *less* to oblivion. In selection among the pure words and phrases of a language is scope enough for improvement. The words that constitute a phrase may be all pure. The phrase itself may be in use as an idiom. It may yet

be absurd as involving a solecism; or the idea may be conveyed far better by a different verbal combination. Criticism may recommend its rejection from use. It may enforce its recommendation by all the authority of reason.' It will generally succeed. Should it not, however, it can only recommend. Language brooks no dictator, notwithstanding the elegant compliment of Chesterfield to Johnson.

Language then, under this standard, is indefinitely improvable, because use is indefinitely improvable. But it is improvable only by rejection, not adoption. As to words, this is true. But philologists need not complain. They will find work enough to their hands in this business of negative improvement. A standard of purity, it should be remembered, is never spoken of, but in reference to an established language, and when a language is once established, people seldom suffer much from scarcity of words. The introduction of a new one among them is like the introduction of a stranger into a well peopled country. Thousands were there before him that could do his business equally well.

New terms are indeed often necessary to express with precision new thoughts in art or in science; and the writer in these has therefore always been held at liberty to introduce what novelty he pleases, only identifying it by name or definition at the time of introduction.

With this exception, what necessity is there for new words in the English language?

Perhaps settling this standard tends to *accelerate* the improvement of the language, by fixing the attention upon one point, and thus making exertions effectual there, which, with attention at all distracted, had been every where fruitless.

The standard of purity for any language is use in the empire where the language is spoken. The United States are as much part of that empire to the English language as Britain, and one standard is common to both, unless it be true, that the same violent convulsion dissolved our allegiance at once with both language and king. It is not necessary to qualify use by any epithet. The only question should be, what constitutes this use? Certainly no part of the empire, less than a major part; of

course not a province. Not the uneducated and unlettered part of the empire; but the well-bred and intelligent. Of necessity, no part of these less than a major part. The majority then of the well-bred and intelligent throughout the empire of the language constitute this use. These are in substance all the modifications of the subject "*found necessary to be directed*," and amount upon this mode of statement to just no modification at all.

But "there seems a fundamental inconsistency in the principle itself. It supposes a long, settled, universal practice of usages, which never could commence; holds up a purity to be compounded of impurities multiplied. The first time a word is used, by this rule it must be impure. The second, third, and fourth time, it still remains impure, though still in a lessening degree, till at length it clarifies into chrysalis." The remark already suggested is an answer to these reflections. *Purity is never mentioned but in reference to an established language.* It has nothing to do with the time, when usages commence; and all this confusion is produced by a mere critical anachronism. The time when usages commence Nature shrouds with awful darkness. Imagination may attempt to penetrate it, but reason despairs. She can indeed tell you, that the first articulations were probably cries of pain, that they were prompted by Nature, who is ever consistent, and who of course, whenever the same pain recurred, would prompt the same cries. Uniformly used, they were universally understood; and thus interjections were the first parts of speech, to which use gave being and character. Of that time reason has little more than this in her power to tell; and it is perhaps of no importance to the subject, that she is able to tell even this. But how Mr. Adams can say a principle supposes a *universal* practice of usages, which in the sentence but one preceding he explains to suppose a *general* one only, we leave those to comprehend, whom the heat of declamation has never urged beyond the bounds of reason.

For the most important objection, however, to the rhetorician's innovation of the whole extent of which we can hardly believe that himself was aware, is, that if adopted, purity, as a grammatical requisition is abrogated altogether. "The simplest

and best rule of oratorical purity may be derived from the purpose of the speaker. That choice of words must be the best, which most effectually conveys his idea to the mind of his hearer." Again at the close of this lecture, "Let your word bear the express image of your thought, and transmit it complete to your hearer's mind. You need then give yourself very little concern to inquire for the *parish register* of its nativity." We cannot help stopping to remark, that if its nativity is to be found only in the *parish register*, it is a provincialism, of course not pure within the principles of the very standard the writer would attempt to beat down. But purity is here made to consist precisely in what constitutes perspicuity; no better definition of which can perhaps be given than *the most effectually conveying an idea to the mind of a hearer*. Hence the lectures on purity and perspicuity conclude with injunctions substantially the same. But though the exhortation cited, in conjunction with that, which has purity for its object, ought unquestionably to be followed; yet independent of that, as here given, unquestionably it ought not. Does the author really mean seriously to contend, that the "*best rule of oratorical purity*" will admit the orator's using *vulgarisms and provincialisms*? Yet is there aught obscure in a vulgarism? Does it not often bear the *express image of thought* and *transmit it complete to the hearer's mind*? Are not provincialisms, in the provinces where they are used, *remarkably perspicuous*? Is an orator therefore justified in using them, when addressing an audience of such province? Or is there no such thing as a provincialism or a vulgarism?

We now leave this subject, suggesting only as apology for the detailed nature of this defence, that it is in behalf of a standard, to settle which, as Mr. Adams truly observes, "has been an object of much perplexity and of laborious investigation to many of the modern British grammarians."

Of the plan of the work under consideration, we shall only observe that it does not differ materially from that of the Roman critic and preceptor. No changes are introduced but such as were necessary from the difference of the age.

The typography of these volumes is not satisfactory, especially considering how leisurely it was executed. Orthographi-

cal errors abound; and others which the corrector should have reformed; as in one place a misquotation, where nothing, in allusion to Rochester's apostrophe to the great negative, is called Night's elder brother, instead of "Shade's elder brother."

We now part from the author with regret, as probably in this walk we shall not soon meet again. Try his work by any rule that has ever been received, and its character must stand high. On the principle of excellencies outnumbering defects, its worth is transcendent; and the apprehension, that those would go far to reconcile us to these, alone tempted us to designate them. So important are the benefits conferred on a community by a work of this nature, that the scholar, if not the statesman, must doubt whether it would not have been better for patriotism as well as for fame, that *his* example should have been followed, who is said to have "retired from Rome, when Rome was divided by factions, and given himself up to philosophic contemplations." The orator is remembered when the quæstor and consul is forgotten; and it is not improbable, that Mr. Adams, like his own Cicero, may hereafter be principally regarded for having made so important an addition to the literature of his country.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER XIV.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, December, 1805.

THE city of St. Domingo is situated near the mouth of the river Ozama, on the south side and towards the eastern extremity of the Island, and is distant from the nearest Haytien possession about 150 miles, and from the seat of government not far short of two hundred. It was founded by Diego Columbus in the year 1498, and was at one time the capital of the whole dominions of Spain, in the western hemisphere. Many vestiges of its former magnificence are still to be seen, among which are the remains of the palace of the first viceroy, the ancient citadel,

and an old cathedral in which is deposited in a high state of preservation, the first crucifix erected by Christopher Columbus in the new world. The extensive tract of country lying between this city and the line which separates the Spanish from the French part, has never been highly populated. On the northern side, however, in the vicinity of the sea-coast, there were many villages and plantations, and some considerable towns, but on the opposite side these were not so numerous, whilst a range of lofty mountains scarcely inhabited, occupied a great portion of the intermediate space. The population was therefore not sufficiently numerous to oppose any powerful obstacle to the advance of an invading army, and most of the white inhabitants retreated for safety to the city, where was concentrated nearly the whole of the French force which had been left in the island.

The preparations for the campaign which was to be opened in the commencement of the present year, having sufficiently progressed, the emperor at the head of his staff, took the field on the 16th of February, and at the town of Petite Riviere, which is not far distant from the seat of government, reviewed some of his troops, and took up the line of march. He proceeded slowly for several days to afford time to the different bodies of troops which were to compose the *grand army*, to collect. Several small towns and possessions of which the Spaniards were in possession, had surrendered upon being summoned, and no occurrence of a hostile nature took place prior to the 28th of the month. On that day, the advance-guard descried a redoubt in the possession of the enemy which was very advantageously situated for defence. A vigorous attack was made upon it, and after a smart action, in which the loss on the side of the blacks is represented as trifling, it was carried with considerable slaughter. The residue of the garrison seeking their safety in flight, were pursued, and the principal part of them cut in pieces or taken prisoners. Among the latter was the commander, a Frenchman named Wiet, who stated to his majesty, that his force had consisted of three hundred men, and that he had promised his head to Ferrand, if he failed in arresting the march of the Haytien army, so confident was he of success, from his position.

On the 1st of March the town of Azua was evacuated and taken possession of by the invaders. On the 6th, the Emperor arrived at the plantation Gaillard, distant about a league and a quarter from the city, where he established his head quarters, and appointed his imperial guard of *twenty-five hundred* men selected from the grenadiers of the different demibrigades. He then summoned in writing the commander of the city general Ferrand, and the inhabitants, to deliver the place up to him, and to submit to his authority. The messenger was civilly received within the walls of the town, but as the demand of his master was not acceded to, he had leave to return. Towards the evening the French burnt the suburb St. Carlos.

On the following day the army of the north, composed of two divisions under the command of Christophe, having general Clervaux second in command, which had left the Cape on the 18th of February, and had proceeded along the northern coast of the island, whilst the troops of the emperor were pursuing their march on the southern, made their junction with the main army. At 8 o'clock of this morning, the French commenced a heavy cannonade upon some troops which approached the place for the purpose of reconnoitring the environs of the town.

The Haytien army being now principally assembled, and ready to commence the operations of the siege consisted of about *seventeen thousand* men of infantry, cavalry, miners and artillerists. The general officers besides those above named, were the generals of division Petion and Gabart, and brigadier generals Magny, Daut, Cangé, Magloire, Ambroise, Touissaint, Brave, Romain and Capois. The troops were miserably clothed, most of them, if not all, entirely unprovided with shoes, and having travelled so great a distance without being inured to the toil of long marches, they were too much fatigued for any immediate active service. Their stores of provisions were by no means calculated for a campaign of any considerable duration, and in fact although so much talk about preparations had been engaging the public attention for several previous months, it seems that the army appeared before the gates of St. Domingo, as unprepared for a siege, as the soldiers would have been in their ragged and naked state, for winter quarters in the frozen regions. It appears as if his an-

gust majesty had thought that he had nothing to do, but march to the city, demand its surrender, and then deliver it up to the pillage of his troops. But in this he was disappointed. The French garrison, consisting of only about *eight hundred* men, was commanded by a man whose hostility to the blacks combined to a resolute and persevering disposition, was sufficiently strong to instigate him to an obstinate opposition. He was resolved to hold out until he could no longer fight, and not to abandon the town unless it were carried by storm. Such was the situation of the invaders, and such the resolution of the besieged, and nothing now remained for the former but to approach the place and try its strength.

During the night from the 7th to the 8th, generals Petion and Gabart ordered their troops to take their respective positions in a line which they formed around the town, protected by three rows of gabions, and they invested the place so effectually, that all communication with the country was intercepted. These gabions were made of baskets filled with dirt and piled so one upon the other as to form a complete rampart of six or eight feet in height. As they were removed during the night nearer to the city after being battered down by the French in the day, they served as a moving barrier behind which the troops could advance secure from the heavy fire of balls and langrage, which were continually assailing them from the walls of the town.

On the 8th, the emperor visited the different works and positions, and it is stated that just as he presented himself at the quarters of general Gabart, adjutant General Damestois was struck by a bullet, of which he died in two hours after. On the 9th, the besieged having more horses in the town than they thought it prudent to provide for, turned a number out of the gates, and when the negroes advanced close to the walls to take possession of them, a brisk fire was suddenly commenced upon them, and a *sortie* was made upon general Magny, a skirmish ensued, in which it is said, that the French were repulsed and driven back into the town with such precipitation, as to leave their dead and wounded upon the field, but to what number is not related. The loss of the blacks is stated at two killed and three wounded. About the same time a number of negro women and children who

were a useless burden to the city, were put out of the gates and permitted to go over to the black army, where they were kindly received.

On the morning of the 11th, the French marched out in three columns, and took possession of the Church of St. Carlos, where they kept up a constant fire upon the enemy. They were however vigorously attacked, and were forced to retire into the town, having lost many men in killed and prisoners.

On the 12th, the general of division Geffrard arrived, having under him *general Morceau*, which encreased the army to about *twenty-two thousand* men, that being the greatest number which his majesty with all his exertions, could bring into the field.

The 13th and the two following days were occupied in mutual hostilities. The divisions of Christophe and Clervaux having crossed the river and taken possession of the heights on the opposite shore were sufficiently near to the town to fire into it with musquetry, and from the walls was a continual cannonading. On the 16th, a courier with despatches and foreign correspondence, arrived at the imperial head quarters, from the seat of government, immediately after which his majesty ordered all the divisions to approach within pistol shot of the walls, for the purpose of making one grand effort to carry the place, but without success. A constant firing and bombardment were kept up until the 23d, when at 3 P. M. the French made another sally. They were assailed, and driven back to the gates of the town with considerable slaughter.

On the 25th his majesty issued orders to the commandants of all the conquered *communes*, to collect together and make prisoners of all the inhabitants within their respective departments, in order that at a moment's notice, they should be driven with all the beasts and animals, into the Haytien territory.

On the succeeding day, the emperor conferred with his generals, counsellors of state, represented to them the necessity of raising the siege, and gave them instructions to commence the requisite preparations.

On the 27th about one o'clock P. M. the French who were now nearly reduced to half their original number, made a general sortie. After a severe combat of about two hours, they were

put to the route at all points, and precipitated themselves to the gates of the town, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field. In this battle, which was by far the most desperate that took place during the siege, the French lost some prisoners; a Spanish general who had been a very active and enterprising officer was killed, and general Duberthier was wounded. This action was very near deciding the fate of the city. General Ferrand, who was himself on the field, with the main body of his troops, was very nearly cut off in his retreat by general Pétion. Had the latter been two hundred paces nigher to the gates, it would have been effected. At 3 o'clock, a fleet of several sail of the line, some frigates, brigs and other vessels of war, which proved to be French appeared before the harbour and within half an hour after they came to anchor, *twelve hundred* men, the whole reinforcement, were landed. The fears and despondency of the invaders at this unexpected arrival of succour, multiplied their number to *four thousand*, and created a consternation, in the Haytien army scarcely to be described. They began to suppose that this was but a part of a great army, which was about to invade their territories, and it was possible that the enemy might ere this, have landed near their homes. They had scarcely time to determine upon raising the siege, when the newly arrived troops sallied forth from the gates. Astonished at such alacrity, for it was scarcely an hour since the French had anchored, before they were in the field prepared to fight, the negro army began to be frightened. They made but a feeble resistance, and panic struck, took to their heels as hard as they could run, and scampered in every direction. They were pursued for about two leagues, and completely driven off the field with immense slaughter.

Thus ended an *apology for a siege*, as disgraceful to the invaders as it was honourable to the handful of men who with such heroic valour supported it. The conduct of general Ferrand I am told by an American gentleman of veracity, who was present during the siege, deserves the highest praise. As soon as the negro army appeared before the town he put all the women and old persons on board of the vessels in the harbour, and those who were not able to purchase provisions, he freely supplied, thereby placing them beyond the reach of danger and famine. Had it

not been for the fortunate arrival of the troops abovementioned, the town would certainly in a very few days have fallen. The stock of provisions was low, and the daily diminution of the troops by sickness and battle, would have rendered any longer opposition impossible.

Perhaps there may not occur in the course of my narration a circumstance which will better serve than the present to convey an idea of the state of the military art among the Haytiens. You have seen an enemy of *twenty-two thousand* occupied for nearly three weeks in an attempt to reduce a town defended by a force not exceeding *eight hundred* men, (most of whom were perhaps strangers to the climate, and liable to debility and disease,) without ever having exhibited any science, skill, or feats of valour. It appears in the first place that they commenced the siege without having any field pieces, and of course must have expected that the great guns upon the walls of the town could be silenced by their musquetry. They had indeed shipped some by sea on board of *American vessels*, but they were prohibited from being landed by the British cruising in that neighbourhood. When the heights opposite the town were taken possession of by Christophe, he there seized several small pieces with which he annoyed the shipping in the harbour, and the inhabitants of the town, but these were all the cannon they employed.

The opportunities for the exercise of skill and bravery were frequent. Surely if the besieged were so bold as to open the gates of their city, and march out to attack an enemy whose numbers were *five and twenty to one*, it ought not to have required either an uncommon portion of courage or alertness, to have pursued them into their town, and to have carried the war into their very streets. Must not the talents of a general fall very far short of his rank, if when so frequent opportunities were afforded him of cutting off the retreat of his enemy, he had neither ingenuity to contrive, skill to prosecute, nor bravery to effect it?

After the return of the army a journal was published by the orders of the emperor, containing a minute account of the movements and occurrences during the campaign, accompanied by an address from his majesty to his subjects. From the former of these documents have been collected, many of the particulars above re-

lated. I was aware that the Haytien account might well be suspected of partiality, and I accordingly had it examined by gentlemen mentioned as having been present at the siege, whose corrections I have adopted. Between the above and the Haytien account of the transactions on the last day of the siege, there is a wide difference. The latter does not mention a word of the *quickstep* with which the black army *marched* off the ground, but on the contrary represents the retreat as having been effected on the 18th, so quietly and with such order, that it was not perceived by the French. The statement I have given, agrees with the *verbal accounts* which were circulated by the soldiers, and is certainly the true one. It is by no means surprising that at every *sortie*, except the last, the French should have been repulsed, for when the great disparity of numbers is considered, it will appear almost impossible that it could have been otherwise.

The loss of the French during the whole siege in killed and prisoners, was it is presumed about *five hundred*. That of the blacks was never publicly known; no person but the chiefs could have been possessed of this knowledge, and their reputation was too nicely dependent upon a disclosure of it, ever to permit the secret to be divulged. It has however been estimated by some of our countrymen who were in the island at the return of the army, at seven or eight thousand, and I feel persuaded that this computation is not out of the way. In addition to the losses they sustained by the *fortune de la guerre*, they had a more dangerous foe to contend with, than powder and ball. The well of Columbus situated about a quarter of a mile from the city on the bank of the river, and that of St Carlos, from which the army was supplied with water, had been poisoned by the French, and before the treachery of the measure was discovered, its effects were fatal and extensive. It is presumed that four or five thousand of the negroes were destroyed in this way; but I imagine that estimate is overrated; *half* the number might have perished thus. It is worthy of remark that the same scheme had formerly been put into execution by the negroes, when investing the Cape, and the retaliation must have been forcibly perceived by them.

R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. COOPER'S TABLE TALK.

As a man of letters and science, THOMAS COOPER, Esq. formerly of Manchester, but now of Northumberland, Pennsylvania, is very advantageously known to the literary world. We are indebted to him for the following new anecdote of doctor JOHNSON.

EDITOR.

I remember a conversation between doctor Johnson and Mr. Dagge, during an interval in the performance of Horace's *Carmen Seculare*, when set to music by Philidor, and performed under his and Baretti's direction. The subject was the proper method of pronouncing the Latin language. Johnson. "Sir, this is a question that cannot be settled in this day; no modern can have heard the ancients speak; therefore, no modern can tell how the ancients spake; one man may instruct another in proper diction by example, but the instruction must be addressed to the ear, not to the understanding; written precept is insufficient. All we can do in the present case is to conjecture, and of conjectures we are bound by the most probable. That the pronunciation of the Latin would be modified and altered by the intermixture of barbarians, who overturned the Roman empire is certain; but in what instances and to what degree is uncertain. It is probable that the immediate descendants of the Romans would be more likely to pronounce the Roman language with propriety than foreign nations. It is probable that persons living in the same climate and on the same spot would be more apt to fall into the pronunciation which a Roman would adopt than any foreigner; for the natural causes, that affect pronunciation, would be common to the ancient and the modern inhabitant of the same place. For these reasons, I incline to think that the Italians have the chance of being more correct than any other nation. Another observation occurs to me, which, though it will not decide the question, will serve to illustrate the arguments I have employed. When Virgil describes the Cyclops as forging the arms of Æneas, he uses language evidently meant to convey a correspondence of the sound to the sense.

Illi inter se, magna vi, brachia tollunt,

In numerum: versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.

Pronounce this passage like an Englishman, and the beauty almost vanishes; pronounce it like an Italian and it must be felt.

SOMEWHERE in the writings of GODWIN we believe an opinion similar to the following may be found. Mr. COOPER who believes BURKE to be in earnest when he wrote his ironical *Vindication*, will, if he tax that excellent memory with which a man of science and genius is blessed, discover that the whole course of Burke's life and doctrine was at issue with those *sophisms* sported in the tract in question.

EDITOR.*

Burke's *Vindication of Natural Society*, a very eloquent and ingenious imitation of the style of lord Bolingbroke whatever the prefatory *pretences* may be, carries within it full and complete evidence that the author was in earnest, and that the subject is treated *con amore*. It argues the preference of natural over artificial society, on the grounds furnished by the evils, that have afflicted mankind from monarchical and aristocratical ambition and despotism, and from the bondage we are kept under by the priesthood and the law. All these evils are portrayed in Mr. Burke's best manner. He may have been afterward warped by his interest, and driven to take the side of power, by his ambition and his necessities, but when he penned the *Vindication of Natural Society*, he felt as he wrote, or there is no dependance to be placed on internal evidence. This is a small but valuable essay and a fine specimen of indignant eloquence.

* Although the Editor is decidedly of opinion that Mr. BURKE did *not* believe that the savage state was more enviable than the social, yet it must be granted that it has every *air* of enthusiasm and earnestness. The impassioned *Vindicator* is more eloquent and not less sophistical than ROUSSEAU. It is a curious circumstance in the annals of literature that at nearly the same epoch, an Irish adventurer in the metropolis and a Genevan wanderer in the forest of Montmorency should sit down to compose eloquent harangues in praise of acorns, Indians, and savage liberty. But Burke's object was to expose the fallacy of Bolingbroke's reasonings, for whose principles and character the orator of Beconfield seems to have cherished an habitual aversion. He mentions the noble lord in terms of the most sovereign contempt, though we think very undeservedly. In the heat and fury of Polemics, some of the orthodox writers have even called Bolingbroke stupid. Such a charge is undeserving of a reply. Bolingbroke might have been a profligate knave but most certainly he was not a despicable fool.

THE various reading and recondite researches of Mr. Cooper have enabled him very accurately to explore the foundations of that *suppositional* chapter in the book of Genesis, which with so much good sense and scriptural simplicity enjoins upon us the duty of toleration. EDITOR.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN would have had great merit for fabricating that beautiful chapter on toleration, so well known, and so generally ascribed to him, had he not been a plagiarist, in this instance. The passage is to be found in Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying, Polemical Discourses*, folio, page 1078. The fable, however, is of Arabian origin, as I strongly suspect from the following extract of a dedication to the consuls and senate of Ham-burgh, of a book, whose title is *Shebeth Jehudah. Tribus Judæ. Solomonis Fil. Virgæ. Complectens varias Calamitates Martyria, Dispersiones, &c. &c. Judæorum. De Hebræo in Latinum versa a GEORGIO GENTIO, 1680.*

Dedication, page 3. Illustre tradit nobilissimus autor Sados, venerandæ antiqualis exemplum Abrahamum Patriarchum hospitalitatis gloria celebratum vix ubi felix faustumque credidisse hospitium, nisi externum aliquem, tanquam aliquod presidium domi, excipisset hospitem, quem omni officiorum prosequeretur genere. Aliquando cum hospitem domi non haberet, foris eum quæsiturus campestria petit, forte virum quendam senectute gravem itinere fessum, sub arbore recumbentem conspicit. Quem comiter exceptum domum hospitem deducit, et omni officio colit. Cum cænam appositam, Abrahamus et familia ejus a precibus auspicaretur, senex manum ad cibum protendit, nullo religionis aut pietatis auspicio usus. Quo viso, Abrahamus eum ita affatur: Mi Senex, vix decet canitiem tuam, sine prævia numinis veneratione cibum sumere. Ad quæ Senex; Ego Ignicola sum; istius modi morum ignarus; nostri enim majores nullum talem me docuere pietatem. Ad quam vocem horrescens Abrahamus rem sibi cum ignicolâ pro profano et a sui numinis cultu alieno esse eum a vestigio a cæna remotum et sui consortii pestem et religionis hostem domo ejecit.— Sed ecce summus Deus Abrahamum statim monet. Quid agis, Abrahame? Itane vero fecisse te decuit. Ego isti seni quantumvis in me usque ingrato et vitam et victum centum amplius annos dedi, tu homini nec unam cœnam dare unumque eum mo-

mentum ferre potes? Qua divina voce monitus, Abrahamus senem ex itinere revocatum domum reducit, tantis officiis pietate et ratione colit ut suo exemplo ad veri numinis cultum eum perduxerit. Vos quoque Proceres nobilissimi, cum pari studio Judæorum gentem habeatis, laudatissimo more atque exemplo pietate potius servare, quam severe disciplina excludere, eos tanquam perditas Christi oviculas colligere quam dissipare mavultis.

THE following story told by Mr. C. exhibits something in the shape of good sense, under the disguise of a very good pun. It is wonderful, however, that Warburton should have hazarded such a *sentiment*, though it is by no means strange that he should have expressed himself so wisely, so wittily and so well.

"I HAVE heard frequent use," said the late lord Sandwich in a debate on the test law, "of the words orthodoxy and heterodoxy, but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my lord," said Warburton in a whisper, "Orthodoxy is *my* doxy; heterodoxy is *another man's* doxy."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BEEHIVE—No. II.

Sic vobis—mellificatis apes.

Quidquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.

EXTRAORDINARY OPTICS.

EVERY person who has perused the most learned and elaborate Joe Miller's works, must recollect, that in page 2899 of the fortieth volume, there is a wonderful story of a man possessed of such extraordinary visual powers, that he could actually see a fly on the top of St. Paul's steeple. This wonder of the world has always been regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of the impor-

tant sense of seeing. But as the present extraordinary age has surpassed all that preceded it in so many other points, I am happy to be able to cite recent authority for the existence of "the power of optics," far, far beyond the erudite Joe Miller's hero. It is but a few months since there were published in the capital of the British empire, "Letters from an Irish Student in London, to his Father," in which the phenomenon to which I refer is related. The author gives an account of his having been introduced to a levee at court, and so great was the pressure of the crowd on retiring, that there was a complete "squeeze" for "half an hour," during the whole of which time the duke of P. who was behind him, and lord S. who was immediately before him, and whom he attentively surveyed, never moved a muscle. Thus it appears that he must have actually had eyes in the back of his head, and that with that pair which, in common with the rest of mankind, he possessed in front, he must have looked through the person before him. But perhaps I had better give his own words: "The aged duke of P. stood immediately behind me, and lord S. a late ex-minister before me. They bore their situation with so much apathy, that, although lord S. did venture to raise his eyes from the ground, which the duke did not, neither of them moved a muscle during the half hour in which I attentively surveyed them."*

—
Misnomer.

Philadelphia exhibits a wonderful instance of a *drawbridge* of mason's work, which of course, nothing short of supernatural power could *draw up*. A quizzical lexicographer, in compiling a dictionary for our meridian, might define the word *drawbridge*, a bridge that is absolutely immovable.

The pompous title of those Italian assemblies which are called *conversaciones*, is, according to Dr. Moore, as *happily* applied as our term, *drawbridge*. They are, according to the doctor, remarkably dull and insipid. "*A conversacione*," he adds, "is a place where there is no conversation."

* Vol. 11, p. 3.

Royal Clemency.

A conquered nation having rebelled against the Peruvian prince, Tupa Inca Yupanqui, he decimated the people at large, and *humanely* ordered that the higher orders should have two of their upper and two of their lower teeth drawn; and that the same punishment should be extended to their posterity.

An elegant translator.

In a small universal history, written in French, there is the following sentence:

“Au commencement, toute la terre etoit inhabitee. Apres quoi, le pays d’Eden sur l’Euphrate fut peuplé le premier. C’etoit la qu’ habitoit le premier couple d’hommes. De ce couple descendirent successivement plusieurs couples; et de ceux-ci des milliers d’autres.”

This sentence has been rendered into English, by an accomplished translator thus:

“In the beginning all the earth was inhabited; after which the country of Eden, on the Euphrates, was peopled the first. It was there that the first couple of men lived. From this only couple successively descended many couples, and of these millions of others.”

Although translation, as it is frequently executed, is little more than a burlesque of the sentiments of the original, this claims the palm of pre-eminence in travesty; nonsense, and folly, over any attempt of the kind I have ever known.

“God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb.”

Every reader of the Sentimental Journey recollects with pleasure the beautiful comment which Sterne wrote upon this text. Poor Maria occupies a conspicuous place in that elegant work, and to her interesting case was this consoling maxim applied. Those who take any interest in the welfare of their fellow mortals, must have frequent opportunities of observing how apposite it is to the situation and circumstances of a considerable portion of the unfortunate part of mankind.

This proverb, and another of similar import, “God fits the back to the burden,” are deduced from a consideration of that

almost universal quality inherent in human nature, of assimilating our conduct, and moulding our characters to those emergencies which arise in the fluctuations of human affairs.

Under the influence of this property of our nature, Philadelphia has witnessed the remarkable case of a French nobleman, whom the revolution in his country had hurled from the pinnacle of wealth and dignity, and who occupied himself here in the profession of a tinman. In this occupation he conducted himself with the most perfect propriety, and his "back" was as completely "fitted to the burden" as if he had borne it from his infancy. There are at present cases to be met with here, and in other parts of the United States, not dissimilar to this of the noble tinman. Hamburg, Altona, Amsterdam, London, and various other cities in Europe have all beheld numberless instances of persons who had moved in the same high sphere, and who on being detruded from thence, have employed their talents of music, dancing, drawing, fencing, mathematics, &c. &c. to earn a support. Many of them have acknowledged, that in these reduced situations they have enjoyed more real happiness than formerly, when surrounded with all the profusion of Asiatic luxury.

But, however remarkable and commendable these cases are, they do not excite the same emotions in my mind, nor are they so honourable to human nature as those of many respectable females, who, when bereft of parents and husbands, have nobly met and defied "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and supported themselves and families in the most exemplary manner. On these occasions they have, all at once, assumed the energy and fortitude which many of our sex absurdly believe belong exclusively to us. They appear on a sudden wholly transformed into new creatures, and to have entirely divested themselves of that helplessness which is partly the result of the natural delicacy of the female sex, but is in a much greater degree the fostered offspring of erroneous systems of education, which sentence half the human species to incalculable disadvantages.

The instances of this description are numberless, and afford a proud triumph to the sex. There is hardly a street in Philadelphia, or in any of our great cities, but can produce several.

Within the limited circle of my own acquaintance, I know widows who have been left in a most destitute situation, and, after having struggled with the most formidable adversity, have finally triumphed over all their difficulties, in a manner reflecting honour not only upon themselves but on their sex at large. Some of them, burthened with large and expensive families, enjoy more halcyon days than before the fell destroyer, death, had bereaved them of their husbands.

In corroboration of these remarks I might readily specify many striking cases. But I shall confine myself to two, with which I shall conclude this discussion. The important and arduous business of printing is carried on in Philadelphia, by two females, one the widow, and the other the daughter of deceased printers. For care and fidelity in the execution of their work; for laborious industry and steady perseverance; for an unceasing exertion to please their employers, these ladies may fairly enter the lists with any competitor of our sex. The unmarried lady printed the English version of the Septuagint, executed by the venerable Charles Thompson, esq.

To the reflections and facts here laid before the reader, a prudent parent may perhaps judge it proper to pay attention. They may serve to throw some light on the proper system of educating daughters. Instead of fostering and increasing the natural helplessness of the female sex, it appears advisable to use every effort to counteract it. All sublunary affairs are liable to great vicissitudes. There is no situation, however affluent, that affords us any security against the destruction of all our prospects. A career that commenced under the most favourable auspices, may terminate with "shadows, clouds, and darkness." A female, thus reduced, owes infinite obligation to a parent, who has endowed her with some useful talent, some means of securing a decent livelihood. And surely that parent has, a very heavy account to settle, who, depending on the transitory goods of fortune, educates children, particularly females, without any provision for the days of adversity and distress.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Additional observations on the origin of stones that have fallen from the atmosphere.

In this essay I propose briefly to notice and endeavour to confute the several opinions entertained by different gentlemen of considerable celebrity in the scientific world with regard to the origin of certain stony substances that have at different times fallen to the earth, and by these means impress more forcibly on the mind the great probability there is, of the theory stated by Laplace, being the only true exposition of this obscure though curious subject.

To look upon the many surprising phenomena that are occurring every hour, with the eye of superstition, to consider them as arising from preternatural causes, or to regard them as prodigies or the signs and forerunners of important events belongs solely to the ignorant and illiterate; but to search with scientific avidity into the secrets of nature, and in her inmost recesses seek the causes of those things that are now wrapped in the dark folds of obscurity and mystery, are among the pleasing avocations of the philosophic mind and the literary amusements of every man of genius. Whenever a circumstance occurs sufficiently surprising to excite in our breasts a certain degree of curiosity to become acquainted with the causes of its appearance, a hypothetical career generally ensues in which the bounds of reason and common sense are quickly overleaped and soon left far behind; every man has then a different opinion and contending theories and hypotheses jumbled together in one chaotic mass of absurdity, irregularity and confusion, leave the object, the explanation of which was their evident intention, covered with a ten-fold deeper shade of obscurity than at first.

The cause of this confusion is obvious; men of inferior talents are prone to seize with avidity upon whatever offers a view to the elucidation of any thing mysterious; hence mere guesses covered with the flimsy veil of plausibility are substituted in the place of probable theories the productions of literary minds and the result of years of study and observation; hence all this confusion contradiction and irregularity of which we have so much to complain; and hence the several absurdities perceivable in the splendid hypotheses of comparatively eminent men. To avoid those quicksands of philosophy it will be necessary in traversing the path of the-

oretical speculation *always* to keep reason and common sense in sight; every departure from this rule, however slight, will, generally speaking, be attended with evil consequences: a mixture of truth with fiction, and of good sense with absurdity, whenever perceivable in a theory, or hypothesis, seldom fails of exciting disgust, and of drawing upon its inventor ridicule and contempt, to the destruction of every flattering expectation of praise and celebrity the suggestions of vanity may have raised within his breast.

I will now proceed to examine the opinions entertained by different gentlemen, on the subject I have undertaken to investigate.

Dr. Bricknell, of Charleston, in South Carolina, in a letter to Mr. Meigs, president of the university at Athens, in the state of Georgia, gives it as his opinion, that those stones are the productions of terrestrial volcanos, alleging as a reason for so supposing, that as hard substances, such as those in question, can never spontaneously ascend into the atmosphere, they must acquire their great height through the agency of some volcanic power. The doctor, in his objections to the *Lunar Theory*, has evidently fallen into a mistake, probably through oversight, with regard to the augmentation of the earth's centripetal force by reason of an increase of matter. He observes, "that had the ponderous bodies of stone, metal, &c. which have frequently fallen from the atmosphere for ages, descended from the moon or some of the planets, the *increase of matter in the earth augmenting its centripetal force*, would have drawn us nearer the sun." This remark is very true as it respects the descent of the substances from some of the other planets, but not so from the moon, and for a satisfactory demonstration of the truth of this assertion, I will refer the reader to *Newton's Principia*, Book 1, page 29; also B. 3, *prop.* 7. and other parts of the same celebrated work.

Mr. Williams, in his account of the explosion of an extraordinary meteor, near *Benares* in the East Indies, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. 92, p. 179, concludes his remarks on that occurrence with observing, that "it is well known there are no volcanos in the continent of India, and as far as I can learn, no stones have been met with in the earth in that part

of the world, which bear the smallest resemblance to those above described." From such remarks what are we to infer? certainly his disbelief in the opinion of their having been cast from a volcano. The supposition of those meteors being formed above the atmosphere through the agency of electricity had before this been stated by *Dr. Blagden*, but from his having passed over this and several other hypotheses in silence we are led to suppose he believed the cause of the phenomenon wholly unconnected with our earth. If he was of opinion that they were produced by a *lunar explosion*, he certainly must have had good reasons for so supposing, although probably the idea struck him as rather uncommon, perhaps *apparently* absurd, and a fear of ridicule prevented him from expressing his opinion with that unrestrained freedom his good sense prompted.

The next speculation to which I would call the reader's attention is that of the *Chevalier Michel Rubin de Celis*, on a mass of native iron discovered in South America. (See *Phil. Trans.*)

The *Chevalier* states, that he found the substance almost wholly buried in the ground, in the middle of an immense plain, entirely free from declivities and composed of a light sandy soil; within the circumference of a hundred leagues of which there was not the least appearance of a mountain, and at that distance none of a volcano, yet notwithstanding those obstacles he endeavours to account for its appearance by means of a supposed pre-existing volcano of which nothing indicative of its former situation now appears, but a small irregularity in the level of the plain having a gentle ascent of five or six feet, at the top of which is a small mineral spring. In a former essay I mentioned the discovery of a similar mass of iron by *Professor Pallas* in Siberia; the theory introduced by *M. Chaldni* in his observations on that mass for the purpose of accounting for its appearance, is much more probable than that of *M. de Celis*. My objections to the former I have before stated, and those that may be urged against the truth of the latter are so numerous and so obvious that it would be unnecessary to advance them.

The weight of this mass was about ———. It may perhaps be urged in objection to my supposition of this lump of iron having been originally thrown from the crater of a lunar

volcano, that its great weight in addition to the velocity of its motion would have been sufficient to carry it to the earth's centre; to this I answer, that the resistance met with by the body in its flight through the atmosphere would effectually prevent it from sinking far in the ground, and although most probably, at the time of its fall it was buried some depth in the ground, yet such changes may have been since occasioned by various causes in the elevation of the surrounding soil as to place it in its present situation.

Let us now turn our attention to the observations of *Dr. Blagden*, contained in the account he gives of a number of fiery meteors, published in *Phil. Trans. vol. 74, p. 222*.

This gentleman's theory I have slightly mentioned before; he was of opinion that the meteors called fire-balls, are formed either above or within the atmosphere, by certain unknown electric causes, and that they are not even connected with the aurora borealis, or northern lights. In support of this hypothesis he brings forward a number of circumstances attending the appearance of some of them, such as sparks from them injuring ships in the same manner as lightning, lambent flames playing about the heads of observers, &c. &c. This hypothesis is, I think, more liable to objections than any hitherto noticed. That some of those phenomena called fire-balls may owe their formation to electric causes is far from improbable; and had the doctor confined his theory to the explanation of *some particular appearances*, it would, no doubt, be in some measure satisfactory; but to endeavour the invention of a theory calculated for a general explanation of all similar phenomena, and ground it upon the effects of an agent with the nature and qualities of which we are so little acquainted, that it has been found impossible to make even a reasonable *guess* as to the manner in which it could conduce towards creating those meteors is certainly incompatible with every rule laid down for our direction in philosophical research. It must, however, be remarked, in justice to *Dr. Blagden*, that at the time he wrote the above mentioned paper it was not known that in general the hard bodies that have so frequently fallen to the earth, and those meteors, are the same

things, and consequently his hypothesis, at that time, bore an appearance of much greater probability than it does at present.

The next opinion to which I shall call the attention of the reader, is that entertained by Mr. J. Pringle, in his Collection of Accounts of a remarkable fiery meteor. (Phil. Trans. vol. 51.)

This gentleman supposed the luminous appearances called fire-balls, so often seen in our atmosphere, to be hard bodies revolving about some fixed centre, and ordained by the Almighty for useful and salutary purposes; such as purifying the noxious parts of our atmosphere, clearing it of destructive gasses, &c. The facts that have been urged in objection to the probability of this theory are, 1. The great number there must be of those revolving comets. 2. The great rapidity of their flight. And 3. It may be observed, that their falling to the earth destroys at once its probability; for, as has been before observed, any increase of the earth's gravity will most certainly augment its centripetal force, and tend to draw us nearer the sun.

There is a hint in Dr. Halley's paper on extraordinary meteors, that shews he was of the same opinion with M. Chaldni, with respect to the origin of the falling stones. After giving an account of the appearance of a very curious fire-ball which he observes to have been accompanied by a number of circumstances indicative of its possessing solidity; he endeavours to account for its origin by supposing it to have been formed in the ether by a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." If so, how did it become ignited? The *sudden combination* of a number of indefinitely small particles of matter will have no effect in setting them on fire, if taking place beyond the limits generally assigned to our atmosphere; and if we suppose them to be unignited at the moment of their creation, it is certainly highly improbable that in the little time of their passing through the atmosphere they should acquire a state of ignition so violent as that in which they are generally observed to be. The meteor above mentioned proceeded with the astonishing velocity of one hundred and sixty miles per minute, over Italy and France, and fell into the sea, upon coming in contact with which there ensued a loud and horrid noise, similar to that proceeding from the plunging a piece of red hot metal into water.

I will conclude the present essay with a few general observations, tending to show the manner in which we are to proceed in order to separate the true from the fictitious parts of this heterogeneous mass of hypotheses. From a perusal of the different papers written upon this subject and published in the transactions of the R  yal Society, it will appear that most of the theories I have noticed in this essay, although evidently intended as general solutions to this interesting inquiry, adapted to the circumstances only of some particular appearances, and consequently wholly inadequate to the explanation of, perhaps, the very next that may occur. A few circumstances of a dubious nature attending the appearance of one or two meteors gave rise to the supposition of their owing their origin to certain unknown qualities of the electric fluid. The theory of the terrestrial comets took its rise from some of the fire-balls having been observed to advance rapidly to the earth, then suddenly recede and quickly disappear. The theory of Dr. Halley or Chaldni, that of Dr. Bricknell, and Laplace's Lunar theory appear to be the only ones calculated for the purposes of general explanation.

The first of these by attributing the origin of those meteors that have appeared to possess solidity, to the sudden combination of a number of atomic particles floating in space, carries with it the idea of such fortuitous collections frequently occurring, and consequently an explanation of the reason why meteors so often are seen, and falls of stone so often take place.

The second, by supposing the hard bodies to come from terrestrial volcanos, leaves this idea impressed upon our mind; if we believe a mass of iron, within the circumference of two or three hundred leagues of which there is not the least appearance of a volcano, to have been cast from the crater of a burning mountain, by some extraordinary force; may we not give the like implicit credence to the truth of the same theory when made use of to explain the origin of any other mass discovered in a similar situation; for example, that found by Pallas, in Siberia, within thousands of miles of which there was no appearance of a volcano. That different meteors may owe their origin to different causes, is a supposition by no means improbable; through the agency of electricity phenomena may have been

caused, the appearance of which may have led observers to believe them the same with others of perhaps quite a different nature, and a train of combustible gasses taking fire in the more elevated regions of the atmosphere, may have produced phenomena, apparently similar to the appearance of fire-balls of a solid kind. If those things be true the proper method we ought to pursue in forming our opinion of the origin and cause of every such appearance, is to judge from its attendant circumstances of its nature, whether solid or otherwise, whether upon its exploding any hard substances fall to the ground; or whether, instead of bursting into pieces, it merely dwindles away and finally becomes extinct; from carefully observing which of these several circumstances attend upon the phenomenon we may be enabled, with tolerable accuracy, to form a correct idea of the theory most adequate to the explanation of its origin. It is but natural to suppose that a mere collection of gasses, inflamed by combination in, and contact with the atmosphere, will not proceed with the velocity of a body that has traversed the space between the earth and moon; its path will in general be irregular; it will sometimes suddenly disappear, and at others gradually; its disappearance may be owing to a separation of the different kinds of exhalation, vapours or gasses, of which it is composed, and their consequent extinction. A fiery meteor caused by electricity will, in general, it is presumed, proceed with immense velocity, may be attended with a crackling noise, will sometimes descend perpendicularly, and in so doing may injure houses, &c. in the same manner with lightning, and many other minute circumstances indicative of its peculiar nature will always be observed. The atomic and volcanic theories I reject, as in many respects improbable, (as it respects a mere hypothesis, I cannot with justice use a harsher term.)

Upon the whole, I think the lunar theory of Laplace is the only one capable of answering all the purposes of a general explanation, my arguments, or rather those of its ingenious inventor and other eminent men in its favour, I have detailed in a former essay, and if when this hypothesis becomes generally known it were remembered by learned observers carefully to note the different circumstances attending the appearance of fire-balls,



Maternal Affection.

their origin would not so frequently be a cause of mystery to the learned, of conjecture to the curious, and of superstitious wonder to the ignorant and illiterate.

H. Y.

Baltimore, June 12, 1810.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PHYSICIANS, in more than one instance, have deigned to invoke the aid of the Muses to enforce the precepts of their science. Nor has the invocation been made without success. The blandishments of poetry will sometimes seduce attention, and insinuate wholesome instruction, when all the graver powers fail. Armstrong, on the Art of Preserving Health, has long since become one of the most popular productions in the language, and his didactics are remembered by many a valetudinarian, who is totally heedless of the admonitions of Buchan or Tissot. There is, however, a kindred poem, by Downman, which treats of the management of children, that is little known, and still less read in this country. The subsequent extract from the work alluded to, will at once vindicate its pretensions, and serve to illustrate the very beautiful engraving which is here prefixed.

Health is the greatest blessing man receives
From bounteous heaven; by her the smiling hours
Are wing'd with transport; she too gives the soul
Of firmness; without her, the hand of toil
Would languid sink; the eye of reason fade.

To this then bend thy care, O parent mind;
Array thy child in health; a nobler dress
Not gorgeous majesty can boast: the thanks
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,
More than around him from thy treasured hoard
Than showering sums profuse; or giving all
Thy herds, and bleating flocks; though thousands range
Thy spacious meads, or clothe thy ample hills.

Would'st thou thy children bless? The sacred voice
Of nature calls thee; where she points the way
Tread confident. No labyrinth is here:
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,
To Theseus given; fair is her open path,
And strong the steady light she casts around,
Instinctive light, the surest safest guide.

Thy child is born. See, where the treacherous nurse,
Or priestess of Lucina, in her hand
The ready medicine brings! Forewarned, beware;
Within the fatal drug lurks death; by this,
Thousands from yet untasted life retire,
Thousands of infant souls; yet sanctified
By custom, other reasons are assign'd,
And nature is accused of impious deeds
She ne'er committed. Nature will preserve
Whate'er she frames: and what the child requires
In his new state, sagaciously provides,
Both food and remedy: Before the sun
Hath from his birth encircled half the sphere,
He asks, plain as expressive signs can ask,
The mother's breast: without a moment's pause
Hear the mute voice of instinct and obey.
Know the first efflux from the milky fount
Is nature's chymic mixture, which no power
Of art presumptuous can supply; this flows
Gently deterrent, purifying, bland;
This each impediment o'ercomes, and gives
The young, unfetter'd springs of life to play.
Hence too the mother is secure: The streams,
Her infant's health promoting, flow to her
Salubrious; otherwise confined, or urged
Back to their source, what evils may she dread!
Sickness, and giddy languor, shivering cold,
And heat alternate, dire obstructions, pangs
Of sharpest torture, cancers, by the juice
Of boasted hemlock not to be remov'd.

O mother (let me by that tenderest name
Conjure thee) still pursue the task begun!
Nor unless urged by strong necessity,
Some fated, some peculiar circumstance,
By which thy health may suffer, or thy child.

Inhale disease, or that the genial food
 Too scanty flows, give to an Alien's care
 Thy orphan babe. Oh! if by choice thou dost—
 What shall I call thee? woman? No, though fair
 Thy face, and deckt with unimagined charms
 Though sweetness seem portray'd in every line,
 And smiles which might become a Hebe, rise
 At will, crisping thy rosy cheeks, though all
 That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
 Dwell in thy outward shape, and catch the eye
 Of gazing rapture, all is but deceit;
 The form of woman's thine, but not the soul.
 Had'st thou been treated thus, perchance the prey
 Of death long since, no child of thine had known
 An equal lot severe. O unblown flower!
 Soft bud of spring! Planted in foreign soil,
 How wilt thou prosper! Brush'd by other winds
 In a new clime, and fed by other dews
 Than suit thy nature! From a stranger hand
 Ah, what can infancy expect, when she
 Whose essence was inwove with thine, whose life,
 Whose soul thou didst participate, neglects
 Herself in thee, and breaks the strongest seal
 Which nature stamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O luckless babe, born in an evil hour!
 Who shall thy numerous wants attend? explore
 The latent cause of ill? thy slumbers guard?
 And when awake, with nice sedulity
 Thy every glance observe? A parent might;
 A hireling cannot; though of blameless mind,
 Though conscious duty prompt her to the task,
 She feels not in her breast the impulsive goad
 Of instinct, all the fond, the fearful thoughts
 Awakening; say, at length that habit's power
 Can something like maternal kindness give,
 Yet, ere that time, may the poor nursing die.

Besides, who can assure the lacteal springs
 Clear, and untainted? Oft disorder lurks
 Beneath the vivid bloom, and cheerful eye,
 Promising health; and poisonous juice secrete,
 Slow undermining life, stains what should be
 The purest nutriment. Hence, worse than death,
 Long years of misery to thy blasted child.

A burthen to himself, by others skum'd,
 He wishes for the grave, and wastes his days
 In solitary wo; or haply weds,
 And propagates the hereditary plague;
 Entailing on his name the bitter curse
 Of generations yet unborn, a race
 Pithless, and weak, of faded texture wan,
 Like some declining plant, with mildew'd leaves,
 Whose root a treacherous insect gnaws unseen.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A RIDE TO NIAGARA.

(Continued from page 62.)

Monday, May 15, to the falls of Niagara. Opposite Chippeway, the river seems to be about a mile and a half across. At the falls it is contracted and divided by an island into two main cataracts, the one near the British, the other near the American side. The road runs along the brow of a hill, and as you pass along at about two miles distance from Chippeway, you observe a wagon road descending to the right into some flats washed by the rapids of Niagara. The descent may be eighty or ninety feet. The flats are very narrow, but there are four or five buildings on them, a mill, a tannery, &c. At any of these you can procure a person to walk with you half a mile to the Table Rock, over a part of which the river rushes and makes the great fall. Ten dollars would make this a good horse road; at present you have to wind through the bushes very uncomfortably. The tavern-keepers at Chippeway ought to feel it their duty to make the walk as comfortable for the ladies as possible, and a trifle would make it so. When you get on the edge of this limestone flat called the Table Rock, you have before you a full and complete view of an amphitheatre of about

half a mile* in circumference; comprehending close to your right two-thirds of the river Niagara, after rushing along in broken and foaming rapids, precipitating itself into a chasm beneath your feet, exactly one hundred and fifty feet deep†. The falling water projects far enough to admit you to see a considerable way between the rock and the main sheet, and affords room enough for those who wish to descend, to go behind it. This is owing to a projecting ledge of the rock over which the water is precipitated. Opposite to you, at the distance of somewhat less than a quarter of a mile, you see the river broken by a finely wooded island; and the rest of this immense body of water, rushing down into the farther part of the chasm below, on the American side.

The roaring and foaming of the rapids for near a mile in full view before the river arrives at the precipice; the green tint of the water, edged all the way down by curling folds of snow white foam; the immediate chasm of boiling snow into which the river pours; the mist that eternally hovers over the gulf below, and through which you see at intervals the turbulence of the bottom; the trees of the island which divides the falls, and which seem to descend even below the edge of the precipice itself; the immense interminable mass of wood, which fills the whole of the surrounding country, and borders to the very edge, every part of the watery prospect; and the rapidity with which the green and white current below drives along

* So it appears to me, but I find the measurement more precisely given thus:

	<i>Yards.</i>
The Horse-shoe falls have an extent of about	600
The Island,	340
The Small Fall beyond, on the American side,	8
Another island, wooded to the edge of the precipice,	20
The Great Fall on the American side, 163 feet to the bottom,	350

The circumference of the amphitheatre, from the Table Rock to the edge of the last mentioned fall, 718

I think the eye takes in at least half a mile.

† This measurement I obtained from Mr. Jos. Ellicott, who told me he had taken much pains to ascertain the height from the Table Rock to the water's edge: and though he had made it one hundred and fifty feet on some trials, he had oftener made it one hundred and forty-nine feet six inches. It may, therefore, be called one hundred and fifty feet in round numbers.

as if in haste to escape from the horrible chasm in which it had been engulfed, form altogether a scene of grandeur and of beauty, unrivalled. I felt content that I had taken the journey. It was worth the trouble.

After having sufficiently contemplated the scene before me, I was satisfied that I could well dispense with my intended tour to the American side; and also with the troublesome descent down an unsafe ladder half a mile off, and a walk of near a mile over the rough rocks at the bottom, to get at the view below, and behind the sheet of water. It appeared to me that every thing that was worth seeing, might be seen in safety and in comfort from the Table Rock; but those who have more youth, more leisure, and more curiosity than I had may like to see *all* that is to be seen. It is unpardonable in the tavern-keepers at Chippeway, whose establishments are to be maintained by the concourse of travellers, who come expressly to see the falls, that they do not provide at least a sound and safe ladder, and expend twenty or thirty dollars in laying the stones at the bottom in such a manner as to enable the female part of the visitants to contemplate the scene under the Table Rock, if they wish so to do: at present it is an undertaking too arduous and fatiguing for the female sex.

Those who wish to descend will be directed to a house about half a mile from the flats, where a ladder is kept for the purpose. When I was there nobody had gone down it since the preceding season, and I was advised not to try; an advice which I readily complied with. From the flats where the habitations are, you can ascend again into the main road, which I think is about eighty or ninety feet perpendicular above the edge of the water. This, therefore, is the descent which forms the rapids of the river, before the perpendicular fall of one hundred and fifty feet commences.

When you have again got upon the high road by an ascent at the further end of the flats, you see about a hundred yards before you a house, with a field before it, fenced with a worm fence. It is now occupied by Charles Wilson, but has lately been sold to a Mr. Shannon. Do not go so far as the house, but skirt round the fence, and in about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, you will see two or three knolls or prominences on which you may again take your stand, and have perhaps a still more complete view of the

whole scenery than from the Table Rock. There is an oak tree on the best brow that I found for the purpose, on which about four feet high I cut a small blaze with my penknife. A small island in the river on the American side, in the midst of the falls on the American side; a mill seat in the distance; and the beauty of the smaller fall which is made by that island, are objects worth noticing, as adding to the picturesque of the scenery, after you have sufficiently contemplated the grand whole. I gave the man who went with me from Hardie's, the tanner, half a dollar, with which he was well content. He told me that land thereabout, unimproved, sold from three to four pounds sterling an acre, not far from the road, prime land. Hardie (a civil man) emigrated fifteen years ago from Lewistown, on the Juniata, before Mifflin county was struck off from Cumberland. I mention this because I saw neither actual improvement in his situation, nor any means of improvement that might not have been made or obtained in the place he left.

I intended originally to have gone from Buffaloe up the American side, to Schlosser's, but Landen at Buffaloe informed me, the road was impassable. However, persons had been appointed to put it in order, and he was one, and about to set to work the next day, so that in a week or two it would be good. From Schlosser's northward to Lewistown there is a road, which forms the portage on the American side round the falls of seven miles, and thence from Lewistown to Niagara fort, a tolerable road of six miles. The river makes a bend toward the British side, so that the portage round the falls there is nine miles. The country on the American side is good and will admit of thick settlement, but there are very few settlers from Niagara fort southward to Buffaloe. I cannot help thinking it would be well worth while to force a settlement along that frontier.

$4\frac{1}{2}$ Inquire for John Thompson's house; it is a mile and a half off the road. You go past one Bateman's on the left hand of the road, where you may get some person not merely to direct, but to go with you to Thompson's, which is a good stone house near the river. At the back of his house there is a stony field, full of cedars and white pine; go to the bank, and you see a place they call the whirlpool, which is a truly picturesque scene. The river seems at least one hundred and fifty feet below you; narrow, rapid, foaming;

in its haste it drives against a bay which forms nearly a cul de sac; this occasions an eddy, which they call the whirlpool. On some days it is comparatively still; on others it roars as loud as the great falls, and may be well heard at three and four miles distance. It is an object not to be passed on such a tour. Volney notices it, but I had not Volney with me, and I had forgotten it. I heard of it by chance, from my condutor at the Table Rock telling me of some one who lived near the *whirlpool*. A traveller must inquire for himself, he need not count upon being told of any thing worth seeing at Chippeway. The man who conducted me was a German; he had lived for some years thereabout as a farming servant, at six dollars per month and board, which I mention as an item of the price of labour.

1½ Returned from Thompson's to (three miles) Queenstown. This is situated at the bottom of the hill; that is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet below the road which leads from Lake Erie. This road has a gentle descent all the way from Lake Erie hither; but here it falls abruptly into a bottom thus much below its own level. It is highly probable that at some far remote period, the great falls were at this place; for here is the commencement or the termination (call it which you will) of the higher level. The river here begins to widen, and admits of being ferried; but even the ferrying place has several eddies in it.

Queenstown is a pleasant village of about sixteen or eighteen houses. I stopped at Banister's, a civil man, from Massachusetts. I got a pint of excellent port, which *more majorum* I find to be the fashionable wine among the Anglo Canadians.

This is a place of trade, being the commencement of the portage round the falls. Banister pays about twelve shillings sterling a year for direct taxes of all kinds. The military and judiciary are paid by the crown. Judge Hamilton, who died lately, and had very large property, was assessed at no more. The imported goods come by way of Montreal. For tea they give one dollar and a half per pound, loaf sugar three shillings (New-york currency). For my wine he charged me five shillings, but it was good. At Batavia I got Mr. Ellicott to change my Pennsylvania notes, for the notes current in Newyork state; but I

found notes of no kind current in Canada. They trade for coin. They have no bank; and they dislike our notes. No wonder.

After dinner I rode (eight miles) to Newark, Fort St. George. The road excellent. The ride along the Niagara beautiful. The country well settled. In fact it may be regarded as a continued village from the ferry opposite the Black Rock for thirty-three or thirty-four miles down to Newark. I stopped at Emery's, a very good tavern. I wished to see Captain Lee who is collector at the American port of Niagara; but no ferry is kept at either place. I hired a boat for the purpose. The boatmen here, as in England, use the two pegs in the side as points d'appui, and feather their oars. I was sorry to see the American town and fort of Niagara, so inferior in external appearance, at least, to the British town of Newark and Fort St. George.

This being the extent of my proposed journey outward, I returned (eight miles) to Banister's at Queenstown, where I slept. By his persuasion, and it being also a new route, I determined to go by Lewistown, (a shabby American settlement opposite Queenstown.) I arose, therefore, at five o'clock, and crossed the ferry to Lewistown. Hence (six miles) to Hopkins's. About three miles and a half from Lewistown, and about two miles to the right, is a settlement of Tuscaroras on a reserve of five miles square. I met several of them shooting in the woods.

38 To Walsworth's. There are two or three baiting places between, but I have not noted them. By great industry I arrived here about three o'clock. I intended to have gone on to Batavia, eighteen miles further, for between Queenstown and Batavia, on this road, no one would willingly stop longer than was necessary; but my horse fell lame the last stage, probably from over-feeding before he was cool, and I was obliged to stay where I was. About two miles and a half from Walsworth's is the settlement of Seneca Indians, on the Tonnewanta reserve of twelve miles square. They are not more than about one hundred and fifty in number.

13. Wednesday, May 17. Through the Indian reserve; of course no house all the way. Part of the road (five miles) over plains. From Lewistown hither all the stones is siliceous on the

road; though there is a ridge of limestone parallel with the road about three miles off. About the middle of the plains you meet with limestone again, which continues (intermixed) to Batavia. Arrived at Durham's and fed my horse.

5 To Batavia, where ends this abominable road, of which three-fourths consist of swamps and bogholes, to say nothing of stumps innumerable. When the canal shall be cut from the Forks of the Tonnewanta to the Forks of Mud Creek, through the Tonnewanta swamp, and the Indian claim to the reserves extinguished, then will this very fine tract of country be open for settlement and become, as it ought to be, the residence of civilized beings. I called on the Messrs. Ellicott's, who were so good as to send me to squire Eddy who lives in township number nine of the seventh range; and he made me a present of some Indian ornaments that he happened to have with him, dug up about three feet below the surface in one of his fields where they abound. Three small figures of baked earth, foxes' and dogs' heads; a small human head of chalk, *with a helmet on*; copper bells silvered, &c. He says they find spear heads of flint and stone daggers in great abundance, also some very large bones. Wanting to get on, I could not spend any time with him.

12 To Ganson's, a very good house. The lameness of my horse compelled me to stop here.

12 Thursday, 18th May, with great difficulty to the widow Barry's, over the Genesee, where I took three quarts of blood from my horse, and turned him out to pasture.

Friday, 19th. Hired a horse of a Mr. Osmer to go to the mouth of the Genesee river, at fourteen shillings York currency, for two days.

5 To Templin's an Englishman from Sussex. Came in the year 1795. I asked him how he liked the country. He said he liked America very well for a poor man such as himself, but he would not stay here if he had money enough to spend. Col. Wardsworth and his brother have about two hundred and thirty head of cattle under this man's care, on twelve hundred acres of flats on this part of the river, which Templin says are worth thirty dollars an acre in their present state unimproved.

3 Scots at Allen Creek.

6½ To Black Creek.

3½ To the commencement of the rapids. I saw four deer at a small distance; the only ones I have observed since I came out. Considering the flat character of the country, I wonder I have seen no more of them.

About half a mile from the beginning of the rapids is a sulphur spring in the river near the west bank. The wild pigeons resort to it much when the water is low.

3 To the twenty feet falls. When Col. Wardrop and I were here in 1796, there was a mill, which is now fallen down and in perfect ruins; but it appears to me the best site for a mill seat I ever saw. It commands the whole of the Genesee river; is perfectly secure from being washed away; and large boats might easily unload in the mill itself. As the falls begin here, every other situation below requires a portage. The rapids do not obstruct the navigation so far as this mill seat.

¼ Of a mile to Hartford's mill. This also from mismanagement is out of business and going to decay. This is on the great falls of ninety-six feet, well seen from the road. The whole river tumbles down this height in one sheet. This is also a perfectly secure mill seat; commanding any portion of the river that may be wanted. The mill, as it is, cost Hartford about one thousand dollars; for this and two hundred acres of land adjoining, he was offered three thousand dollars cash, but asked three thousand five hundred, at which price no one has yet bought it. The only disadvantage is the necessity of somewhat better than half a mile of portage.

2½ To Daly's, no longer a tavern as the man is going to leave the country. His daughter has been troubled with the ague; the only person this time of my coming into the country whom I heard complain of this disorder. What the fall produces now I cannot say. I saw very few sick in the Genesee in the fall of 1796. The Genesee fever, which was an intermittent degenerating into typhus, was occasioned in 1793, 1794, and 1795, by the new settlers fixing themselves on their lowest and richest of land; and clearing away the wood from about the moist and swampy ground. Had they built and settled on the open white-oak flats, and never gone into the bottom land, but for the mere

purpose of clearing it, the country would not have produced that malignant disorder; but it appears to me now sufficiently healthy. A mile before you reach Daly's, you cross a wooden bridge thrown over a very deep hollow in which a small stream runs, that joins the lower falls. About fifty yards after you have passed this bridge, there is to the right, a path, not very plain indeed, but to be discovered by looking attentively. This path leads to a part of the bank, where young and active persons may descend for the purpose of viewing the lower falls. The two upper falls can be sufficiently seen from the road. As this descent is rather rough and difficult, I chose to go on to M'Dermot's or Daly's, where there is usually a boat kept. I gave a man half a dollar to row me from thence a mile up to the lower falls of Genesee. These falls are fifty-seven feet perpendicular; the whole river is here again precipitated. I calculated the breadth of the river here at about fifty rods wide: the general width of the river for some miles above the rapids seems about sixteen rod from bank to bank, when the river is moderately full. The dimensions above given would make the total fall of the river one hundred and seventy-three feet; add about thirty or forty feet for the three miles of rapids which are by no means so precipitous as at Niagara, and the total amount of fall will be about the same at both places. This strengthens the conjecture, that the stratum at Niagara falls is the same as at the falls of Genesee. I know of nothing to oppose to this, except that the Table Rock is perfect limestone, which abounds also in that part of the country; whereas I saw no symptom of this stone through the whole course of the Genesee, from Hartford to its mouth. It is probable, however, that the bed of the Genesee may be limestone, if it be true that lead ore is found there in various places. I saw no specimen of it.

After the falls of Niagara, these are decidedly the grandest, as well as the most beautiful thing of the kind I have seen, heard or read of. The excavated amphitheatre, allows the eye to take in a circumference of nearly half a mile, though the falls themselves are not more than the breadth I have assigned to the river. But the variegated colour of the strata, red and white, now contrasted, now softened into each other, intermixed with the green foliage of the cedar above, below, and interspersed here and there in the midst of

the rock, afford a contrast of object and of tint, so warm and cheerful, so rich and glowing, that I know of nothing to be compared with it. The eye takes in this delightful scene at the same time with the immense cascade that terminates the view. A view so intermingling the beautiful with the sublime, that it will well bear the contemplation of an amateur even after the falls of Niagara.

The strata near the falls opposite the station for viewing them, below the cedars on the surface, seemed to me as follow. 1. A gray loamy soil (warm tint) about six feet. 1. Whitish siliceo-argillaceous schistus in laminæ of from nine to eighteen inches. This seems to occupy about twelve feet. 3. Reddish siliceo-argillaceous stone, approaching to a reddle, but not so soft. Of the softer kinds of this stone the inhabitants in the neighbourhood make a kind of red paint. This stratum appears to occupy about sixteen feet. 4. White argillaceous shale about eight feet. 5. Loose gravelly soil to the bottom, about thirty feet. This guess-work measurement allows about fifteen feet for the height of the bank to the surface of the river, but I think it is hardly so much.

The cedars are in masses, at the top and at the bottom, and here and there beautifully growing out of the middle strata, supported by their roots. There were half a dozen men and boys catching fish close to the falls. They had caught, in about two hours before I came there, three sturgeon, a few large pike, and about twenty perch-bass, a fish weighing generally about three quarters of a pound, and, in external appearance, very like a rock fish of the same size. The sturgeon are without scales. The largest was gutted and cleaned and its head cut off. I lifted it in that state, and agreed to the common conjecture that it weighed about sixty pounds. This was sold in my presence for six shillings, York money. They catch also in the spring, very commonly, catfish from ten to twenty-five pounds weight,* which are esteemed as the best fish these waters furnish. They have here also a white fish, so called, but of its qualities I had no means of judging. The pickerell, the salmon-trout, the perch-bass, the pike and the catfish, I know by experience to be very good.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* I have been told on good authority, of a catfish of ninety pounds weight caught in the Alleghany, and brought to Pittsburg market.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following oration on fortitude was delivered several years ago at Princeton College, and is attributed to the pen of an accomplished scholar in Maryland. It may exhibit too great an exuberance of fancy to please the fastidious; but it is certainly indicative of talents and reflects the irradiations of genius. The sentiments in this piece are just, and the examples adduced in illustration of the subject, striking. The language is animated and the descriptions vivid; but, perhaps, it would have been better had the writer relied more on his own powers and imitated less the style of others. This is the rock on which thousands are wrecked, who aspire after oratorical fame. What is sublime in the original often degenerates into bombast in an imitator. The writer of the subsequent piece evidently had his eye directed towards the eloquent Curran. But still the speech has much merit; it excites an interest in the reader as he peruses it; fixes his attention and imparts a degree of enthusiasm that bereaves him of languor or fatigue.

INCA.

AN ORATION ON FORTITUDE.

SUCH is the versatility of fortune, such the instability of human happiness, that even those who are at one period surrounded with all the splendid glitter of prosperity; whose situation presents to them the pleasing prospect of a durable happiness, are often by some casual occurrence, some unanticipated event, precipitated from this envied pinnacle of felicity and plunged into the abysses of adversity. When apparently secure from the attacks of fortune, dazzled by the meridian splendour of their affluence, they view not the little cloud, that emerges above their horizon and imperceptibly collecting vigour as it arises, soon obscures the brilliancy of their prospects, and unexpectedly discharges its baneful contents upon their heads. To counteract this inconstancy of fortune, to enjoy present happiness unadulterated by dread anticipations of the future, to arm the mind against the arrows of affliction, no virtue is of more utility, than fortitude. Founded upon integrity it liberates us from the base constraint of fear, gives to the judgment the due exercise of its powers, and as it is of superior importance, so also is it essential in the practice of its sister virtues. The man of fortitude unappalled by those terrors which alarm the timorous, unshaken in the hour of danger, views with indifference the frowns

of fate or the machinations of his enemies: true to those principles of honour which regulate, no enticements can allure, no threats deter him from their pursuit. Fraught with a noble magnanimity he freely suffers to advance the interests of his country; but when tyranny menaces, when the arm of injustice is suspended over his head, his soul, fortified against fear and conscious of its own innate worth shrinks not from the impending danger, but firm and immovable as the rock, boldly stems the torrent of oppression.

Such were those illustrious personages whom the page of history presents to our view, whose actions ennobled the countries that produced them, whilst their virtue and magnanimity added dignity to humanity.

If we penetrate into antiquity, if we traverse the illustrious ages of Greece and Rome, though our admiration may be excited by those brilliant geniusses, whose works have diffused a lustre upon science, yet we cannot withhold the tribute of applause from their respective worthies, whose deeds while they contribute to their glory and reputation were but the unsullied emanations of their virtuous hearts. Among those distinguished personages we behold heroes and statemen, who have preferred death to the ruin of their country, and philosophers with a noble resolution smiling on the confines of eternity. We have beheld a Regulus rising superior to the blandishments of affection or solicitations of friendship, boldly tearing himself from the circle of his relations, and rather than violate the sanctity of his promise, daring with inimitable fortitude the refinements of Punic tortures. We have seen the venerable sage of Athens philosophising amid the horrors of a dungeon, and endeavouring to impart that constancy of mind to his commiserating friends, which was so conspicuously exhibited in himself. When the pestilential breath of detraction had withered that wreath which his wisdom and patriotism had entwined amidst the silvery ornaments of age, when malice had suspended the decrees of justice and pronounced the fatal sentence of his death, whilst grasping the poisonous cup that was to seal his destiny, he poured forth a prayer for the felicity of his country and the happiness of his enemies, his soul, engaged in celestial contemplation, burst its corporeal chains and lunched forth into the eternal world, there to realize its theories while in the body.

But passing over from those illustrious sages, the sacred monuments of human virtue, and which are commemorated by the heroic fortitude of a Cato, a Socrates and a Scævola; modern times present to our consideration many conspicuous examples of magnanimity, and evince that the human mind has not degenerated from its original excellence, but retains its pristine vigour through the lapse of time. I pass over the unfortunate Charles of England, who, dragged to the block from the elevation of royalty, by a tribunal of his rebellious subjects, boldly submitted to his fate. I omit the unhappy queen of Scots, who nobly suffered beneath the cruel sentence of an envious and ambitious sister. I descend to that memorable epocha of Gallic misery, when the purest intentions were perverted to the most horrid purposes. When a simple limitation of individual tyranny, gave rise to universal anarchy; when France rent to her centre by civil discord groaned under the lash of infuriated demagogues, whilst reeking with the blood of their innocent victims.—Here I involuntarily pause. The mind contemplates the present and the past and shrinks with horror from the comparison. It beholds a nation once smiling under the auspices of the arts and sciences, now yielding to the genius of universal desolation, a people once celebrated for their polished habits, now raging with ungovernable fury; where'er the eye revolves it rests on desolation, the altars of the creator are levelled with the dust, the holy temples of religion, where once the pious heart held converse with its God, are now polluted by the destroying engine of despots, and where once the ravishing strains of the choristers swelled in solemn majesty to the Most High; now numerous victims march to death with a noble fortitude evincive of the purity of their souls. Among these the unfortunate Antoinette most excites our approbation; torn from the splendid summit of a throne, where she had once attracted the plaudits of an admiring multitude, she is now thrust into a narrow dungeon and escapes only to execution; I behold the lofty gates of the Conciergerie open to their illustrious captive; she comes forth attended by the ruffian guard of the republic; a placid serenity sits upon her countenance and manifests that all is calm within her breast; she ascends the scaffold with a steady step; she views the horrid instrument of execution and smiles at the inge-

nuity of her tormentors; she looks around for the last time upon a world she was about to resign forever; her late royal habitation attracts her view; a variety of tender recollections present themselves to her memory. The full contrast of her situation rushes upon her mind, and the tear of silent sorrow trembles on her cheek. There had she received the homage of assembled nobles and excited the admiration of a brilliant court; all hung with rapture on her smiles and all were emulous of her approbation. There had she enjoyed domestic felicity in the bosom of an amiable family, and a transient happiness in the converse of her friends; but now she stands isolated in creation; no friend dare sympathize with her afflictions, their tears of sensibility must be shed in private or else be mingled with their blood; her relations have long since been hurried to the silent tomb, her husband murdered and herself torn from the embraces of her children. Her fortitude can no more, she sinks beneath the stroke of the executioner. Her soul flies to its almighty *Judge*.

Such was the magnanimity of Antoinette; such the unrelenting barbarity of her persecutors; that not content with disquieting her life, their malice extended beyond existence and attacked the purity of her character. But the time shall come when the malignant passions which then agitated the busy vortex, shall have subsided into a calm; when the persecutors, like their victims shall repose in the narrow precincts of the grave, when their ashes shall be scattered to the winds of heaven. Then will an impartial posterity rejudge their conduct; then will a new generation applaud the virtues of Antoinette. History shall record the great adventures of her life, and Pity attending to the recital shall weep over her misfortunes; while Morality confirming her precepts by example, shall point to her as an example of *Fortitude*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PERHAPS it is one of the most glorious privileges of genius, like the fabled power of Midas, by the slightest touch to turn every thing into gold. This legitimate and valuable species of alchemy is entirely at the command of a certain Hibernian magician, familiarly known to the *empire*, or the republic of letters, by the name of RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH. This gentleman, who is a *practical* philosopher, as well as a very lucid and elegant writer, displays his talents to as much advantage in the composition of an ephemeral essay, as in the formation of a profound theory. We were particularly struck with this versatility of his powers, on recently twirling over some of the pages of Nicholson's Philosophical Magazine. Here in the midst of terrific diagrams and scientific solemnity we find an article upon the construction of theatres, which ADDISON himself might acknowledge as his lawful offspring. To those, who are not perfectly acquainted with the plastic power of the *heavenly gifted* mind, it will appear almost incredible that a paper of so airy and agreeable a character as the following should be dictated from the arid topics of architecture. It is the privilege of genius always to arrest attention; it is the peculiar privilege of the genius of the EDGEWORTHS and all their illustrious tribe to write so perspicuously and usefully, as well as elegantly, that their labours are a real blessing to mankind. A cry, equally foolish and unfounded, was once raised against these writers by the zealots of a party. But Prejudice has long since relinquished her rancour, and the lovers of Truth as well as the worshippers of Talent enroll the honoured name of Edgeworth in those imperishable archives which record the literary triumphs of IRELAND, a section of the globe *ter quaterque beatus*, thrice and four times blest, by all the powers of learning and of wit.

EDITOR.

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THEATRES,

In a letter from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esqr. F. R. S. and M. R. I. &c.

TO MR. NICHOLSON.

Edgeworthstown, March 6, 1809.

SIR,

THE public, by the loss of two theatres in one winter, must be anxious about the plans on which those edifices are to be rebuilt: they will not be satisfied with the opinion of a single architect, they will require an open discussion of the principles and plans upon which a new theatre is to be constructed; this they have a just right to demand, for their lives and properties are at stake. Every family in London might have mourned the loss of

some relative, had the playhouses been filled at the time of the accident; and the whole city might have been burnt to ashes by either of the conflagrations.

We are to consider not only the loss of lives by the immediate disaster, but also the apprehensions which the audience must feel for some time to come; and the anxiety, which those who remain at home must suffer during the absence of their friends at the theatre. Nothing should be left to embitter the cup of innocent pleasure, and "assurance should be made doubly sure," where great hazards are run, from no greater motive than the hope of an hour's amusement.

Covent Garden playhouse is now rebuilding without any previous appeal to the public, that I have heard of, as to the plan or precautions that are to be followed in its construction. I know that some hints were sent on these subjects, which were not ever considered, at least not noticed, till after the plan was arranged. Surely it must be infinitely more advantageous to the proprietors and to the nation that a short delay should take place before a plan is ultimately arranged, than that a new theatre should be opened ten days sooner, or ten days later.

The glaring defect, or, to speak more properly, the obvious blunder in the building of Drury Lane theatre was the introduction of timber as a frame work for bricks and stone; this is a fault common to buildings in London, where the public safety is without hesitation sacrificed to the interests of individuals. But to construct a wooden theatre is an absurdity too gross to pass without animadversion. A frame work of timber, filled with cores of brick or stone, and cased perhaps with brick or plaster, is opened for the reception of the public, who are to run the risk of sudden destruction from a spark of fire, or a snuff of a candle, from the fire works and lightning of comedy and tragedy, of pantomime and farce, without any probable means of escape, or any security, except what a few hogsheads of water in a cistern on the top of the house can afford. No future prologue at the opening of a new theatre could reassure the audience upon this subject.

From a view of these considerations, I hope it will appear incumbent upon those, who rebuild Drury Lane to take time for receiving information from every quarter whence it may be ex-

pected: instead of hurrying forward to a beginning before they have well considered the end. A remarkable observation made by that great engineer, Mr. Smeaton, in his account of the building of Eddystone light-house should never be forgotten by those who direct, or by those who undertake extensive public works. No resolution of the proprietors says he, ever conduced more to ultimate success than their leaving me at liberty *as to time*: had they been of the same temper and disposition as by far the greatest part of those who have employed me, both before and since, their language would have been, "*Get on, get on, for God's sake, get on*, the public is in expectation, get us something speedily *to show*, that we may gain credit with the public."

Architects and engineers are so nearly connected with each other in the objects of their pursuits, that it would be well both for them and for the public, if every architect were an engineer, and every engineer an architect. That this is not always the case, we have melancholy instances to prove.

There is a society of civil engineers in London, of which sir Joseph Banks is president, consisting of men of undisputed talents and information. Would it not be advisable to consult this board. No harm could possibly arise from such application, and much good might be the consequence. If, in the multitude of counsellors there may be some delay, there is probably much safety.

Having now animadverted upon the steps that should be taken, before any plan is ultimately settled, I shall venture to offer a few hints upon the construction of a theatre. If any thing, which I throw out should become an object of discussion I trust that I may have an opportunity of explaining what I propose, and if any thing be adopted from my suggestions, that it may not be followed, without my being acquainted with the mode of execution. Many new attempts fail of their object by the introduction of additional ideas that appear plausible; or by the omission of small circumstances that seem in the original plan to be of no material consequence.

IN BUILDING A THEATRE

- 1st. Security to the audience is the first and most necessary object.
- 2d. Facility of ingress and egress.

- 3d. Facility of seeing and hearing.
- 4th. Convenience to the performers.
- 5th. Space for scenes, with proper openings for the machinery.
- 6th. And lastly, expense.

1st. To *insure safety*, common sense points out that as little timber, and as small a portion of combustible materials should be employed. The outside walls should be constructed of stone; the quoins of large blocks of stone closely jointed, depending upon their own bearings, and not made apparently compact by mortar. Bricks for the internal structure should be made under proper inspection and not worked hastily up to fulfil a contract. All the joints, rafters and principals, and the framework of the partitions should be iron. The frame work of the roof should be of the same metal with a covering of copper. No plumber should be permitted to exercise his dangerous trade in the construction of any part of the building.

It may at first sight appear that the substitution of iron for timber must be enormously expensive—and it would be enormous if scientific care were not taken, to calculate the stress and strength of every part of the structure where iron was to be used and to frame the materials together upon mechanical principles of strength and lightness.

As to the roof, it could no doubt be made lighter and cheaper of iron than of timber at the present price of that material. Cotton mills are frequently floored with hollow bricks which are light, and these may be covered with carpetting.

Many other parts of the theatre might be constructed of iron and copper; and stucco might be introduced in many places instead of wood. There are kinds of timber that do not flame; these, though not very durable, might be employed for floors and benches. And where deal is absolutely necessary, it may be covered or imbued with a wash, that in some degree will retard inflammation. After the wood work that requires painting has received two coats of oil paint, it may be finished with a coat in distemper, which may frequently be renewed at small expense, and without the disagreeable smell of oil paint.

To heat the green room, dressing rooms, and the withdrawing rooms, steam might be advantageously employed; and the

boiler to supply the steam should be so placed, as to serve at a moment's warning to work a steam engine of force sufficient to draw water at once from the Thames and to drive it with a strong impulse wherever it should be wanted. This steam engine should be strongly enclosed in a building, to which access on every side could be easily obtained.

2. Some of the theatres at Paris have commodious avenues; but not one theatre in London has been so placed, or so constructed as to afford tolerable convenience either to the higher or lower class of spectators.

Private property intervenes so much that it is scarcely to be expected that any great improvement can be made in this respect, by enlarging the area round the site of the late building.—Whether a more convenient situation might be selected, I do not pretend to know; but a theatre built on the old foundation might be rendered extremely commodious as to its entrances, or *vomitoria*, as the ancients called the avenues to their amphitheatres. If the whole building were raised upon arches of a height sufficient to admit carriages, and if numerous flights of stairs were constructed within the piers which support these arches, the audience might depart commodiously in different directions, without confusion or delay.

The colonnades formed by pillars properly disposed would permit alternate rows of carriages. Company might descend from the boxes almost immediately into their carriages; passages for those who were on foot might be railed off, and rendered secure.

This plan would be attended with considerable expense: but it might be counterbalanced by sparing one of the higher galleries, which lately injured the *audibility* of the performance, without adding much to the profits of the house. Besides, it might be so managed that tickets for the admission of carriages under the *pi-azzas* should be issued, which would cover the expense of their construction.

3d. *Facility of seeing and hearing.* As to seeing I believe that very little can be said, but what is obvious to every person of common sense; the actors and the spectators have, in this respect, opposite interests. It is the interest of the actors to have that part of the house, which contains the audience, as large as possible. On

the contrary, it must be the wish of the audience, within certain bounds, to be near the stage; and in all cases, the audience must wish that every part of the pit, gallery, and boxes should be equally commodious for seeing. Now in a large theatre this is impossible. To extend the pit and boxes, they must recede from the front of the stage; they cannot be extended in breadth without shutting out the view from the side boxes.

Little inconvenience was felt as to seeing at Drury Lane; but every body, who wished to hear, complained. As to the actors, to make any impression, they were obliged to raise their voices above the natural pitch; to substitute pantomimic gesticulation in the place of inflexions of voice, and to use contortions of features instead of the natural expression of the eyes and the easy movement of the countenance. It is in vain that critics inveigh against the bad taste of those who prefer show and pantomime and processions and dancing and all that the French call *spectacle*; unless we can hear the sentiments and dialogue it is useless to write good plays; but all the world loves *spectacle*. Both these tastes should be gratified. Garrick, as I have heard him declare, was always entertained with a pantomime: he told me how many times he had seen Harlequin Fortunatus with delight, the number I forget, however, I am sure that it far exceeded the number of times any man could hear a good comedy or tragedy. Surely the literary and visual entertainment of different spectators might be gratified. In the first place, the audience part of the theatre should be left smaller and lower than it was at Drury Lane. Its shape might undoubtedly be improved by constructing it according to the known laws of acoustics: but this, if vigorously attended to, would so contract the space, as to affect too much the *receptions* of the house.

4th. The area of the stage might be as large as it was formerly; but the scenery should be adjusted so as to contract the stage to reasonable dimensions. To confine the voice the wings should have leaves or flaps hinged to them, so as occasionally to close the space between the wings, leaving sufficient room for exits and entrances. When large objects require admission, these leaves might be turned back, and would then allow the same space as usual between the wings. This would be an additional convenience to the actors, while they stand in waiting to enter on the stage, as it would screen

them from the cold. The ceiling of the stage which at present is made by strips of painted linen hanging perpendicularly, should be made of well varnished iron or copper frames, turning upon centres, so as to open at pleasure like venetian window blinds; and by this means to contract at will the opening of the ceiling, and to conduct the voice of the performers towards the audience. The current of air, so as it does not amount to wind, should flow from the stage to the audience. By experiments tried upon sound by air Thomas Morland and some other members of the Royal Society, it appeared that the propagation of sound was prodigiously obstructed by the assistance or opposition of a slight current of air. We are told by Vitruvius and Lipsius that the sound of the actor's voice was increased in a surprising manner by brazen vessels placed under the seats of the audience.

No satisfactory account remains of the manner in which this desirable effect was produced. It would not however be difficult to try experiments on this subject in any one of our theatres when it is vacant.

About forty years ago, I happened to go with a friend into a large cockpit at an inn at Towcester. My friend who was at the opposite side of the pit appeared to me to speak with a voice uncommonly loud and sonorous. Upon my inquiring why he spoke in that manner, he said that he had not raised his voice above its ordinary pitch. Upon looking about I perceived a large earthen jar behind me, which proved the cause of this increase of sound: for upon repeated trials, the voice of my friend sounded as usual when I stood in any other part of the cockpit, but that in which the vase was placed. To the best of my recollection, the jar was about five feet high, and twenty inches in diameter. I remember well that it rang clearly, but slowly, when struck with the knuckle. By what means, and by what materials, the pulses of sound may be best retained for the purposes we have in view is a subject for the joint efforts of mathematics and experiment.

Among other expedients, pannelling the backs of the boxes with thin elastic plates of brass might be tried.

A saving and advantage would certainly arise in all cases from using iron, or copper instead of wood; they would not require renewal for many years, and they would be a preservative

against fire. The prompter's box might certainly be improved, so as to throw his voice more distinctly upon the stage, and to prevent its being heard by the audience.

5th. *Convenience to performers.* Notwithstanding the reveries of Rousseau and the declamations of the overrighteous, actors have risen in the estimation of the public. We have seen with rational and sincere pleasure the excellent conduct of many female performers. I consider this reform as highly advantageous to morality, and it becomes a duty, in the managers of a theatre, to accommodate the performers with every possible convenience, so that they may enjoy that English word *comfort*, which in all situations of life, tends to promote independence and morality.

It is scarcely necessary to add that pipes to speak through should be laid from the green-room to every apartment of the actors.

6th. I have left the article of *expense* to the last, because *whatever essentially tends to the convenience and gratification of the public WILL ALWAYS FIND SUFFICIENT SUPPLIES FROM THE LIBERALITY OF BRITAIN.* A small addition to the price of tickets would amply defray the expense that would be incurred by any real improvements.

If the united efforts of men of science and men of practice were directed to this object, we might expect to see a theatre superior to any one on the continent, adapted both to the purposes of splendid exhibition and of true comedy; where our children might be entertained with the "Forty Thieves," and ourselves with "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

R. L. E.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE ABORIGINAL NAMES OF CERTAIN PLACES IN NEWYORK.

In a letter from Samuel Mitchell, member of the legislative assembly of Newyork, to Samuel Miller, D. D. minister for the first presbyterian church in Newyork; dated Albany, March 3, 1810.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THE names of the rivers Mohock and Hudson, as they are extant among the Iroquois, have engaged my attention since the receipt of your letter dated February 26th, prompting me to make inquiry concerning them.

My opportunities have been very favourable. Mr. John Bleecker, the ancient Indian interpreter, now in the seventy-ninth year of his age, was well enough to receive a visit from me this morning, and in possession of his full recollection as to what I asked of him. On seeing me, he instantly and without hesitation, pronounced my name, with a remembrance that he had been acquainted with me at Fort Schuyler in 1788, when the five nations sold their extensive lands, now forming the chief part of the fertile and populous western district to the state of Newyork. I have also seen colonel Louis, the distinguished Indian warrior, who is now in Albany, and have sought information from him. Jacob Dochstetter, the present Oneida interpreter, likewise gave me all the opportunity I wished, of conversing with him, while he was attending with his countrymen a sale of part of their reserved lands to the commissioners in behalf of the commonwealth.

From these several sources, I have derived the following words, which I immediately committed to writing; and corrected as well as I could by many repetitions from the mouths of the speakers. Though I ought to observe that there are few sounds, which the letters of our alphabet are incapable of expressing.

The Mohock river—Canneogahakalononitade.

The city of Albany—Skenectadea.

The city of Schenectady—Ochnowalagontle.

The North River, or Hudson—Cahohatadea.

The North River spoken of in relation to Albany, or Albany river—Skenectadèa—Cahohatatèa.

The place or places at which streams empty themselves—Tianghsàhronde.

The North River spoken of in relation to the Mohock, the water—Vliet-kill, the Norman's Kill, and the other streams which discharge into it—Tianghsàhronde—Cahapatatèa.

The name for our North River in the tongue of the Iroquois, strikes my ear very agreeably—Cahohatatèa.

You may contrast this with the Mohegan name for the same river given me by John Taylor, esquire, a gentleman long conversant in the Indian affairs of New-York: Mahakanèghtuc.

What their etymologies are, I have not been able to ascertain, except as to Skenectadèa, "Albany," which signifies the place the native Iroquois arrived at, by travelling through the pines.

With warm esteem and regard,

I remain truly yours,

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Facts concerning some of the fishes which frequent the Hudson. In a letter to the reverend doctor Samuel Miller, from doctor Mitchell, professor of natural history, &c. dated Albany March 4, 1810.

REVEREND AND LEARNED SIR,

CONCERNING the frequency of salmon in the river Cahohatatèa or Mahakanèghtuc, when first visited by the navigator Hudson, I have my doubts as to its correctness. This fish has indeed been taken in this river; and even in the vicinity of Albany. But this is a rare occurrence; and the individuals of this kind are solitary, and not gregarious salmons swimming in shoals. I have conversed with several persons here who have seen a few of these lonesome and straggling fishes, from time to time, as they have been brought to market.

I cannot learn that there is any record or tradition of their having ever frequented our river, after the manner of the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and other streams on the continent. Salmon love clear and limpid water, as do all the members of the trout-family, to which they belong. And I should question much whether the ooze and mud of the Cahohatatèa was so agreeable to them as the sandy bottoms of the more precipitous and rapid rivers. Besides you know that our river is properly but an estuary as high as the outlet of the Mohock; and the strata of schistic rocks which cross it above the junction of that river, are generally covered with less water than salmon would like. And further, the Dutch words *salm* or *zalm*, and *salmfie* or *zalmfie* commonly in use to signify salmon, mean also in ordinary conversation and composition, trout.

There are yet other considerations unfavourable to the abundance of salmon in our river, as you quote from Hudson's journal. They are those which relate to the *herring*, *shad* and *sturgeon*, the annual visitants of this stream at Albany and higher. Whatever may be the opinions of speculative men as to the governing principle of these creatures, whether it is instinct or reason, the fact nevertheless is, that they select very proper places to deposite their spawn and perpetuate their race. In our river these three sorts of fish had each an appropriate spot for the great work of multiplication.

1. The grand rendezvous of the herrings was the Saratoga lake, into which they enter by its outlet, yet called *Fish-Creek*. The obstruction of this passage by dams and artificial impediments has turned the herrings from their favourite haunt. The inhabitants of the neighbouring region have thereby been deprived of their yearly treat of herrings. But more than this, the herrings thus dispossessed and discouraged, have become more rare in the river, and are deserting it in proportion to the want of accommodation. It is reported that the course of the herrings was more especially on the west side of the river.

2. The shad travelled along the eastern shore; and their chief place of resort was the basin at the foot of Fort Edward-falls.

3. No particular path in the river was selected by the sturgeons. They seem to have swam at large, as they do at present. But they assembled for the propagation of their kind at the pool or cove near the Eisenberg, about two miles above Half-moon-point. The roes or eggs of the sturgeon are exceedingly numerous, amounting to a large mass of spawn. You recollect that the Russian caviar is made of them. Other fishes are fond of feeding on them; they devour the spawn with remarkable voracity. It is one of the most alluring baits that fishermen can use. The plenty of this exquisite food at the breeding season is supposed to be a principal inducement for the *basse* or *rock-fish*, to follow the sturgeons to their place of deposite. The disturbance the sturgeons have experienced, has diminished their numbers exceedingly; and the *basse* has become proportionally rare.

Now, with all this information relative to the general species which have frequented the Hudson since the possession of its banks by European emigrants, there are no regular notices of salmons. Neither a swimming-course, nor a breeding-place has been detected. It is therefore a fair presumption that these fishes never found within its waters sufficient inducement to visit them in great numbers or at regular times; and that those which have been taken, now and then, are merely strays and wanderers.

The facts herein stated, having been employed by me in argument against the bill for authorising the erection of a dam across the Hudson, between the villages of Troy and Waterford, are now offered to your candid consideration as an historian, and as an evidence of the friendship and respect of

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LE PETIT SOUPÉ.

Let aldermen fatten on turtle and fish,
Feast Frenchmen with frogs and a soup maigre dish,
The neat social supper, I relish the most,
Where art is the seas'ning and beauty the toast.

Grave gen'als may surfeit on poultry and pigs,
Be cutting their capers, and running their riggs,
With sparkling Champaign may e'er moisten their clay,
Yet ne'er taste the sweets of le petit soupé.

Sage petticoat pedants ! still banquet on books :
And Epicures ! boast of your à la mode cooks,
In the high road of pleasure each one has his way ;
The last and best course is le petit soupé.

Let modern Apollos exult in the race,
And Dians outstrip the fleet hound in the chase,
Their ardors will fade, with the flushes of day,
And the best of the game is le petit soupé.

Though palaces boast a magnificent train ;
Rich banquets, where splendor and etiquette reign ;
Their bright blazing mirrors ne'er equalled the ray,
Which lends its pure glow to le petit soupé.

Thy trappings, Ambition ! which dazzle the croud :
The cold ostentation, which waits on the proud,
Present no allurements, no raptures convey,
Like the roses which bloom at le petit soupé.

A fig for the dainties, which Epicures prize,
But welcome the flash of two sparkling blue eyes,
And the jovial companions, who join with the host,
To keep the good madam from ruling the roast.

Your little mouth'd maidens, ah ! let 'em alone,
For nibbling a pullet, or picking a bone :

But ye, who love suppers, through instinct beware
Ofteeth white and polished and mouths which are square.

When long vixen noses distinguish a belle,
As keen scented pointers, they serve very well,
With their airs and refinement, they make a display,
And choose the tit bits, at le petit soupé.

But heads with short handles, are more to my wish,
They can't thrust their noses in every one's dish,
Though with taste and pretensions, they too make a dash,
And in choosing a rib have an eye to the flesh,

A truce with such trifles—your critics may deem,
That bards should select a more prominent theme,
Though Apollo himself would relinquish his bay,
For the salads which garnish le petit soupé.

Then hail the fresh viands and social delights,
Which join to embellish our festival nights,
Hail the sweet smile of Beauty, to chase Care away,
And the Pleasures which reign at le petit soupé. E.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A very young bard dares to hope for favour in your sight. Encouragement will stimulate him to exertion—neglect may crush him. He leaves it to you to decide his fate—life or death?

STANZAS TO —

On her leaving Philadelphia.

Gay spring of my life, how thy pleasures have fled!
Thy flowers how faded! thy prospects how dead!
Thy roses they droop on the bosom of May,
Thy charms have all vanished—my Nancy's away,

Ye jovial companions of mirth and of song,
Who sport Epicurean bowers among,
In Pleasure's bright mazes no longer I stray,
Your joys are all joyless—my Nancy's away!

Ye beauteous damsels display not your charms,
 To lure the lost William again to your arms;
 For vain are your beauties, and vain the display,
 No pleasure they yield me—my Nancy's away.

I look to the future—but clouds intervene;
 The prospect is bounded, and dreary the scene!
 The picture is warmed by no genial ray,
 And life is delightless—my Nancy's away.

Return then, dear girl, to thy lov'd native home,
 Return to thy William, no longer to roam,
 Bid the dark clouds of Sorrow fly swiftly away,
 That no more I may grieve for my Nancy away.

WILLIAM.

October, 1809.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following unstudied effusion of a happy moment is also submitted to you—it is of a much earlier date.

Let others roam the world around
 In search of wealth or pleasure!
 My joys within my breast are found,
 The lasses are my treasure.

If, when the day's dull tasks are o'er
 Their open arms receive me,
 No dark forebodings rend my peace,
 No past misfortunes grieve me:

Cheer'd by their winning smiles, I laugh
 At Sickness, Pain and Sorrow,
 The cup of Pleasure freely quaff
 To-day—and trust the morrow.

WILLIAM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO LAURA.

Lovely maid, with laughing eyes,
 For whom full oft my bosom sighs,—

When thou from hence shalt absent be,
Oh! say, wilt thou remember me?

Lovely maid, with tender breast,
Which envious grief has ne'er depress'd,—
When vows are whisper'd soft to thee,
Oh! say, wilt thou remember me?

Lovely maid, with voice so sweet,
Which Echo joys at eve to greet,—
If other swains should bow to thee,
Oh! say wilt thou remember me?

Lovely maid, of peace bereft,
Here behold whom thou hast left,—
If e'er inconstant thou should'st be,
And, ah! should'st not remember me.

Well I treasure in my mind
Thy sigh, so soft—thy words, so kind,—
When I my passion vow'd to thee,
And pray'd thou would'st remember me.

Then didst thou despondence cheer,
With words which yet delight my ear,
Words which promis'd e'er to be
Faithful, fond, and true to me.

SEDLEY.

June 12, 1810.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From the Latin.

What is lighter than feathers? dust; than dust? the wind:
Than wind? a woman: but than her we nought can find.

SEDLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES

On receiving a purse from Miss E. F. of her own netting.

An empty purse! how sad the sight!
To him who finds in gold his pleasure;

Yet this to me yields more delight,
Than bags that hold a monarch's treasure.

Riches corrupt desires impart;
Ensnare the soul with guilt and shame;
But gifts like these refine the heart,
And brighten Friendship's sacred flame.

es! silken net, for her dear sake,
Whose hands thy glossy fabric wove;
Thee for my amulet I'll take,
And thou my monitor shalt prove.

If e'er by Dissipation lur'd,
Folly shall prompt me to employ
The coin within thy web secur'd,
To purchase false, illicit joy,

I'll think of her who wove thy frame,
The virtues which her breast inspire;
Feel on my cheek the blush of shame,
And from the guilty path retire.

Should modest Worth by Want subdu'd,
Or Misery lift the imploring eye,
h! should one sordid thought intrude,
Just as my hands thy strings untie;

I'll think of her whose gift thou art;
Then every selfish thought discard;
Relief with liberal hand impart,
And find her praise my proud reward.

B.

SARCASM.

SOME young gentlemen lately on a visit at the magnificent mansion of Blenheim, the rare retreat of his grace of Marlborough, were, among other places, shown the kitchen, where at a puny fire, made in the corner of the grate, was roasting a fowl, for the *tête-à-tête* dinner of the duke and his dutchess. At this economical exhibition, the visitants began to titter, when one of the servants, with great consequence said, gentlemen if you do not behave better, I'll turn you out of the kitchen. Turn us out of the kitchen! said one of the party, if you give us any more of your impertinence, I'll spit out your fire.

One of your *literary ladies* desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire*, and in case of the failure of the book, she could bring out something else. Then, said the doctor, twirling over a few leaves, I advise you, madam, to put it where *your irons are*.

George Selwyn was notorious for his propensity to witness a Tyburn execution. A criminal having been sentenced to be broken on the wheel at Paris, George went over on purpose to be present, and got a seat on the scaffold, among the whole choir of provincial hangmen, who had come to honour, by their presence, the chief executioner of the kingdom. At length, *M. de Paris* mounted the scaffold, and paid his respects to his brethren. On seeing Mr. Selwyn, he addressed him as *M. de Tybourn*, and expressed his sense of the high honour he did him by his attendance. The witty senator, making a respectful bow, replied, *M. de Paris vous me flatte trop ; je ne suis pas un artiste, mais seulement un amateur*. Mr. Hangman, you flatter me too much ; I am not a *professor*, but merely an *amateur*.

When a motion was once made in the house of commons respecting the failure of the expedition against Holland, there was a talk of Mr. Dundas going out of office in consequence. A conversation on this subject took place in the gallery of the house, when

one gentleman asked another—Did you ever know a Scotchman quit his place? Yes, replied the wag, his *native* place.

At the evening club of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Fawcett was entering very slowly, when Mrs. Harlowe coming up behind him, said, advance, thou harbinger of impudence. True, madam, replied he with a bow, I precede *you*.

LEVITY.

DURING Voltaire's last visit to Paris, he was frequently *pestered* with the congratulations of *popinjays*. A juvenile scribbler of more vanity than wit, thought it incumbent upon him to pay homage to the *Nestor* of literature, and on being introduced, thus affectedly addressed the wit of Ferney. *Great* man, to-day, I am come to salute you as Homer, to-morrow I shall salute you as Sophocles, and next day as Plato. Voltaire interrupted him, saying, *Little* man, I am very impatient, and very old, could not you pay all your visits in *one day*.

You will, and you wont, half no, and half yes,
I'm quite at a loss for your meaning, dear miss,
Long enough, in all conscience, you've shuffled and sham'd:
—Say yes, and be kiss'd—or say no, and be d—d.

On one who wedded a thin consumptive lady.

With a warm skeleton so near
And wedded to thy arms for life,
When Death arrives it will appear
Less dreadful—'tis so like thy wife.

A spouse so thin, though all agree,
Had better much be let alone;
Flesh of thy flesh she cannot be,
Who is made up of skin and bone.

A SORT of an *Edmund Curl* of a bookseller one day waited on Mr. Gibbon. Sir, said he, I am now publishing a history of England *in numbers*, by several *good hands*. I understand you have a *knack at them there things*, and would be glad to employ you. As soon as Mr. Gibbon had recovered the use of his legs and tongue, he rang the bell, and ordered his servant to show this *encourager of learning* down stairs.

ON seeing one Bacon in the pillory, and pelted with rotten eggs by the populace.

Why so relentless do you pelt,
With all the force you can,
As if your heart no pity felt,
For the unhappy man?

The *thrower* smil'd. Why, sir, said he,
The people love the jest,
And think that *Bacon* best must be,
If well with *eggs* tis *drest*.

Lycidas to Prudentia.

Descend, fair Stoic from thy flights;
From Nature learn to know
Our passions are the needful weights
That make our virtues go.

Answer.

True, Lycidas; but think not so,
Another truth to shun,
Our passions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

AT a review of the prince of Wales's volunteers lately in Hyde Park, commanded by Miles P. Andrews, esquire, a bystander asked which was the colonel? A wag replied, That gentleman in the middle with two *epilogues* on his shoulders.

Epitaph.

O'er this marble drop a tear:
Here lies lovely *Rosalind*;
All mankind was pleas'd with her,
And she with all mankind.

Knowledge and pretence.

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
 Alas! how different to pretend and know!
 Like a poor highway brook, *Pretence* runs loud
 Bustling, yet shallow; dirty, weak, and proud;
 While, like the noblest stream, *True Knowledge* glides
Silently strong and its deep bottom hides.

From the German of Berger.

So great his passion for his bride Louisa,
 Sir Robert cannot talk of her enough:
 He vows he would do any thing to please her,
 But *absolutely* cannot leave off *snuff*.

On imprisonment for debt, by Theophilus Swift, Esq.

Of old, the debtor, who insolvent died,
 Egypt the rites of sepulture denied,
 A different trade enlightened christians drive,
 And charitably bury him alive.

In the final epistle of the letters, generally, and we think justly attributed to the younger lord Lyttleton there is a most exquisitely elegant jeu d'esprit on the various modes of dressing the hair, weaving beards and wearing periwigs. This appears to be a studied imitation of the pompous phrase of Edward Gibbon, and, with the exception of a burlesque by the Rev. James Beresford, is the best we have ever perused. Lord Lyttleton displays a fund of various learning, as well as a great command of language, and we are as much edified by his erudition, as we are delighted with his wit. Some years ago, in one of the morning papers, printed in this city, we perused an article, which in all points of invention, learning, and wit, we regard as a very successful rival of Lyttleton's levity. We allude to a very ingenious advertisement, written with great felicity of expression, in the style of the puff direct, in aid of a Mr. Hopkins, a well known strap and paste maker and razor seller in this city. We have the amplest reason to believe that the author of this pleasant production was Thomas Cooper, Esqr. and we wish to rescue it from the oblivion of a perishable page, and preserve it as a splendid proof of the Powers of Genius, even when employed upon a trivial theme. The motto *Omnibus Lipsis*, &c. is as classical a pun and equally

as fair as *Mi Cat* inter omnes. The definition, in the Linnean latinity, of Man in his rude state, is admirable ; and if the wits among our Boston brethren, who with so much wit and wisdom give us a *monthly* and elegant *Anthology* of both; if the wits of Newyork, not less witty than their illustrious compeers; if the wit of Deidrich Knickerbocker, divinest of Dutch delineators, whose maternal great grandfather was no less a laugher than Rabelais himself—if all and singular these wits do not titter in their arm chairs at the following, why then the *World is an ass* and I have not the least pretence to the character of a second sighted Scotchman. ED.

HOPKINS,

(Omnibus *Lippis* et tonsoribus notus,)

INVENTOR of the far famed American DOUBLE-CUTTING RAZOR STRAP, respectfully submits to his male and female patrons, (yes to his male and female patrons) throughout the United States, the following observations on the science to which he has so long and so successfully applied his best attention and abilities. Notwithstanding the great estimation in which his *Razor Straps* are held, the world is not yet fully apprised of the importance of them.

Hopkins therefore presumes to inquire, what is the most obvious, the latest adopted, the most universally-admitted distinction between the *civilized man* and the *savage*?

Is it *Intellect*? No. Did *Caractacus* the Briton, or *Alaric the Goth*, or *Saladin the Saracen*, or *Aurangzebe* the Mogul, or *Kouli Khan* the Afghan, want intellect? Yet were these men chiefs indeed; but chiefs of the savage hordes of Lombards, and Huns and Goths and Vandals, and Tartar clans, whose very names are hardly pronounceable by modern literati. Of these the Lombards, the most savage of the whole, were not only remarkable, but were so denominated from the length of their beards; Longobardi.

Does *refinement of manners* constitute the civilized man? Surely not. Our own *Franklin* has successfully proved that in all the essentials of *politeness*, the European is the *savage*, and the wild American the *gentleman*, nor is it less worthy of notice, that these gentlemen-like savages, are the only savages recorded, who take pains to eradicate the deformity in question.

Does the difference consist in the ornaments of *dress*? No: The beau of the American woods, armed with his rifle, adorned with his ear-rings, and his bracelets, and his lip jewels, and his nose jewels, his braided hair bedecked with coloured feathers, his mockasons embroidered, and his blanket fastened with a beaded belt, saves the grease of the bear he has killed that he may attract the notice of the flat-nosed females of the wig-wam; while his servile imitator the beau of St. James, is content to be imposed upon, by the London bears' grease of Mr. Vickery's hogstye.

Where then shall we seek the characteristic features of polished society? The outward and visible sign, which distinguishes the courtier from the savage!

I have attended much to the natural, and much to the artificial history of the species. Long have I wasted the midnight oil in poring o'er the prolix pages of Aristotle and of Pliny, of Voltaire and lord Kaimes, of Foster and Falconer, of Smith, and Hunter, of Iselim and Gmelin, and Meiners, and Herder; but I can find no precise criterion of superiority among different races and nations so as to mark the difference between the *savage*, and the *civilized man*, but that the former wears his BEARD—the latter is SLAVED.

How for instance would Linnæus, or Dr. Barton describe a *savage*.

HOMO, sylvestris, (olim ut aiunt quamplurimi, præsertim Monboddiani) a posteriori caudatus, iracundus, inexorabilis, dolosus, insidiosus, pugnax, rapax, sagax, capax, minime salax, atrox, rudis, asper, pilosus, incomptus, horridus, foetidus, artium humanarum expers, barbarus, BARBATUS.

Nay, I much doubt whether the characteristics of humanity itself, the *genius* and *differentia* of *man*, be not the same.

Some philosophers have called man a *rational* animal, but beasts show tokens also of sound judgment and rationality, which some think are evidently on the decline among the human species. Some denominate them *religious* animals, but it is quite exploded from the fashionable philosophy of the present day. Some describe him as an animal *two-legged and without feathers*, to distinguish him from a goose. But the Baboon and the Ourang Outang (to say nothing of the numerous tribe of Goose-caps, and Pidgeons of the turf and the gaming table) are entitled to the same mark of humanity. A worthy friend of mine, a member of the corporation of Fishmongers, insisted that man was a *cooking* animal; but monkeys have been observed to roast the chesnuts they have stolen, and the origin of "cats paw," is much in their favour. For my own part after laughing with *Simplicius* at the mistakes of our philosophical predecessors, I pronounce without hesitation that the most unequivocal definition of man is a SHAVING animal. A description that suits him the better as he gradually rises in the scale of being, and recedes from the degraded rank of the brute creation.

If to be shaved then be the attribute of civilized life, to be well shaved must be a mark of superior civilization: and he who contributes the most to render perfect this characteristic of humanity, is the greatest civilizer of the human race. Logic itself cannot furnish a deduction more legitimate, or mathematics an axiom more demonstrable.

But without *razors* how can there be *shaving*? for who can bear the *savage* twitching of the pincers or the etwees, or the caustic application of quick lime and orpiment? Without a *Razor-Strap*—what is a *Razor*? What is the face itself? uncouth and horrid as the ungrubbed wilds of the American frontier.

And permit me, without vanity to ask, until the *double-cutter* was introduced by HOPKINS, where was there in America, a strap fit for a Republican face? what

then were the Razors of this country? Dull as the proverbial dulness of my lagging, lack learning competitors.

For my own part, I cannot help thinking that a beard was a part of the evils entailed upon the posterity of Adam at his exclusion from Paradise. For we have no account of the beard of our first progenitor. Nothing of beards till after the fall. Indeed it is out of harmony with the youth and vigour and personal accomplishments we are apt to ascribe to our first parents. Imagine to yourself my fair reader, Adam making his first bow to Eve, while his reverend Beard

“Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air.”

By all the Loves and Graces, madam! the supposition is out of all character. It must have frightened the lady out of her wits at the first *debut*, and thrown her at once into the arms of the *Arch Tempter*!

The opinion of the poet I have just quoted forms no objections to my observations. His goatish imagery may be suffered in a Welch ode, and suit the savage and inhospitable scenery of a Welch mountain, but to such places let it be confined. Nor must we forget that APOLO, the patron of taste and science, the finest gentleman among the Olympian deities, is always pictured *without a beard*.

In all these observations I have the honour of adopting the practical opinions of the most eminent reformers of mankind. Alexander the Great had all his Macedonians *shaved*, previous to their expedition against Persia. So early as the fifth century of the Roman republic, the rude manners of the age gave way, and gladly permitted the Ticinian importation of barbers from Sicily. Caesar was notoriously a well shaved and well dressed gentleman; and Cato reproaches him for his delicacy in scratching his head with one finger. That great reformer the Czar Peter, had no better method of humanizing the boors of Russia than by directing them to *shave their beards*.

Under this cloud of testimonies in favour of the science of contriving, and the art of constructing *Razor-straps*, who can deny that HOPKINS, the improver and embellisher of the human physiognomy, has deserved well of his country!

But higher, much higher does he appreciate, and far, far more does he deserve the encouragement and applauses of his beauteous country-women! No longer do they feel any savage obstacle to chaste endearment, and HOPKINS returns with gratitude his sincere thanks for the many complimentary epistles he has received on this delicate subject.

No longer need the fair daughters of Columbia dread the approach of a GRISLY lover—of a face that reminds them of the disgusting attributes of the *Swiss Multitude*. Should such a beard attempt to come in contact with the downy cheek of beauty, let the fair one turn aside from the boisterous admirer, and admonish him to

Go to HOPKINS.

THE CLASSICAL WORLD.

THE late conflagration of both the London theatres is familiar to every reader. Our facetious poet has availed himself of this opportunity to address a consolatory ode to Mr. Harris, one of the managers at Drury-Lane. The two first stanzas are evincive of the poet's powers in the lyric measure. In the next, the allusion will be perfectly understood by those, who witnessed last winter the representation of a favourite pantomime. The allusion in the close of the ode is to the circumstance of the prince of Wales, who is a free-mason, laying the first stone of the new theatre. The pun, in the last stanza is both pretty and accurate.

HORACE IN LONDON. BOOK I, ODE 24.

To Mr. Harris.

What handkerchief our tears can hide?
 See Vulcan scale on every side
 The Muses' habitation.
 Vain all our elegies of wo,
 For *numbers* in their *liquid flow*,
 Wont quell a conflagration.

Melpomene, thou queen of art,
 Teach me thy strut and measured start,
 I'll through the ruins wander—
 First wail in lullabies of love,
 Then bully all the gods above,
 Like Nat Lee's Alexander.

My favourite theatre's destroy'd,
 Its crowded pit an empty void,
 Its *golden egg* is added;
 Its pantomimic crew let loose,
 And forth to COLMAN'S *Mother Goose*
 Has, like a *lame duck*, waddled.

Authors and actors fume and fret,
 But none the accident regret
 So much as thou, my HARRIS;

To tell this truth, there needs no ghost,
He most laments, who suffers most;
 Whene'er a scheme miscarries.

Though Jove had arm'd thy mighty mind,
With wit to bottle up the wind,
 As once he arm'd Ulysses.
Vain all thy puffs the flame to quell;
Theatric property farewell,
 When angry Vulcan hisses.

'Tis hard, but see where *Brunswick's heir*
Approaches—prithee banish care,
 And put a better face on.
The very *stones*, with tell tale ring,
Prate of his whereabouts, and sing
 Long live the royal mason.

The Muses in their aprons white,
Sing *Io Pagan* at the sight,
 And call his highness "Mother."
With journeymen like these at work,
Laughing *Thalia*, with a *smirke*
 Shall soon erect another.

BANTER.

How to court irresistibly, or the loves of Mr. Wiggins and
Mrs. Waddle.

Oh, sweet Mrs. *Waddle*, dont frown such a frown,
You'll ne'er get a lover *more truer*,
Should you search through the country, or look through the town,
 Than me, *Billy Viggins*, the brewer.

Than the *stout* that I now drink to you, my dear ma'am,
'Pon my honour, my love it is *stouter*,
You have *knowd* me sometimes, and you *knows* wat I am,
 But you cant say you *knows* me a spouter.

Then pray, Mrs. *Vaddle*, be sweet as is malt,
 Not bitter as best Kentish hops *is*,
 If my *rival* you *wed*, you'll be greatly in fault,
 For you dont know *vat* animals fops *is*.

But if you *will* have me, then, O dear, how I'll strut,
 Mine's a flame that *will* never expire—
 My *rival* may prove, should you *wed* him, *all but*,
 But, depend on it, I'm *entire*.

His looks were like amber, his cheeks were *not* pale,
 His eyes, O they sparkled like cyder;
 He swore that his love was as strong as his ale,
 And it was not his wish to deride her.

Though his speeches were *frisky*, his motives were clear,
 By the *brisk* way he fixed on to court her,
 For, says he, my dear angel, although I *sell* beer
 You'll remember I deals too in *porter*.

Mrs. Waddle she found to deny were in vain,
 He declar'd he'd ador'd since he knew her,
 And as she, *pleasant* creature could never give *poem*,
 Why—she wedded young Wiggins the brewer.

VARIETY.

THE prince de Ligne finely remarks that to paint Death, as we generally do, is a great injustice. We should represent Death in the shape of a venerable, mild, and serene matron, with traces of beauty in her countenance, and her arms gracefully expanded to receive us. This is the emblem of an eternal repose after a melancholy life harassed by anxieties and storms.

FONTENELLE had a brother at Paris who was an abbé. Being asked what his brother did, he answered; "In the morning he says mass; and in the evening he don't know what he says."

Is the agreeable freedom and gay vivacity of the epistolary style, Dr. BEATTIE often excels. The ensuing extract will support the assertion :

I flatter myself I shall, ere long, be in the way of becoming a great man. For have I not headaches like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? gray hairs like Homer. Do not I wear large shoes like Virgil, and sometimes complain of sore eyes like Horace? am I not at this present writing invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams. Like Nimrod the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles in the air. I procrastinate like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixotte, I rode a horse lean, old, and lazy, like Mosinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses, and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil; I am of small stature, like Alexander the great, and I drink brandy and water like Mr. Boyd. I might compare myself in relation, to many other *infermities*, to many other *great men*; but if fortune be not influenced in my favour by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces. I once had some thoughts of soliciting her patronage, on the score of my resembling great men in their qualities; but I had so little to say on that subject that I could not for my life furnish matter for one well rounded period: and you know a short ill turned speech is very improper to be used in an essay to a female deity.

Xenophon, Terence and Phœdrus are all characterised by their style of elegant simplicity, combining the most perfect precision and perspicuity with all the enchanting graces of fluent composition. With these immortal writers Julius Cæsar must be enrolled. With no great zeal for a military life, and without the experience of a single campaign, we have read Cæsar more than once with the raptures of a soldier, and fully subscribe to the justice of the ensuing encomium, by one of the most accomplished critics of the Scottish school:

I betook myself to the reading of Cæsar when I was at Peterhead, for I happened to have no other book. I had forgotten a great deal of him; and scarcely remembered any thing more than the opinion which I formed of his style about twenty-five years ago. But when I began I found it almost impossible to leave off. There is nothing in the historical style more perfect, and his transactions are a complete contrast to the military affairs of these times.*

* The letter is dated August, 1779, and the contemptuous remark of its author, was probably an allusion to such commanders as Clinton and Howe.

I know not which of his talents I should most admire, his indefatigable activity and perseverance; his intrepidity and presence of mind, which never fail him even for a moment; his address as a politician; his ability as a commander in which he seems to have no equal; or the beauty, brevity, elegance and modesty of his narrative. I understand all his battles as well as if I had seen them; and, in half a sentence, he explains to me the grounds and occasions of a war more fully than a modern historian could do in fifty pages of narrative, and as many more of dissertation. In a word, as the world at that time stood in need of an absolute sovereign, I am clearly of opinion that he should have been the person. Pompey was a vain coxcomb, who, because a wrong-headed faction had given him the title of *magnus*, foolishly thought himself the greatest of men. Cassius was a malecontent and a mere demagogue, and Brutus the dupe of a surly philosophy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE author of a poem with the motto "*Facit indignatio versus*," may be exceedingly angry and deserve to be called the *communis rixator* of rhymsters, but he is nothing like a poet.

He never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream,
Nor can remember when his brain inspired,
Was by the Muses into madness fir'd,
His share in pale Pyrene must resign,
And claim no part in all the mighty nine.

A prolix harrangue upon one of the tritest topics that ever tried and exhausted the patience of the most tolerating reader, is ill adapted to the character of this miscellany.

This sort of declamation is of a very feeble character. The tropes and figures are ill chosen, and worse applied. Why will men write when they have nothing to the purpose to say? has been often asked, and why will men write when, as it may easily be discovered, no mortal will read what they have written?

The irritability of "Iracundus" provokes a smile.

He cannot bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear,
That the vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Thickskull's stuff, and cry him down.

Much of the poetry now in vogue on this side of the Atlantic is well described in the ensuing lines :

The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit slow :
So smooth and equal that no sight can find
The rivet where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire kings,
The people's riots or the rage of things,
The gentle poet is alike in all,
His reader hopes no rise, nor fears no fall.

X is afraid of the ardent gaze of the public, while Y replies in the language of DRYDEN,

Oh but 'tis brave *to be admired*, to see
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry *THAT'S HE* :
That's he, whose wonderous poem is become,
A lecture for the noblest youth of Rome !
Who by their fathers is at feats renown'd,
And *often quoted*, when the bowls go round,
Full fed and flushed, exulting they rehearse,
And add to wine the luxury of verse.

In that department of the Port Folio, the description and delineation of American scenery, experience has long convinced us that our countrymen find equal scope for their pleasure and their pride. Our landscapes, our rivers, and our cataracts challenge the admiration of every lover of natural beauty. This taste we have bestowed some pains to gratify ; and the delineator, the engraver and the publisher of a short series of native views have already been amply rewarded by a bounteous measure of public approbation. In our last month's magazine, we presented to our patrons an engraving and description of the Yellow Springs, a

chalybeate fountain,* memorable in the vicinity of this metropolis, as the occasional retreat of the votaries of Fashion, Idleness, and Hygeia. The plate, on intuition, will be instantly perceived to be a *pictura loquens*; and if possible, will add to the reputation of one of the most accomplished artists in America. The drawing was made on the spot, by Mr. JOHN ANDREWS, merchant of this city, and is highly creditable to his taste and genius. The description, which is almost as graphical as the engraving annexed, is from the pen of a gentleman, who, with the most excusable enthusiasm might exclaim, "I also am a painter." His style, though it rises to the florid, is no rhapsodical mode of detailing the beauties of a lively landscape. We know that its features are not overcharged, but that our friend's delineation is as accurate, as it is elegant.

By one of those capricious gales, which sometimes urge men like ships, out of their *common course*; by a sort of *accident* such as might appear to fully support the doctrine of Lucretius concerning Chance and Fate, the Editor of the Port Folio found himself, many years ago, breathing, for a few moments, amid the mountains which overhang the Emerald vale, whence gush the salubrious waves of the Topaz Springs. It was permitted him, by a sort of *fortuitous* benignity of malicious Fortune, to leave the *dinsome town awhile*, and in the happy language, and with all the rapture of Dryden,

To his lov'd AQUINUM to repair,
And taste a mouthful of sweet country air.

* He who has gazed at the pellucid transparency of its crystal bosom, or been animated by its invigorating power, might be tempted to exclaim with Horace,

O Fons Bandusiz, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,

but, unhappily, when the writer of this note was by the brink of this fountain, in the autumn of 1804, the *dulci mero*, which, even the *country gentlemen* might aptly call sweet wine, or *mountain Malaga*, was so far from being attainable when called for, as a libation to the *Yellow nymph*, that, *horresco referens*, mine *host of the garter* brought, in its stead, a big bowl of—Irish whisky!

Great was his astonishment on discovering himself thus *strangely* divorced from his desk, thus *unaccountably* hurled from a printing office into the midst of wood nymphs, water nymphs, and other nymphs too tedious to mention; and thus *whimsically* metamorphosed from a galley slave into a Forester. He was precisely in the situation of an ancient knight, who, immured in a dank dungeon, and closing, for an instant, his wearied eyes, finds on a sudden, that the spell is subdued. The sameness and straightness of the walls disappear; the key flies, the bar falls, the gates expand, and all is life and joy, and LIBERTY. The visible horizon of health is before him, and warbling water, vocal wood, and ruddy fruitage are by his side.

One of our friends and correspondents, the darling of Fancy, always reminds us of a description, which, in the true spirit of Parisian vivacity, paints the features of a great original.

His actions are always the effect of a spontaneous impulse; he understands men and things from a sudden inspiration, and appears to be guided by flashes, rather than by rays of light.

OBITUARY.

ON Friday evening, the 13th July, at the seat of Samuel Chase, Esq. at Baltimore, departed this life in the 21st year of his age, CHARLES YATES, son of major Thomas Yates, of Baltimore.—Mr. Yates has added one other unit to the sad list of young Americans, who have fallen victims to the climate of the West Indies, whence he had returned but a few days since.

Never did the pen of friendship dwell upon a more melancholy event than the death of Mr. Yates! I have no talents at panegyric; they are not required. The virtues, the amiable, inestimable qualities of this excellent young man, will live long in the memories of his acquaintance, and will speak his eulogy! His feeling heart sympathised in the misfortunes, and delighted in the

happiness of his friend. His liberal hand was open to the relief of the distressed, and his noble soul bounded with eagerness to serve a friend. His fine countenance beamed with honest pleasure at the success of worth and virtue, and frowned with indignation at the schemes of meanness. I knew him, and I loved him. I knew him noble, generous and brave. I knew him cheerful and gay, and I loved his manly spirit. It was but yesterday I knew him such! God of Heaven! look on the reverse! In the bloom of youth, of health, and manly beauty, on the threshold of this world's vocations, on which he had stepped with an enterprising zeal and ambition, honourable to himself and gratifying to his friends, we see him, in an instant, fade from this life, we hear his name enrolled among the dead, and the clod of the valley rests upon his bosom. Such are the awful examples which Divine Wisdom places before our view. Rarely, if ever, has it visited us with one more difficult for human imperfections, to look on with submission and with fortitude. But however inscrutable the Almighty's dispensations may seem, let us meet them with resignation. Yet it is not denied to a friend to weep over the remains of the man he loved, to cherish the sweet remembrance of his virtues and to sympathise in the feelings of the unhappy parent who has to mourn the loss of so good, so worthy and so dear a son. Alas, he is gone! No more shall the anxious eye of paternal affection gaze with ecstasy upon the rising excellencies of this darling son! no more will the tender heart of sisterly love bound to meet this amiable brother! no more will the honest hand of Friendship grasp him to its bosom. No, he is gone!

He has gone to join the kindred spirit of Sterett, in the regions of the happy, where the "*just are made perfect.*" Within one short twelvemonth the hand of death has snatched them both, in the vigour of their manhood, from their friends and their country, and consigned them to the silent mansion of the tomb. We will remember them! we will lament them, we will emulate their virtues.



The Tiger seizing a Python.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1810.

No. 3.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE GENUS OF SERPENTS DENOMINATED BOA BY NATURALISTS.

(With a Plate, representing the *Liboia* seizing a tiger; from a painting by Ward.)

THIS gigantic family of the serpent-race is distinguished by having plates, or undivided *scuta*, both on the belly, and beneath the tail, the latter of which, unlike the *Crotali*, does not terminate in a rattle. The species are not very numerous. Gmelin, in the *Systema Naturæ*, enumerates ten; Dr. Russel, in a recent publication on the serpents of India, adds four more; and Dr. Shaw has increased the list by the addition of another; making in all fifteen species.

The Boæ, taken collectively, exceed in magnitude all the other tribes of serpents. The powers of certain species, like their stature, are prodigious. These enormous kinds are principally the inhabitants of the burning regions of Africa, whose fame, in this respect, was celebrated in ages of remote antiquity. History speaks of these tremendous serpents in terms that stagger credibility; but travellers of our own times, who have had the opportunity of observing these creatures in their native haunts, and

VOL. IV.

d d

whose relations deserve every rational degree of credit, afford so much collateral evidence, that we are not allowed to reject the authority of the ancients in many of the most material points. The following interesting account of this serpent devouring a tiger, which is related by Martin in his dictionary of Natural History, may by some be considered extravagant, but without vouching for the facts in all their minutiae of detail, we will only observe, that we have ourselves examined the dried skin of a species of Boa, from South America, now in the Museum of this city, which when entire measured twenty-eight feet in length, and upwards of two feet in circumference.

In the account above mentioned, after a variety of information, the writer proceeds to state,

“ The next morning, having assembled to the number of more than a hundred, we had the pleasure, if I dare call it so, of finding our old enemy still at his post: he seemed very fierce and hungry; and we soon had an opportunity of perceiving the amazing effects. There is a great plenty of tigers in this country; and one of a prodigious size, being not much less than a common heifer, now came under our serpent’s tree; instantly we heard a dreadful rustling, and swift as thought the serpent dropped upon it, seizing it across the back, a little below the shoulders, with its horrible mouth, and taking in a piece of the back bigger than a man’s head. The creature roared with agony, and to our unspeakable terror was running with its enemy towards us; its course, however, was soon stopped, for the nimble adversary, winding its body three or four times round the tiger, girt it so violently, that it fell down in an agony. The moment the serpent had fixed its folds it let go the back of its prey, and raising and turning round the head of the tyger, opened its mouth to the full extent, and seized the whole face of the animal, biting and grinding it in a most horrid manner, and at once choking and tearing the creature to pieces. The tiger on this reared up again, and words are too poor to paint its agony; it writhed and tossed about, but all in vain, the enemy wherever it was, was still with it, and its hollow roaring within the destroyer’s mouth was dreadful beyond expression.

"The tiger was a very strong and fierce creature, and though unable to get rid of its cruel enemy, gave it prodigious trouble. A hundred times would it rear up and run a little way; but soon fell down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the folds, and wreathed twists of the serpent round its body; but though the tiger fell, it was far from being entirely conquered, or at all manageable. After some hours it seemed much spent, and lay as if dead, when the serpent which had many times violently girded itself round the tiger, vainly attempting to break its bones, now quitted its hold, twisting its tail only around the neck of its prey, which was in no condition either to resist or escape; it made towards the tree, dragging, with some difficulty, its victim after it.

"Having by degrees dragged the tiger to the tree, and the animal being unable to stand, the serpent seized it lightly a second time by the back, and set it on its legs against the trunk of a tree, then winding its body round the tiger and the tree together, several times, it girded both with such violence that the ribs and other bones began to give way, and by repeated efforts of this kind it broke all the ribs one by one, each of which gave a loud crack in breaking. It next attempted the legs, and broke them, severally, in the same manner, each in four or five different places; this employed many hours, during all which time the poor tiger remained alive, and at every crack of the bones gave a howl, not very loud, but piteous enough to pierce the most obdurate heart, and make even man forget his natural antipathy to the tiger, and pity its misery. After the legs, the serpent attacked the scull in the same manner; but this proved so difficult a task, that the monster, overcome with fatigue, and seeing its prey in no condition to escape, left it for the night at the foot of the tree, into which itself retired to rest.

"In the morning, on returning to the thicket, we beheld a most surprising change; the body of the tiger, which now seemed one red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over as if covered with glue or jelly. We soon plainly discovered the meaning of all this, the serpent being still employed in producing that appearance. It had laid the legs, one by one, close to the body, and

was now placing the head straight before, licking the body, and covering it with its slaver, which coated it over like a jelly, and rendered it fit for swallowing. Much time was employed in the business; but at length the serpent having prepared the whole to its mind, drew up before its prey, and seizing the head, began to suck that, and afterwards the body, down into its throat. This was the work of so much time that I left the monster struggling at the shoulders, when I went home to dinner; and by the account of those who staid to watch, it was night before the whole was fairly swallowed.

"The following day we assembled for the last time, when the very women and children followed, convinced, that as it had gorged its prey, there was then no danger. I was by no means satisfied of this, till I reached the place; but then I found it very true; the serpent had so loaded its belly that it could neither fight nor retreat. It attempted on our approach to reclimb the tree; but being unable was soon despatched by striking it on the head with large clubs; we then measured it, and its length was thirty-three feet, four inches, and as thick as a slender man's waist. Being immediately cut up its flesh appeared whiter than veal; and from the report of those who ate it, was far more delicious than any flesh they had ever before tasted."

This relation, extraordinary as it may appear, derives considerable credibility from the narrative of captain Stedman in his "Expedition to Guiana," where he relates a rencontre he had with one of these formidable snakes, the particulars of which we will give in nearly his own words.

"As I was resting in my hammock," says the captain, "between the paroxysms of my fever, about half way between Cormoetibo and Barbacoeba, while the Charon was floating down, the sentinel called to me that he had seen and challenged something black and moving in the brushwood, on the beach, which gave no answer; but which from its size he concluded must be a man. I immediately dropped anchor; and having manned the canoe, ill as I was, I stepped into it and rowed up to the place mentioned by the sentinel. Here we all stepped ashore to reconnoitre, as I suspected it to be no other than a rebel spy, or a straggling party detached by the enemy; but one of my slaves of the name

of David, declared it was no negro, but a large amphibious snake, which could not be far from the beach, and I might have an opportunity of shooting it if I pleased. To this, however, I had not the least inclination, from the uncommon size of the creature, from my weakness, and the difficulty of getting through the thicket, which seemed impenetrable to the water's edge, and therefore, ordered all of them to return on board. The negro then asked me liberty to step forward and shoot it himself, assuring me that it could not be at any great distance, and warranting against all danger. This declaration inspired me with so much pride and emulation, that I determined to take his first advice, and kill it myself; provided he would point it out to me, and be responsible for the hazard, by standing at my side, from which, I swore, that if he dared to move, I should level the piece at himself, and blow out his brains. To this the negro cheerfully agreed, and having loaded my gun with a ball cartridge we proceeded, David cutting a path with a bill hook, and a marine following with three more loaded firelocks to keep in readiness. We had not gone above twenty yards through mud and water, the negro looking every way with an uncommon degree of vivacity and attention, when starting behind me he called out, "Me see snakee!" and in effect there lay the animal rolled up under the fallen leaves and rubbish of the trees, and so well covered that it was some time before I distinctly perceived the head of this monster, distant from me not above sixteen feet, moving its forked tongue, while its eyes, from their uncommon brightness, appeared to emit sparks of fire. I now, resting my piece upon a branch for the purpose of taking a surer aim, fired; but missing the head the ball went through the body, when the animal struck round and with such astonishing force, as to cut away all the underwood around him with the facility of a scythe mowing grass, and, by flouncing his tail, caused the mud and dirt to fly over our heads to a considerable distance. Of this proceeding, however, we were not torpid spectators; but took to our heels, and crowded into the canoe. The negro now intreated me to renew the charge, assuring me the snake would be quiet in a few minutes; and at any rate persisting in the assertion that he was neither able nor inclined to pursue us, which opinion he supported by walking before me,

till I should be ready to fire. And thus I again undertook to make the trial, especially as he said that his first starting backwards had only proceeded from a desire to make room for me. I now found the snake a little removed from his former station; but very quiet, with his head as before, lying out among the fallen leaves, rotten bark and old moss. I fired at it immediately, but with no better success than the former time; and now being but slightly wounded he sent up such a cloud of dust and dirt as I never saw but in a whirlwind, and made us once more suddenly retreat to our canoe, where now being heartily tired of the exploit I gave orders to row towards the barge; but David still intreating me to permit him to kill the animal, I was, by his persuasions, induced to make a third and last attempt in company with him. Thus having once more discovered the snake, we discharged both our pieces at once, and with this good effect, that he was now, by one of us, shot through the head. David, who was made completely happy by this successful conclusion, ran, leaping with joy, and lost no time in bringing the boat rope, in order to drag him down to the canoe; but this again proved not a very easy undertaking, since the creature, notwithstanding its being mortally wounded, still continued to writhe and twist about in such a manner, as rendered it dangerous for any person to approach him.—The negro, however, having made a running noose on the rope, after some fruitless attempts to make an approach, threw it over his head with much dexterity, and now, all taking hold of the rope we dragged him to the beach, and tied him to the stern of the canoe, to take him in tow. Being still alive he kept swimming like an eel, and I having no relish for such a shipmate on board, whose length, (notwithstanding to my astonishment all the negroes declared it to be but a young one, come to about its half growth) I found upon measuring it, to be twenty-two feet and some inches; and its thickness about that of my black boy Quaco, who might then be about twelve years old, and round whose waist I since measured the creature's skin.

“Being arrived along side of the ship, the next consideration was, how to dispose of this immense animal; when it was at length determined to bring him on shore at Barbacoeba, to have him skinned, and take out the oil, &c. In order to effect this purpose

the negro David, having climbed up a tree with the end of the rope, let it down over a strong forked bough, and the other negroes hoisted up the snake, and suspended him from the tree. This done, David with a sharp knife between his teeth now left the tree, and clung fast upon the monster, which was still twisting; and began his operations by ripping it up, and stripping down the skin as he descended. Though I perceived that the animal was no longer able to do him any injury, I confess I could not without emotion see a man stark naked, black and bloody, clinging with arms and legs round the slimy and yet living monster. This labour, however, was not without its use, since he not only dexterously finished the operation, but provided me, besides the skin, with above four gallons of fine clarified fat, or rather oil, though there was wasted perhaps as much more. This I delivered to the surgeons for the use of the wounded men in the hospital, for which I received their hearty thanks; it being considered, particularly for bruises, a very excellent remedy. When I signified my surprise to see the snake still living, after he was deprived of his intestines and skin, Caramaca, the old negro, whether from experience or tradition, assured me he would not die till after sunset. The negroes now cut him in slices in order to dress and feast upon him, they all declaring that he was exceedingly good and wholesome; but to their great mortification I refused to give my concurrence to this, and we rowed home with the skin.

"The length of this snake, when full grown, is said to be sometimes forty feet; and more than four in circumference; its colour is a greenish black on the back, a fine brownish yellow on the sides, and a dirty white in the middle; its head is broad and flat, small in proportion to the body, with a large mouth and a double row of teeth; it has two bright prominent eyes; is covered all over with scales some about the size of a shilling, and under the body near the tail, armed with two strong claws like cock-spurs, to help it in seizing its prey. It is an amphibious animal, that is, it delights in low and marshy places, where it lies coiled up like a rope, and concealed under moss, rotten timber, and dried leaves, to seize its prey by surprise, which from its immense bulk it is not active enough to pursue. When hungry it will

devour any animal that comes within its reach, and is indifferent whether it is a sloth, a wild boar, a stag, or even a tiger; round which having twisted itself so that the creature cannot escape, it breaks, by its irresistible force, every bone in the animal's body, which it then covers over with a kind of slime, or slaver from its mouth, to make it slide, and at last gradually sucks it in till it disappears: after this the snake cannot shift its situation on account of the great knob or knot which the swallowed prey occasions in that part of the body where it rests, till it is digested; for till then it would hinder the snake from sliding along the ground. During that time it wants no other subsistence. I have been told of negroes being devoured by this animal, and am disposed to credit the account; for should they chance to come within its reach when hungry, it would as certainly seize them as any other animal. I shall only add, that having nailed its skin on the bottom of the canoe, and dried it in the sun, sprinkling it over with wood ashes to prevent it from corruption, I sent it to a friend at Paramaribo, whence it was since sent to Holland as a curiosity."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

Nothing can be more delightful to the editor than the theme in question, whether its intrinsic glory or the honour of a noble profession be regarded. He has often enjoyed the high privilege of listening with ecstasy, to the rhetoric of a lawyer, whose pleadings might be compared with those of an Iszus, a Hortensius and a Cicero. What an acute writer in a celebrated Journal* has remarked of rhetoric in general, is peculiarly applicable to the United States. In every free state, eloquence is the principal medium of government, and the most direct and honourable road to rank, power and reputation, and even to those, who do not wish to take an active part in the politics or jurisprudence of the times, a prompt, fluent, correct, unembarrassed and unaffected use of speech, is the most pleasing and ornamental of all accomplishments; and has ever been esteemed, from the days of Homer to the present, the most infallible criterion that can distinguish a gentleman.

* The Edinburg Review

We learn, from a correspondent, that the ensuing is a section of a series of letters, addressed to an intelligent European. They were not written with the most remote view to publication; but by the request of several competent judges, who have perused them, they have been transmitted to us for publication in the Port Folio. The Editor has only to add his approbation of the design and execution of an ingenious correspondence, which he recommends very strongly both to students of eloquence and to orators. The gentlemen of the bar in particular, will find these letters worthy of a liberal share of attention.

EDITOR.

LETTER I.

Baltimore, Nov. 19th, 1809.

CONVERSING a few evenings since, with a gentleman, whose name and character I have frequently mentioned to you : and whose sentiments and opinions will have more weight than my own ; he was led to take a view of the profession of the law in this country, as well as in Great Britain. He observed, and I think very justly, that the profession stands much higher here, than it does in that country. That, with a few brilliant exceptions, lawyers in England were but little in polite society, and little known out of Westminster Hall: that the splendid orders of nobility, eclipsed this class of men ; whereas in this country, the profession of the law, held decidedly the first rank.

These observations agreeing perfectly with my own ideas, led me into a train of thought which I shall give you ; and in so doing shall take occasion to speak of the subject of eloquence, which must be the foundation of a lawyer's reputation, more fully than I have heretofore done. I do not deny that the study of the law, in itself, may raise a man's character to some degree of distinction, without any great powers of eloquence. I think with your countryman Burke, (who was a man of genius, and a philosopher, if ever there was one) " that this science does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all other sciences put together,"—that it makes a man quick in attack, ready in defence, full of resources ; still it is eloquence alone which can give that proud distinction, that raises a man, however humble and obscure his birth, at once to an equality with the first and highest of his age. This has ever been the case in all free governments ; and the more free, and the more democratic a government is, in the higher repute will eloquence

be held. The histories of Athens, of Rome, of England, and of America, are a convincing proof of this. True, England is not a democracy, but it is a free government, and has a mixture of democracy. Rome likewise was a mixed government; but democracy strongly preponderated. Our own, though not a pure democracy, like Athens, is eminently free; and possessing no orders of nobility, like Rome or Great Britain, it leaves the first place for the orator. I think therefore, the true ambition of a man of genius, and of a high aspiring mind; (which is always accompanied with more or less genius, and generally attends it) is to be an orator. It has been correctly remarked, that in such a government as ours, oratory is synonymous with wealth and fame, and civic honours. This is strictly true, and Pericles, Demosthenes the Gracchii, Cæsar, Cicero, Chatham, Boilingbroke, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Mansfield, Erskine, Grattan, our own Hamilton, Ames, Harper, and many others, that might be mentioned, are incontrovertible proofs of it. True, in all these governments, we have seen military merit hold a divided empire with eloquence; but even in Rome, where military merit was in the greatest esteem, it can hardly be said to have held more than a divided empire. Besides, many of their greatest generals, were accomplished orators; such were Scipio, Pompey, and Cæsar. Yet Cæsar himself, notwithstanding his genius, his eloquence, and his universal accomplishments; and though his name is synonymous with military greatness, can hardly be said, living or dead, to have erected a nobler monument of fame, than Cicero. And who would not rather be Demosthenes than Alexander? Pompey, early named the Great, notwithstanding he was the first general of his age, or that Rome ever saw, with the sole exception of Cæsar, has left a name less splendidly great, than Cicero.

You will be convinced from these observations, that I have not assigned orators, too high a rank in free governments. But as this distinction is a proud and elevated one, it is not easily to be gained. It is placed on an eminence and few can attain it; and those few, by much labour, perseverance and the favour of heaven. At present I must drop the subject, but will resume it in a succeeding letter.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

I this moment received your letters, and have read them over. I perceive you have made the same observation, as myself, and almost in the same words, respecting the illustrious men of Greece and Rome, that many of them were soldiers and orators. These were the great models,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

These orators were truly great; for they were philosophers, statesmen, and frequently heroes. Even Cicero himself, it has been supposed by some ancient historian, would have made a distinguished commander if he had devoted less of his time to the forum, and more to the court: if for instance, he had accepted Cæsar's invitation to accompany him as his lieutenant into Gaul.

And no one will make me believe, that the mind of Demosthenes, if it had been properly exercised in deeds of heroic valour, would not have made him fight with the same spirit, and ability, with which he spoke. For he was not deficient in personal fortitude; as the whole tenor of his life abundantly proves. He had the courage of the cabinet, which Burke pronounces much less common, than the courage of the field. But much depends upon habit.

These are the men, you will perceive, that I have selected as orators; and to whom I have assigned a station, so elevated, in all free governments. It is not the men, who, as Bolingbroke somewhere says, can spout out a little gaudy eloquence on a holiday, and are dry all the rest of the year. To be an orator a man must possess a genius strong and comprehensive: and a knowledge little less than universal. Such were all the orators I have mentioned; and I think the great defect of those, who aspire to be orators in this country, is that they do not begin by laying a foundation of deep and extensive erudition. Without this let no man presume to call himself an orator. Cicero has pointed out the mode by which he attained his lofty preeminence; and no other can be discovered.—There is no royal rule for oratory, any more than for geometry, which is proved by this, that no one has ever reached that envied height in any other way. Cicero devoted

his days and nights to study; as he was not content to be ignorant of any thing. Demosthenes, retired to a cave, that he might pursue his studies without interruption; but it was not in a cave alone that he studied. It is said of him, that through life, he would not permit any mechanic, or labourer, to rise before him. Chatham laid the foundation of his "towering and durable greatness," by devoting those hours, to solitary study, which others spend in society and amusement. Burke is another name for universal knowledge;—hence the promptitude with which he delivered the most correct and apparently elaborate speeches: speeches fraught with science and philosophy, poured forth from the stores of a memory, rich with all that man ever knew. And the great Hamilton, to my certain knowledge, pursued even to his last years an industry, superior to that of the youth who studies for fame, or the poet who writes for bread. I might instance many other examples; but these are sufficient. Since then they all prove, that no one has ever attained the elevation of an orator, unless by first laying a broad foundation of science and erudition; we may lay it down as an axiom, that no one can ever attain it, be his native powers what they may, in any other manner. For no men were ever more favoured by Nature than these very persons.—Though the man who sets out with the design of being an orator, must remember, that "labour is necessary to excellence." This must be his motto; and he must not be weary nor faint by the way. The object is a noble one, and well worthy the pursuit, besides, the pursuit, if prosecuted with ardour, affords delight and rewards itself.

I will here drop the curtain and give you a little respite.

Adieu.

LETTER III.

The examples which I have cited in my last letter, as well as those, which your own reflection will supply, have I trust convinced you, the opinion of lord Chesterfield to the contrary notwithstanding, that no man can think of laying claim to the character of an orator, unless he first lays a foundation of extensive and universal learning. If the proof which I have urged, that no one ever has attained it, but by this means, were insufficient; we

might be convinced from our own reasoning and reflection, that it can be attained in no other way. To form an orator, a man must possess from Nature strong, vigorous, and extensive capacities; and all these improved to the highest possible degree, by every species of study and exercise. Hence we see fewer excel in oratory than in any other department, not excepting poetry. I think I enumerated to you on a former occasion, the qualifications necessary for an orator; and you will recollect, that they embraced almost every thing, that raises one man above another. An intimate knowledge of one science alone, will not answer. Whoever acquired great celebrity as an advocate, merely by being a profound lawyer? Not even Coke himself, who has been called the oracle of the law; but I will go still further; a knowledge of all the sciences will not alone make an orator; he must to this knowledge unite genius and taste, and a thorough acquaintance with the full force and beauty of the language in which he speaks; that he may have words of every colour, and every hue, with which to clothe his ideas; he must be able to melt with softness, or to rouse with boldness and energy; to dilate or compress his thoughts, as best suits his audience, and the subject: and it is hardly necessary to add, that he must understand the exact meaning and propriety of language. With this he must possess a perfect knowledge of human nature; and of the world in which he is called to act: he must be able to dive into the inmost recesses of the human heart; and see all its workings; to "appal the guilty," and animate the supine; to convince, to persuade and to inflame. His mind must likewise be stored with facts, images and sentiments. Hence you see the necessity of historical and metaphysical knowledge; of a familiar acquaintance with poetry and moral philosophy. To control the sentiments and minds of men, he must really possess more knowledge and illumination than others; that he may appear with that dignity and elevation of character, which superior and extensive knowledge alone can give. When Chatham arose, his very appearance awed his hearers into respect and veneration; he seemed the tutelar angel of his country. This appearance, a face illuminated with superior intelligence alone could give. It was not because nature had formed him of a loftier stature than others;

but because the God of Nature had breathed into it a soul of a superior order, which he had improved by study and exercise, by an intimate acquaintance, with the great masters of every age. Of the personal advantages, strictly speaking, I shall say nothing; enough and more than enough, is attributed to them. An orator must without doubt have no particular impediment of speech; and he must certainly possess a voice that can be heard. But I think the principal requisites for an orator, are to be found in the mind. It is not what the ladies would call a fine voice, a fine figure, and a beautiful elocution, that makes an orator; neither Fox nor Grattan possessed either of these advantages; but it is that soul, which like the sun of heaven, enlightens whatever it darts its rays upon.

I must at present drop the subject but shall resume it again.

Farewell.

LETTER IV.

Perhaps by this time you may be ready to say, if all these qualifications and acquirements are necessary for an orator, it is hardly worth any man's while to think of attaining this character; or if he could, it would not, considering the shortness of life, compensate him for his labour. This is a mistake. Eminence, it is true, is only to be gained by labour; but in this labour itself, there is a pleasure; and one of the highest pleasures that the human mind can enjoy, the delight of progressive knowledge and improvement. So that the journey towards this envied height; though in some places steep and laborious, is strewed with flowers, and full of enchanting prospects. Nor are the pleasures arising from the possession of eloquence, like most other pleasures, short and transitory. They are not confined to a single day, much less to the time actually occupied in public speaking.

It attends the possessor through life; he has occasion hourly to employ it, in his intercourse with the world, and with his friends.—What pleasure can equal that felt by Ulysses, when the charm of his eloquence rapt his hearers in ecstasy; when they hung upon his lips, and desired him to relate the same story again, and again, that they might be fascinated with the music of his eloquence? But you will say this is all fable and fiction. Be it so. But let me instance Cicero, whom we know from his most familiar and unstudied letters, carried constantly about with him, that enchanting elo-

quence, which drew thousands to the forum, and the capitol. Or to come to more modern times, I might mention Bolingbroke and Burke, as well as my countryman Ames, whom we are told by those that were intimate with them, could converse all day with the same beauty and eloquence of language, and the same illumination of mind, with which they wrote. Is not this worth possessing? and worth all the labour necessary to possess it? Is not the society of such men, a constant feast? and must they not feel some portion of that pleasure, which they diffuse? or to say the least, what other acquisition can equal it? Is it wealth or office? or power? or even military glory, purchased by the blood and the tears of thousands, by the anguish of the widow, and the cries of the orphan; whom they have rendered desolate and wretched? But rising from the still scenes of tranquil and social life, let us view the orator on some great occasion; where the life of a fellow creature, the happiness of a family, the welfare of society, or perhaps the existence of a nation depend on his exertions. See Cicero pleading for Milo, or for his friend and preceptor the poet Archias. See Caius Gracchus, addressing the assembled majesty of Rome, and with a torrent of ardent, glowing, and impetuous eloquence carrying the multitude along with him; and inflaming them to fury and madness. Or to cite cases where the motive, and the consequences were less questionable, than that of either of the Gracchii; view Demosthenes, haranguing the Athenians;—urging every argument, and every motive; appealing to every passion and every feeling; pride, indignation, the memory of their illustrious ancestors, their own honour and safety; to rouse them to a sense of their impending danger! Or Cicero calling upon the Roman fathers, to view the hidden treason, the flames that were preparing for their houses, their temples, and their ancient city; the daggers of Cataline and Cethegus, that were sharpening for their bosoms; or to cite an example not less illustrious, see Burke in the sacred frenzy of prophecy and inspiration, with an awful warning voice, denouncing the dangers impending over Christendom, and the civilized world;—and the sure destruction awaiting princes and monarchs, who instead of leaguings in a common cause, could “find no allies but in regicides, robbers, and murderers!” And

“Look then abroad through Nature through the range,

"Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres;
 "Wheeling, unshaken through the void immense,

And say,

—— "does this capacious scene,
 With half that kindling majesty dilate,"
 Thy strong conception?"

LETTER V.

It is observed by Gibbon, in his *Decline of the Roman Empire*, speaking of the age of Constantine, I think, who conferred high military commands upon mere barbarians; men illiterate and incapable of exercising civil offices, that by the irreconcilable separation of talents, as well as professions, the powers of the human mind were *contracted*; whereas the accomplished citizens of the Greek and Roman republics, whose characters could adapt themselves to the bar, the senate, the camp, and the schools, had learned to write, to speak, and to act, with the same spirit and equal abilities.

The history of those illustrious commonwealths, and the history of the human mind, fully corroborates this remark: for it is not confined to Pericles, to Xenophen, and to Cæsar; but is equally illustrated and equally confirmed by Frederick the Great of Prussia, and even by the emperor, Napoleon, who, whatever may be said to the contrary, is a statesman and an orator, as well as a soldier. Nay, if it would not be thought national partiality, I would mention some of our own worthies, and place them in competition with the far-famed Greeks and Romans. I would mention our Washington and Hamilton, and several others, who have been equally distinguished in whatever they turned their attention to, whether to the bar, the senate, or the camp; and who have proved themselves capable of speaking, of writing, and acting with the same spirit and equal abilities. This I think sufficiently refutes those contracted pedants, who have thought that a man to be eminent must direct his attention and confine his mind to one subject. My ideas on the contrary are, that in order to exercise and improve all the faculties, and to give the mind all the amplitude and enlargement of which it is capable, it should be directed to almost every subject of human skill and science. It is this which raises, and elevates, and dignifies the human character; it was this which distinguished Julius Cæsar and Cicero from other men who are called great. The one was not

merely a soldier, nor the other merely an advocate. I mention those men whose characters are settled in history, in preference to some who may perhaps be nearly their equals, but concerning whom there may be a diversity of opinion; though I will frankly confess to you that I know no man since his time, "take him for all in all," that I can place in competition with the former, nor hardly with the latter, if he had devoted more of his attention to the camp, and become, what I have no doubt he was capable of being, an accomplished general. But the discussion of this subject will lead me too far from my object, which is to prove what in modern times has been controverted, that no man can pretend to the highest eminence as an orator, unless by laying a foundation of extensive and universal knowledge; since it requires the highest improvement of the human faculties. I think a contrary opinion and practice tends to the corruption and degeneracy of eloquence. For I find in ancient times, both in Greece and Rome, that when orators, instead of "climbing up to the vantage ground," by making themselves masters of these extensive arguments, contented themselves with being merely rhetoricians, oratory rapidly declined, and lost that manliness and dignity which it had possessed. I recollect, in an admirable dialogue upon oratory, which is ascribed, I think, to Tacitus; this is the cause which is assigned for the great degeneracy of true eloquence; that the orators of his time, instead of aspiring to deep and universal learning, were content to adorn, and embellish, and beautify their speeches with all the gaudy colours and flowers of poetry; so that, as he says, "they were equally adapted for the warbler's throat, or the dancer's heels." This glitter and decoration of language is much easier obtained than the qualifications of which I have spoken; and it will tickle the ears of those who are more delighted with sound than with sense. I confess, when he was describing the orators of his time, I could not help thinking that he was describing your countryman Curran, and his herd of imitators. Since I have mentioned the name of this advocate, who is held up by some of our men of taste on both sides of the water, as the most perfect model of finished eloquence; and as throwing Cicero, Demosthenes, and indeed all antiquity in the shade; let me give you my sentiments of him. He certainly possesses great excellencies; a style, and language glowing, ardent, and frequently impressive:

an imagination rich to profusion; he knows how to delight the hearer and to melt him with pity: and he also possesses in an eminent degree what is ascribed to Seneca, who is accused as the first corrupter of Roman eloquence, *agreeable faults*. He takes more pains to *delight* the hearer, and to fill him with admiration of the orator, than to convince, to persuade, and to instruct. He is too poetic, too ornamental, and makes too great a display of language; hence his arguments are lost in a redundancy of tropes, figures and flowers. Compare his celebrated speeches with the orations of Demosthenes, which are justly pronounced by Hume, those human productions which of all others approach nearest to perfection. What a contrast!—one “speaks no more than just the thing he ought,” he never permits you for a moment to lose sight of his object; his orations are a torrent of close, energetic, and connected argument. The other has a most wonderful display of all the beauties of language, and poetic imagery; his arguments are so spread out, dilated, and disconnected, that they lose more than half their force; indeed they are almost forgotten amidst our admiration of the fertility of his fancy, and the splendour of his decorations. In defending a man accused of a seditious libel, he breaks out into a most beautiful and poetic panegyric upon Scotland, and the genius of its inhabitants: now all this is very fine, but what has it to do with the guilt or innocence of Hamilton Rowan? Besides, his speeches bear *evident marks* of being written and polished with care and labour; whereas the orations of Demosthenes appear like the natural manner of an unstudied speaker; perfectly acquainted, and deeply impressed with the importance of his subject, and only anxious to convince and persuade others. If he actually wrote his speeches and committed them to memory, which I very much question, he pursued the natural manner of an *unstudied* speaker; unstudied, I mean, as to the dress and manner; not as to the sentiments and matter. There is a force, and strength, and animation in the eloquence which flows from the feelings excited by the occasion, which cannot be acquired in the closet. If a man’s object is, like Curran’s, to dazzle and delight by the beauty of his language, the harmony of his periods, and the splendour of his imagery, he must form his speeches in his closet: but if his object is, like Demosthenes or Chatham, to convince, to instruct, and to persuade, he must acquire that perfect

knowledge of his subject, and that extent of information and habitual eloquence, which will enable him to speak from the feelings of the moment. It is then that he rivets the attention of his hearers, that he warms and animates them, and hurries them along with him, with that strong conviction which he himself feels. At least such are my ideas of eloquence, whether I am correct or not I leave you to judge, and will for that purpose afford you a little time for reflection.

Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Before I close this subject, I think it proper to offer some ideas respecting the mode of education and study necessary to be pursued to form an orator, such as I have endeavoured to describe. And this education, I think, ought to be begun in the cradle. The first and earliest impressions that are made upon the human mind are of infinite force and effect; and do not entirely lose their operation through life. As it is remarked by one of the wisest of the ancients, that "yarn always retains something of the hue first given to it, however afterwards the colour may be attempted to be changed." Or, as Pope more poetically expresses the same idea, "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The infant mind takes an early colour and direction; and if it first imbibes low, absurd, and ridiculous ideas, and low grovelling language, such as are generally acquired from servants and nurses, and perhaps even from some parents, it will be very difficult ever after to eradicate these impressions; and in their place to plant elevated thoughts and conceptions, and a correspondent style.

Something of the original lowness and vulgarity will still cling to them through life; as the transformed princess who was once a cat, still retained her eagerness after mice. This shows the great importance, not only that mothers should educate their infant children, instead of trusting the early direction of their minds to the refuse of our kind; but that those mothers should possess elevated minds and polished manners, and language; and early imbue the infant soul with just, noble, and elevated conceptions. The captivating and impressive elo-

quence of the Gracchii is imputed by the ancient historians, those profound masters of human nature, to their excellent mother Cornelia, who early instilled into their minds, good sense, taste, and eloquence; and those lofty and aspiring sentiments, which raised them in early youth to the most conspicuous and distinguished rank among the masters of human kind. No wonder, exclaims some one of them, that the Gracchii were such captivating orators, when they had such a mother! And to go still higher, the astonishing greatness of Julius Cæsar, and the early maturity of Augustus, are attributed to the early formation and improvement of their minds, by their mothers Aurélia and Atia. Do I then ascribe too much to the province of the mother? Is not the observation universal, that children, even sons, are more likely to take the cast of their characters from the mother than the father. Hence so few great men have sons to support the credit of their names. You will perceive, from what I have said, that I would have the young pupil who is to be the future orator, most carefully kept from low company, and from contracting low and vulgar thoughts, manners, and language. On the contrary, as the mind unfolds itself, it should be imbued with good sense, correct knowledge, and a just manner of expression. Next to society, those books, and those only should be read that were written by men of taste, genius and eloquence. This might easily be done. There is no necessity to resort for information or amusement, to paltry or indifferent productions, in any period of life, least of all in youth, when all the world of genius, taste, science, and knowledge is before them. The finished models of elegance should be put into their hands, and they should be taught to give a narrative of what they read, in the most concise, elegant, and energetic manner; with a due attention to order and method; and likewise to express their opinions upon particular facts in history, characters, and points of morality. Thus they might by degrees be led into a habit of argumentation, and acquire the ability of supporting their opinions when attacked, with good sense and force of reasoning, as well as force of eloquence. In this way, we are told, the younger Pitt was formed to that prematurity of eloquence, talents, and strength of argument which astonished the world. By this means eloquence, and that

formed upon the purest models, will become habitual ; he will carry constantly about with him a ready fund of knowledge well digested, and of ready and extempore eloquence for all occasions, which is so infinitely superior to the dull formality of written harangues, that are taught in our modern colleges; and those habits of debating upon fictitious and ————— which have no existence in life, as we are told was practised in those ancient schools, which corrupted eloquence, and is too much so in our modern universities. A practice of investigating and discussing the merits of the different characters with which history makes us acquainted, will improve the judgment and lead him into an early knowledge of human nature. I think one of the first studies with which the mind should be imbued is history, or those enchanting narratives of facts which have been treasured up by some of the wisest and best of men, for the delight and instruction of the world to the remotest ages. There is every thing to captivate the inquisitive and youthful mind, novelty, variety, and grandeur. Well do I recollect with what ardour and even enthusiasm, at the age of twelve, and even before, I read those wonderful tales of other times; with what a swell of rapture I pursued the story of those ancient and mighty nations who have long been swept from the face of the earth, and whose illustrious achievements and magnificent splendours live only in history ; of the Assyrians, the Medes and Persians, the Egyptians, the Carthagenians, and above all the Greeks and Romans ; and with what a deep and lively interest I learned the story of our mother country, and of our own, when I have rose at midnight to pursue the narrative which I was reluctantly compelled by parental authority to break off the preceding evening. But to leave this digression into which I was inadvertently betrayed, let me resume the plan. As he advances in life his taste should be formed and established by a familiar acquaintance with those finished models of antiquity, which he should study, translate, and transfuse the spirit into his own writings, and his own soul. This will give an elevation of thought and an eloquence of language, pure, classical and refined ; and insensibly form the mind “ to great and noble deeds.” When the taste and judgment are well formed upon the correct models of anti-

quity, the mind may be embellished by reading the fine writers in our own language, such as Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, and their cotemporaries, and Burke and Johnson, and the poets, orators, and philosophers, pointing out the particular excellencies and the defects of each; observing likewise their distinct characters, and in what they excel or fail below each other. He should then early habituate himself to public and extempore speaking. By this plan of education, a slight outline of which I have drawn, I think he could not fail with great native talents to attain oratory of the first order; and even with talents but a little above mediocrity, of rising to respectability. Of the ordinary and lower class of minds I need say nothing, as they ought never to attempt it, and nothing but the blind partiality of parental fondness, or want of discernment will ever permit the attempt.

Adieu.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A RIDE TO NIAGARA.

(Continued from page 171.)

I HAVE already observed that I met with no limestone on or immediately near to any part of the Genesee river. The falls furnish none. I examined the underpinning of Hartford's mill, and the stone of his mill race. It is a hard, blue, siliceous grit: or rather the texture is minutely splintery. I heard that the rapids ran over limestone, but I saw no trace of it. They say that lead ore in small pieces is found all along the bed of the river from the head of the rapids to the falls. The people in the neighbourhood suspected there was silver, but none has been found; although a right or patent for digging it in the Genesee river has been applied for by some person there more sanguine than the rest.

4. To Latta's at the mouth of Genesee. When I was here before in 1796, there was only one house or cabin. There is now

another building of the same description where Latta lives. A frame building is also putting up by a captain Eadus.

This is a port of entry and collection for the United States.—Latta was the collector here for two or three years, but lately he has been displaced and is of course very angry at the administration. From his conversation I collected that there are about fifteen vessels, partly open boats and partly schooners, employed in the transportation of American produce along lakes Ontario and Erie, principally salt from Oswego. These craft are from twenty-five to seventy tons. They take up at Oswego about 15000 barrels of salt annually (five bushels of 56 lbs. to the bushel) for the consumption of the American settlements on the south shores of the lakes. They export likewise flour, pork, and whiskey to the American forts of Niagara and Detroit.—But the principal trade is with Kingston on the British side of the lake, to which they can run in about sixteen or eighteen hours. In the year 1806 about 30,000 dollars worth of produce came down the Genesee river: in 1807 about \$70,000 worth; and in 1808 notwithstanding the embargo, at least \$100,000 worth of wheat, pork, whiskey, and potash was sent off from the mouth of the Genesee, and Gerundagut, chiefly to Kingston. As soon as the intercourse is opened, the Genesee river and Gerundagut will supply at least \$200,000 worth of exports annually, and this of course will be on the continual increase. Two large boats are now constantly employed in the trade from the mouth of Genesee. There is as yet no store there; nor indeed do they seem much in want of one, considering the paucity of inhabitants. *The future market for the whole western district of Newyork will be Kingston.* The British do not employ so many craft on the lakes as the Americans, but the amount of tonnage is about equal. The United States have a twenty gun vessel completely equipped, called the Jefferson; it lies at Oswego. Carriage of goods from Montreal to Eric on the British side, two dollars per cwt. Salt at the mouth of Genesee three dollars per barrel of five bushels, 56lbs. to the bushel.

29. Saturday May 20th. Returned from the mouth of the Genesee to the widow Berry's tavern.

10. Sunday 21. To Chenesee or Big Tree. Colonel W. Wadsworth who is unmarried, lives with his brother, Mr. James Wadsworth. The former is the farmer, the latter attends to the estate generally, and to his agency for part of governor Hornby's property. The particulars of this noble farm are briefly as follows:—The house (a double house of five windows in front, with good sized rooms) is placed on an eminence at the farther end of the village of Cheneseo which contains about a dozen other houses. There is a gentle descent of cleared land in front of the house for about three quarters of a mile to the edge of the flats. The flats are a mile and a quarter across. Of these, full in view from the windows of the house, colonel Wadsworth and his brother own 1700 acres, all cleared and laid down in timothy and clover. Beside these 1700 acres of flats, they have three or four hundred acres of cleared upland in front and around the house.

They grow no grain but for the immediate consumption of the family; converting the whole of their land as far as possible into a grazing farm. Their present stock is twelve hundred sheep, with between six and seven hundred lambs; of these lambs sixty-eight are half blood Merinos, and two hundred half bred Bakewell's. They purchased a full blooded Merino ram from chancellor Livingston, from the ram presented to him by M. Chaptal out of the emperor's flock at Rambouillet. To this ram they put seventy-six ewes. They have besides, about half a dozen rams and ewes of the half breed, and as many of Bakewell's breed. They are much in want of the large, long-wooled Lincolnshire ram, on account of the *quantity* of wool given by that breed. No doubt the flats of the Genesee would support this species of sheep as well as the fens of Lincolnshire; and blankets are as necessary as superfine cloth or good wool hats; but I cannot help thinking, the quality of merino wool, is of more consequence than the quantity of Lincolnshire. Nor is the merino breed deficient in quantity when well kept, which is very necessary during the winter. A half blooded merino ram purchased by Joseph Priestley, esquire, of Doctor Logan, gave $11\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of excellent wool, unwashed.* Stockings made of this wool, I can

* In Spain however the merino wool is so greasy that by the time it is thoroughly cleansed, it will lose 35 per cent. and upwards, 16 ann. agr. 225.

as easily distinguish from the best Germantown, by handling them, as I can distinguish silk velvet from cotton velvet. I should have no doubt of such land as I have been describing, being understocked at two sheep per acre. Beside these sheep, Messrs. Wadsworth keep on the same farm two hundred mules. The mules they import young from Connecticut, improve them here, and send them when full grown to the southern states, where they fetch from sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars a piece.

They have also here a stud of forty horses : but they do not find ready sale for this kind of stock. They mean gradually to occupy the whole of their land as a sheep and dairy farm.

On this tract they have three dairies, let out on shares. They furnish each tenant with a house and buildings and with forty cows. The tenant takes care of the buildings, cuts the grass for hay, and retains half the butter and cheese. The other half goes to the landlords who also retain all the calves, which are allowed to suck two months. They had when I was there about two ton of cheese yet on hand out of their share of the dairy, but it was of middling quality. In this country, cheese must be managed somewhat different from the English practice. If it be made wholly of unskimmed milk, it will be ripe in half the time here that it will in England. It is also apt to crack and become rotten. But if a pressure, more gradual, longer continued, and more heavy than usual, be applied, cheese may be thus made equal to any produced in England. I wonder the Schapzgar cheese so much in use in our cities, is not made at home. The colour and the flavour is certainly given by the common trefoil melilot (*melilotus communis officinatis*) a plentiful and unpleasant weed in England.

This is all the stock these gentlemen have on the home farm. Lower down on the Genesee river below the bridge, under the care of Tamplin as I observed before they have about two hundred and thirty head of horned cattle. These with the produce of their dairy farm, allow them very conveniently to sell about one hundred head of horned cattle yearly. They complain of want of capital to stock the land fully. There is full sale at half

a dollar per pound for all the common wool. Hatters give from a dollar to two dollars for merino wool.

Mr. James Wadsworth has arranged a very well chosen library of about six hundred volumes of the best modern books; doubtless the best room in this neat and well furnished house.— The establishment in all its parts seems to give a full and a favourable picture of that truly respectable character, an active, intelligent, industrious *gentleman farmer*.

They have no land of their own on the flats for sale. What they possess the family mean to retain. Mr. Wadsworth informed me, that the flats on Connecticut river, certainly not superior to the Genesee flats, (for what land can be superior?) are frequently let out for hemp* at twenty and thirty dollars an acre for the season; and even then they are manured at ten load per acre. This may be the case no doubt, but it must arise from that accuracy of cultivation which can only be exerted on a small scale.

The adjoining township on the river, above, containing twenty-five thousand acres was purchased by col. Fitzhugh, col. Rochester and Mr. Caryll of Baltimore, from capt. Williamson, but it remains yet unimproved. I went to meeting with the family in the afternoon and remained with them that evening.

10. Monday 22. Returned to Berry's. N. B. There is a circulating library at Hartford: thirty subscribers at five dollars originally, and twenty-five cents each annually. The day very rainy; but I got (wet through) as far as

14. Eccleston's a very indifferent house.

10. Tuesday, May 23. To Canandaigua, wet through again: my horse very lame. The day cold, windy and rainy. Staid at Taylor's.

* I wonder hemp is not more cultivated in this country considering how very necessary, and how very profitable a crop it is. Whenever it shall be cultivated as it ought to be, the French process, of boiling it for two hours in a close copper vessel, with a small quantity of soft soap in the water, will most assuredly be substituted for water rotting, by those who know how to attend to their own interest. The fibres of the bark are held together by a gum-resin: two ounces of the bark yielded to spirits of wine, forty eight grains of resinous extract, and to water 85 grains of gummous extract.

18. Wednesday 24. To judge Potter's by the post road along the Canandaigua to the Crooked Lake. The road on the other side of the Crooked Lake by which I came from Bath to Snell's town, was not a good one: this is a worse. Mrs. Potter was so good as to provide me dinner. Old Mr. Potter was stirring about, cheerful, and with all his faculties good at the age of eighty-six. The house is one of the most respectable in appearance both within and without of any I have seen on this journey. Mrs. Potter recommended me to Brown's, four miles off. She told me Jemima Wilkinson lived not more than a mile from Brown's, who was generally glad to see strangers. I went to Brown's, one of those uncomfortable half public half private houses, where you are received as if it were a great favour done to you.—Brown himself was not at home at first, but his wife was cold, careless, dirty, vulgar and disobliging. I found however good hay for my horse. I walked toward Jemima Wilkinson's, who lives at the end of a long descending lane. At the top of the lane, I met a woman and inquired civilly where about Jemima Wilkinson's house was. She replied she knew no such person; "the friend" lived a little piece below. I went to her house, nearly at the foot of a mountain. Externally it is a mean looking frame building; but clean and comfortable within. I sent up my name by a miss Willan or Millan, aged about thirty or thirty-two, who with her sister six years younger, has long lived with the "Friend." They seemed sensible and well behaved. In about half an hour the friend herself made her appearance: a corpulent woman, masculine featured, her hair (nearly gray) combed back, her age fifty-nine, dressed in a kind of minister's gown or cassock of dark coloured jean, neither her tone of voice nor manner bespoke much intercourse with the world, and nothing with the polite part of it. I inquired how long she had lived there, what was the religious description and extent of the society over which she presided, &c. To all this she readily answered. She said she had no more connexion with the quakers, than with other denominations; her society consisted of persons of almost all persuasions; that she stood with them in the character of universal friend. She had no particular place of worship, but generally preached every seventh and every first

day at home; occasionally too, but not regularly, at other houses of appointed meeting. She had family prayer at home every evening, at which, any who chose might attend. She said her doctrine was no other than what was contained in the scriptures, and she allowed the necessity of being called by the Spirit of God from sin to holiness. I suggested that this was the old Calvinistic doctrine of the 17th article of the church of England, and the modern doctrine of the methodists, particularly of the Calvinistic denomination: and that it occasioned some doubt whether being called or not depended on any goodness of disposition or rectitude of conduct of the man himself. She said these were deep subjects which she should be glad to discuss with me by and by; but that much harm had been done by atheistical writers such as Dr. Priestley and Thomas Paine. I endeavoured to explain to her, that Paine was not an atheist but a deist; and that Dr. Priestley was a strenuous defender of Christianity, and one of that sect of Christians, who were called Socinians or Unitarians; but who rested their faith upon the scriptures according to the sense it seemed to bear to them, full as much as she did. She pressed me to spend the evening at her house which I declined. Her conversation at length became unpleasantly parenetic and didactic, abounding with scripture phraseology applied somewhat at random, and strongly savouring of what seemed to me affected mysticism. I rose, and took my leave.

Her people are not numerous, but they seem much attached. In the year 1794 they bought a township on the Seneca Lake, where they made what was called the "Friend's" settlement. Much of this she claims as her own; though the part of it she claims, as well as all bequests made to her, she will not consent to hold or to be made under any other denomination of herself, than "The universal Friend." But as some doubts have been lately made, whether the law is likely to know any such person, they are now made in all cases to the elder miss Willan or Millan, who also transacts her temporal concerns.

Brown, who was many years at law with her, furnished me with some of the above particulars. He says she is an ambitious, troublesome and litigious, but a good moral woman in all her conduct. She was originally a quaker, born in Connecticut;

but aspiring to more power, and becoming more forward than the meeting approved, she pretended at one time to faint, to have died, and to have risen again with a commission from God to preach as the universal friend of mankind. She is evidently a woman of strong features, mental and bodily; fanatically religious and ambitious. By no means well read, or well informed, or of manners exhibiting either the exterior of politeness, or knowledge of the world. On the other hand there is good reason to believe that she is sincerely religious; her moral conduct is irreproachable, and she is remarked as being habitually civil and hospitable toward strangers. The district over which she presides is called Jerusalem; Snell's town, or Pen Yang, at the outlet of the Crooked Lake, formerly belonged to her community; but that filling up with persons not of her persuasion, she quitted that place, as she had done the friend's settlement near Hopetown on the Geneva or Seneca Lake.

27. Thursday, May '25. From Brown's to Bath along a rough dreary road.

7. Friday 26. To judge Falkner's at Mud Creek.

12. To Irwin's the Painted Post.

4. To Bonham's near the Canisteo or Canistier.

8. To judge Linby's, whose house and farm viewed out of his windows, are Big Tree in miniature.

Much hellebore in the ground, hence to the next stage: after that much wild garlic.

8½. Saturday 27. To widow Berry's on the Tioga.

19. To Bloss's at Peters's camp. Rain. Examined again the specimens of his coal and iron ore: but the latter is not rich, and the vein of coal is not more as yet than sixteen inches thick.

10½. To Higley's at the Block House. The road extremely wet and difficult. Sunday, May 28th.

15. To Reynolds's. Much thunder, lightning and heavy rain, attended with a most violent gust of wind, so that I was compelled to stay all night.

13. Monday, 29th May. To Williamsport, whence I set out. The wind had thrown down a very great number of trees. I counted thirty across the road, within about five miles from Reynolds's. I was detained till some of them were cut through.

Table of stages from Philadelphia to the Falls of Niagara.

	miles		miles
From Philadelphia to Reading	56	Brought forward	351½
Reading to Sunbury	74	To Mrs. Berry's at Hartford	12½
Sunbury to Williamsport	44	To major Smith's	4½
To Reynold's	14	To Marvin's	12
To Higley's at the Block House	15	To Key's at Batavia	8
To Bloss's at Peters's camp	10	To Vandewinder's	18
To Jennings's	9	To Ransom's	14
To widow Berry's on Tioga	10	To Landin's at Buffalo	8
To Judge Linby's	8	To Black Rock	3
To Irwin's the Painted Post	12	To Chippeway	13
To Dr. Falkner's Mud Creek	12	To Niagara falls	2
To Wm. Spring's at Bath	6	To the Whirlpool	6½
To Tuples's	20	Back to the road	1½
To Rice's at Pen Yang	12	To Queenstown	3½
To Powell's at Geneva	15	To Newark on lake Ontario	8
To Powell's at the Sulph. Springs	12½	From Philadelphia to Newark	467
To Taylor's at Canandaigua	10½	If the falls of Genesee be taken	
To Gen. Hall's	12	in the rout it will add	60
	351½	Total	527

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO,

LETTER XV.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, December, 1805.

MORTIFICATION at their disappointment in this attempt to reduce the city of St. Domingo, provoked in the Haytien officers and soldiers all the evil passions to which the human breast is a habitation. Rage, vengeance and fury seized upon them all, and as their prospects of rioting in the blood of the French, and their pleasing anticipations of pillage, had both proved abortive, they were resolved to display their savage barbarity upon the inhabitants and country of the surrounding departments. The two armies were directed to return by the routes on which they had advanced, and had orders to pursue the line of conduct, which is described as having been faithfully executed, in the following words translated from the journal of the campaign; "In pursuance of the last instructions of his majesty to the different generals, they drove before them the residue of the inhabitants, animals and beasts, which could be found in the

country, reduced to ashes the towns, villages and houses, carried devastation with fire and sword, far and wide, and spared none but the individuals destined by his majesty to be brought away as prisoners."

The army of the north under Christophe, upon its march to the city, had a severe engagement on the twenty-fifth of February at the river of St. Iago. The French and Spaniards were fortified in a redoubt upon the opposite bank of this river, where they were stationed under the impression that they could defend its passage, and make such effective opposition to the advance of the black army, as to discourage and perhaps repulse it. This stream, like most of the rivers of the island, is narrow and shallow, being easily fordable, except after heavy rains, but excessively rapid. As there was no bridge, and the water at this time was dangerously high, it was a hazardous undertaking, but Christophe made his dispositions for the attempt, and was resolved to try it, notwithstanding that his troops would be exposed to the constant fire of the enemy. After he had sent a Spaniard to demand the surrender of the fortifications, and had received a refusal to comply with his demand, he ordered the passage of the river to be effected at a quick step, which was immediately commenced by the *chef de bataillon* Jason with four battalions, protected by the continual fire of two demi-brigades. The attempt succeeded, the passage was forced, and after a sanguinary conflict of about one hour, during which the defence was made with great obstinacy, the allies were put to the rout. A regiment of cavalry under general Brave intercepted their flight to the town of St. Iago, which was not far distant, and those who were not sufficiently expeditious to escape into the woods, which comprised nearly all, were cut into pieces. The town was carried and pillaged, and all the white inhabitants, except a few who concealed themselves or escaped, were immediately put to the sword. I have been told by an officer who was present at this transaction, that the destruction of the inhabitants was not intended by the general, but that he found it entirely impossible to restrain the impetuous vengeance of his soldiers. The number of men engaged upon either side I have not ascertained, neither the loss of the French and Spaniards, which

must have been several hundred. That of the negroes is admitted by their own statement to have been *thirty* killed and carried away by the current, and about *sixty* wounded, but we may safely rate it at double. Among the latter was general Brave, and three other field officers, but none of them dangerously. This signal victory, which expressed in such severe terms, the nature of the treatment which might be expected, from a continuance of hostilities, completely discouraged the inhabitants of the adjacent country from any further resistance, and the black army continued its march to the city without interruption.

On its return to the Haytien part, the same horrible system of destruction, practised by the troops of the emperor, was adopted. All the sugar plantations in the plain of St. Domingo and elsewhere upon the route, the towns of Cotuy, Macori, La Vega, Porto Plata, Monte Christi, Isabella, Hamina and St. Iago with its five cathedrals, together with all the villages, houses and plantations, were burnt and completely destroyed. Besides the cattle and other animals seized by the army, upwards of *twenty-four hundred* black and mulatto, men, women and children, were driven on before, as prisoners of war. A French physician, who was preserved at the sacking of St. Iago, on account of his profession, and five Spanish priests also accompanied the army. Christophe arrived at the Cape on the 9th of April, and thence issued orders to the troops to proceed to their respective garrisons.

The appearance of the troops on their return from the siege, has been described by the Americans who were in various parts of the island at the time, as a sight truly distressing. They arrived principally in small detachments, leading and driving the cattle, horses and mules, and carrying the poultry and other articles of spoil, which had fallen into their possession by the fortune of war. The sick and wounded were very numerous, and exhibited to the people a sad spectacle of the effects of unsuccessful ambition. Indeed such was the impression upon the nation generally, that his majesty thought it advisable in his address to his subjects, to satisfy their minds, lest he might be censured for having sacrificed the lives of so many individuals, for the mere attainment of his own aspiring

views. The disgrace of his defeat, was also in some degree to be wiped away, and it must be confessed that he managed the affair with the best possible art. He states in the commencement, that the principal cause of his raising the siege was, that "he had received some foreign correspondence, advising him of the movements of the different cabinets of Europe, that a peace was hourly looked for, and that it was highly probable, in a very short time an invasion might be expected from the French. He was therefore precautioned to be upon his guard, and he thought it behoved him to devote his whole attention to the protection and defence of the Haytien department, the seat of his empire."

He speaks also of the approaching rainy season, which would have rendered his return impossible, from the impracticability of crossing the rivers, and very justly observed, that if the other two French squadrons, of which he received information, as being ready to sail from France, should be destined for the island, his troops and his territory would be too much exposed, if he any longer delayed to return. He mentions with affected contempt, the *four thousand troops* already arrived, (which by the by, as mentioned in my last, happened only to be *twelve hundred*) saying, that, "as for them they could have done nothing but retard the siege for a few weeks." He recommends his officers to be upon the watch, expresses himself in the most flattering terms, of the conduct of the army during the campaign, and notices with a very perceptible *chagrin*, the disappointment they had experienced, when, just as the town was about to fall before their arms, when the besieged were almost famished, and entirely destitute of fuel, a French fleet unexpectedly arrived to their succour, and averted the calamity which impended over them. He strongly insists, that the object of the expedition, was more than half accomplished, since *nothing* was wanting, but the sacking of the town; and in order to make some amends for his want of success, he boasts of the devastation with fire and sword committed by his troops, in the country through which they passed.

It is stated, that a short time previous to the raising of the siege, a detachment of four hundred men, had been sent some

distance into the country to procure provisions, which by that time had become scarce in the Haytien camp, and that returning by a different route from the one pursued by the army in their hasty retreat, they appeared before the city, unable to protect themselves, and fell into the hands of the enemy, by whom they were afterwards delivered up in exchange for other prisoners.

A friend of mine, an American gentleman, informs me, that one of the officers who was present at the attack of the fort defended by Wiet, mentioned in my last, stated to him, that that unfortunate Frenchman, who is described as a brave and valiant soldier, was put to death after his capture by the emperor, in a most barbarous manner. It had been stated that Wiet had once taken ten negro prisoners, and had severely scourged them, upon which it was ordered by his majesty, that he should receive in retaliation *ten* lashes for every one he was *supposed* to have inflicted. The operation was commenced, and continued until the brave officer was lashed into pieces, and not an ounce of flesh was left upon his bones.

The wretched beings who were brought into the Haytien territory as prisoners of war, were many of them offered for sale as slaves. This will appear to you scarcely credible, but when I inform you that Dessalines made propositions to several Americans, to import *slaves* for him from Africa, it will not strike you with such astonishment. Such, however, is the fact, and the very men who have but even now cast off the yoke of slavery from their own necks, are willing to rivet it upon others of their own colour. Some were placed as sailors and marines on board of the government vessels, but the greatest part were set at liberty to provide for themselves by begging.

The emperor, notwithstanding the proud swelling language contained in his address, was so mortified and chagrined at the failure of his project, which, but a few weeks before, appeared to be "big with the fate of millions," that he very philosophically went into dignified retirement, where he continued for two or three weeks, without appearing in public. So savage and enraged was his conduct to those about him, that his officers were

fearful of approaching him, and his most intimate friends dared scarcely to visit him.

The sorry result of the St. Domingo campaign soon satisfied the mind of his majesty, that it was not in his power to dislodge the French effectually from the island, and he therefore thought it wise and prudent, as soon as he recovered from the effects of his defeat and disappointment, to frame a code of permanent laws for the government of that portion of the island, which acknowledged its subjection.

Since the establishment of the government, there had been no constitution, by which the powers and prerogatives of the chief magistrate had been defined, or the rights of the citizen declared. The will of the emperor had been the law of the land, and in cases of trivial importance, each general had been a petty tyrant in his own department. The interests of *the people*, as in all revolutions where the frenzy of democracy is suddenly transformed into a vile submission to unlimited despotism, had been soon forgotten. The *amor libertatis* which had actuated the breast of the slave to rebel against his master, had given place to the lust of dominion. Sympathetic feelings, the recollection of common sufferings during a tedious revolution, and of the equality of rights, had all been extinguished by the love of wealth and power. In fine, not a trait which characterised the principles of the leaders of the revolution during its infancy and progress, now any where existed, and many of the cultivators, soldiers, and citizens, regretted the day which gave birth to the unhappy rebellion.

On the twentieth of May "the Constitution of Hayti," received its official sanction, and was soon afterwards presented to the people, supported by the signatures of *twenty-two* generals, which I believe was the number of officers of that rank, then in the empire. The preamble sets forth that these chiefs had been "legally constituted by the *people* of Hayti, faithful organs and interpreters of their will, in the presence of the Supreme Being, before whom all mankind are equal." This, as you may see, was intended to support the appearance of a representative convention, when in reality these men had either elected themselves, or had been appointed by the emperor.

This constitution was the product of the labour of several months, and no doubt comprised all the wisdom and political knowledge, which could be collected in the realm. It is an excellent piece of workmanship, replete with good sense, and had its framers adhered as strictly to its letter and injunctions, as they should have done, and had the people possessed sufficient virtue to have conducted themselves in conformity with its spirit, Hayti had been rendered as prosperous and happy, as it was under the government of the unfortunate Touissaint.

By this instrument the form of the government was declared to be imperial: Jacques Dessalines was confirmed as emperor—and every public act was directed to be made in the name of “The Emperor I, of Hayti, and commander in chief of the army, by the grace of God and the constitutional law of the state.” The title of *majesty* was conferred upon him, as well as upon his “august spouse,” and their persons were declared to be sacred and inviolable. The crown was stated to be elective and not hereditary, but the emperor had the right to “designate the person who was to be his successor, either before or after his death.” He was invested with the right of making peace and war, and of appointing the principal officers of the empire, and although many other important branches of power were allowed him, his prerogatives in some cases were circumscribed. He was prohibited “under any pretext whatever, from attaching to his person, any particular or privileged body, whether as guards of honour, or under any other denomination,” and of consequence was deprived of the advantage, which his *brother emperor* enjoys of manufacturing at his pleasure, members of the *grand legion of honour*.

The island was stated to be divided into *six* military departments, two of the north, two of the west, and two of the south, and each to be under the command of a general of division.

The generals of division and brigade, were to compose the council of state. There was to be a secretary of state, a minister of finances to regulate the affairs of the interior, and a minister of war, those of the marine.

All distinction of colour was declared to have ceased, and “the Haytiens were thenceforward only to be known by the

general appellation of *blacks*," which term would also comprise some Germans and Polanders in the army, and a number of *white* women, who had been naturalized by government.

The system of settling disputes by arbitration, was declared to be legal. Justices of the peace were to be established in every *commune*, who were to have cognizance of all suits under one hundred dollars. From these an appeal could be made to the tribunal of the district, which was to be established in each military department, with jurisdiction over civil affairs only. Freedom of religion was to be tolerated. Every citizen was to learn some mechanic art. Public schools were to be supported. Marriage was declared to be a contract purely civil, and divorces were lawful. Condemnation to corporeal or disgraceful punishment, *destroyed* the quality of *citizen*, bankruptcies and *failures suspended it*.

Great professions were made to encourage and protect commerce, and the most flattering promises were held out to neutral and friendly nations, to induce them to visit the island.

Five national festivals for celebrating independence, the birthdays of the emperor and his spouse, that of the constitution and agriculture, were established, not however without some difficulty in ascertaining the precise time when the second and third celebrations should take place, for nobody knew when their majesties were born. They were however fixed upon the twenty-fifth of July for the former, and the twelfth of August for the latter. Any other days would perhaps have answered as well, and possibly in the selection of a day in *August* for the birth-day of the empress, a compliment might have been intended for her *august* majesty.

It appears from an article of the constitution, that it was intended to establish a mint and issue a coin, no doubt with the head of the emperor, but this scheme has never been carried into operation. The national flag which had been *blue* and red, was intended to have been altered to *black* and red, but it has not been done, and the colours continue as they were at the establishment of the government. Dessalines, after the adoption of the blue and red, which were two of the colours that belong to the French flag, once observed, that "as he had strick-

en out the *white* from the French flag, so would he strike off the *whites* from the island."

The concluding article of the constitution, is in the following words: "At the first firing of the alarm gun, the cities will disappear and the nation rise," alluding to the resolution, upon the approach of an invading army, to conflagrate the towns and to retire into the mountains.

On the twenty-sixth of May a penal code for the government of the army was drawn up, and soon afterwards promulgated. Its regulations are excessively severe, declaring the punishment of *death* for almost every species of crime or misconduct. The only article which relates to a foreigner, is one which states, that "any stranger, who shall be seized, taking plans of camps, quarters, cantonments, fortifications, arsenals, magazines, manufactories, canals, rivers, and generally of whatever appertains to the defence or preservation of the territory and its communications, shall be considered a spy, and *suffer death*." Thus you see how careful it is necessary for one to be, in his observations in this country, lest he may be suspected of hostile intentions, and thereby forfeit his life.

R.

LIBERAL OPINIONS.

I AM sometimes lost in astonishment and concern that any man can voluntarily adopt the profession of arms; a profession so repugnant to common sense and common humanity; so slavish in its principle and practice, and whose services are so ill requited. It is too much the fashion among writers, who wish well to their country and to the cause of liberty to inveigh not only against the profession, but the professors, not only against a soldiery, but soldiers. I am anxious not to be suspected of this intention. I am seriously of opinion that in England at least where

the army is not formed by tyrannical compulsion, but, for the most part, by volunteer enlistment, the soldiers are the flower of the nation not merely in form of body, but in qualities of mind. The young men, who enter into the army, are obviously tempted to prefer the seducing occupations of a military life, in consequence of possessing naturally a greater flow of animal spirits, a greater portion of courage, a more ardent desire of distinction, and superior activity of disposition to their neighbours. They have all the qualities that we expect to find in young men, in a superior degree to the youth of their own standing; and are, for the same reason, more inattentive to their interest and to their morals. Unluckily for them, the instant they become soldiers they *think* no more. They are taught to become machines in the hands of their officers, and to pay the most servile and implicit obedience to the commands of their superiors. Thus are the mental faculties benumbed, and every good quality of the man is sunk in the machine. Were not this the case, were it not that thought and reflection are either totally laid aside, or sedulously suppressed, how can we account for a man becoming a soldier? For, in the eye of reason and reflection, what is a soldier? A person who professes to renounce all free agency, to have no will of his own, and to submit himself body and mind to the will of another, whose particular trade it is to hold himself in readiness to put his fellow creature to death, whether friend or enemy, citizen or foreigner, at the command of another, without inquiring into the reason or propriety of the command; (for the professional creed, the sum and substance of a soldier's duty is *implicit obedience*; it is his business to *act*, and he permits his commander to *think* for him,) who is contented to abjure all family comfort and domestic society, who gives up the character of a citizen for the more honourable title, as he is taught to deem it, of his sovereign's *servant*, who in his duty to his commander sinks all concern for his duty to his country, being denied the right of investigating the propriety of the orders he receives—who, on his entrance into this voluntary state of permanent servitude renounces the boast and pride of an Englishman, the *trial by jury*, and submits to the judgment, not of his equals who could feel for his situation, when accused, but of his superiors, who decide too frequently on offen-

ces which they never can experience the temptation to commit. The punishments of a soldier are severe and degrading; his duties servilely obedient; and, to crown the whole, his wages far too small for comfortable subsistence, and below the common average of an industrious day labourer. Thus renouncing his duties as a man and his rights as an Englishman, thus living in a perpetual state of mental degradation, always ill paid in proportion to his labour, and frequently ill provided when his daily task is over—cajoled with the title of *gentleman*, that his vanity may be made subservient to the interest of his employer, and flogged like a slave, when he deserts from a profession which no man of spirit and reflection can approve, he lives uncomfortable to himself and unprofitably to the community, a character hardly to be blamed but much to be pitied. I have no doubt whatever but the time approaches when the nations of Europe will see their true interest in the mild system of peace on earth and good will towards men; and that a soldier will be alike unnecessary and unknown. Till that time comes it is much to be wished that the situation of the military should be made less degrading and more comfortable. That they should be better paid and better fed and better taught; that they should be permitted to know that a soldier ought to be a citizen, and that although the perpetual servitude of one man to another man is degrading to the human character, the servitude of a citizen to his country is of all employments the most honourable, and of all duties the most sacred.

THAT standing armies are dangerous to the safety of every state where they are maintained, is indubitable from all the facts relating to them in ancient and modern history. Pisistratus at Athens, Tyndaridas at Syracuse, Matho and Spendius at Carthage thus embroiled or enslaved their country. At Rome the army was the alternate instrument of ambition to Marius and Sylla and to Cæsar and Pompey. Augustus took care to be appointed governor of all the provinces, where *armies were appointed for fear of insurrections*. Throughout the remaining history of the Roman state, both in the east and the west, we find the empire incessantly deluged in blood, by means of the army and prætorian guards, who set up and dethroned whom they pleased. Let an inquirer

return to modern history and peruse the wars of the Florentines with the German disbanded army; the depredations of the Spaniards in the Low Countries, the means by which Gustavus formerly and the late king of Sweden, in 1772, enslaved that country; by which the French have been held in civil bondage from the time of Charles VII. to Lewis XIV; to say nothing of the modern prætorian guards, the janizaries of the Turkish empire, and he will have no doubts on the subject: if he should have any let him peruse the history of England, where he will sometimes see a systematic design on the part of monarchs and ministers to maintain an unnecessary army in time of peace, as a means of supporting their power, providing for their dependants, and crushing the people.

THE most execrable violation of the plainest dictates of natural affection, of justice and humanity, is the *law of primogeniture*. A law by which the ties of domestic union are broken, and every child but the first born unfeelingly doomed to indigence and dependence that the eldest may support the family pride in all the splendour of luxurious ostentation. It is impossible to calculate the sum of benefit prevented and evil occasioned by the prevalence of this iniquitous system. The mass of industry and exertion that would necessarily have been produced by the equal division of large fortunes among the children of rich families would long ago have doubled in all probability the wealth and prosperity of Europe. It would have added and would still add to the productive instead of the unproductive class of inhabitants, to the bees instead of the drones of the hive, it would soon render idleness unfashionable and luxury impossible; it would contribute to the solid enjoyment of life, by a general substitution of comforts and conveniences for glitter and parade; it would cut off from the sources of vice by the discouragement of celibacy, and it would encourage population because industry is patrimony; it would increase domestic felicity, for affection and not avarice, would lead the young to the altar, and the seeds of envy and jealousy, of filial disobedience and fraternal dissention, would be nourished no more; personal strength and national beauty would be gainers by the change; for peace and plenty and moderate labour would present a ruddy offspring to the state, and the friends of

mankind would less frequently commiserate the ghastly progeny of effeminate indulgence, debauchery and disease. Thus might waste lands be cultivated, agriculture supported, manufactures improved, and commerce extended. The axe indeed would be laid to the root of aristocratic genealogy, and hereditary privilege would mourn over the loss of her coadjutor, and would sicken and decay, when unsupported by the sister aid of primogeniture; but the future generation, freed from these cancer worms of society, would joyfully celebrate the period of internal prosperity and external peace, and exclaim with the poet,

En nova progenies, et rerum nascitur ordo!

I cannot conceive what a constitution is good for, whose principles will not bear examination; nor how that country can be free, where men are to be punished for peaceably endeavouring to point out to the people the seeming errors and defects in the government, under which they live. I cannot conceive how any improvement could ever have taken place if this system of state inquisition had been rigorously pursued; or how any improvement can take place hereafter, if all sources of information are thus forever to be closed. If a man excite his fellow citizens to revolt, he must take the consequences of his temerity; but if he barely excite them to examination and inquiry, *despotism alone can treat him as a delinquent*; even though he should speak of abuses in terms of honest indignation, proportionate to their enormity, it seems to me that he does no more than a serious belief of the charges he advances would incite him to do; and while he recommends those peaceable means of reformation, which the law and the constitution have regularly authorised, who can charge upon him his patriotism as a crime? Those, and those only are *libellists* of the constitution, who prohibit discussion; who punish investigation; who reply to facts by a fine, and to arguments by the pillory; and who, like the slave drivers of despotism, stand ready with the lash of the law to flog the saucy sons of inquiry into torpid apathy and quiet submission.

I AM not prepared to believe that public spirit and independence are exclusively confined to the rich; so far as my experi-

ence goes, the direct contrary is the fact; and I almost suspect that "it is as easy for a *needle* to go through the eye of a needle" as for a man of large property to be a thorough patriot. I am not prepared to believe that public spirit is not among the poor man's virtues. I know and confess the temptations he is sometimes under to sacrifice his political opinions for his daily bread; but so far as I have been able to judge, it is not from want of principle that the poor give way, but from want of knowledge; kept, as they often are, in the most deplorable ignorance of their political rights, encouraged to work hard and drink hard, but to think little, and to read nothing, no wonder they should barter their birth-right for a mess of pottage, when they know too well the value of the one, and know nothing about the other.

SUPPOSE that the want of independence may be a crime attached to poverty, is it not evident that the way to create it, if it does not exist, and to confirm it, if it does, is to take for granted its existence? Alas! among other robberies committed upon the poor, they are robbed of their good fame and their honest character, by proud and privileged law givers. Depart, it is in fact said by many, depart, ye wretches, ye scum of the earth; ye are guilty of that epitome of all the crimes of the decalogue, ye are convicted of poverty! What rights can you pretend to, who have not a penny in your pockets? Away to your dismal habitations and your scanty fare; go work, and be contented. How opposite are the sentiments of scripture and of modern politicians! The Bible declares that riches are an obstacle in the way to the kingdom of heaven; while among many European legislators poverty and virtue are deemed incompatible. Degrade a man in his own opinion, stigmatize him by legal suspicion, take for granted that he has no character to lose, and you go the sure way to work to make him in reality what you believe him to be.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following letters, which we have been permitted to copy, consisting of a correspondence, from Dr. George Davis, our consul at Tripoli, is highly honourable to the humanity of an amiable officer, who adorns his station and his country. As it has been correctly remarked, the giving of publicity to acts so meritorious is not only calculated to reward individual, but to stimulate general beneficence.

It will be remembered by those, who are conversant in diplomatic history, as well as by those, who feel a sympathy for the unfortunate, that the Tripolitans having refused to execute their treaty with Mr. Lear, and retaining in bondage the family of Hamet Carameli, the exiled bashaw, Dr. Davis was, for the second time, appointed as consul. His first embassy was at Tunis, and the second at Tripoli, charged with special powers relative to the treaty alluded to. By his noble and salutary influence, the family was not only surrendered, but the reigning and exiled brothers were reconciled after a rancorous animosity of twenty years duration; liberal provision was made for Hamet, the wanderer; a new government was established at Derne, and he created bashaw.

EDITOR.

Tripoli, July 23d, 1809.

SIR,

I HAD the honour to address, under date of the 11th October 1807, and first June 1808, two letters to Abraham Gibbs, Esq. informing him that his excellency, the bashaw, had been pleased to liberate, through my intercession, two of his Sicilian majesty's subjects, slaves to this regency, and enclosing a similar communication to his lordship, the marquis di Circello. Being still without a reply to those letters, I am induced to believe that gentleman has retired from his official situation, and have, therefore, given my present respects the address it bears.

Since the last mentioned period, his excellency has delivered to me five other Sicilian subjects, viz.—Michelli Scotto, Nicola Staracci, Gasfuzo Lintenelli and two children. The latter were taken on or about the 6th inst. from a place they call Sciacca or Shacca, distant nearly sixty miles from Girgenti. The eldest is a girl of between three and four years old. Her complexion, hair and eyes dark. She calls herself Catarina; and says that the boy, who is aged about ten months, is her brother, and named Vittoria. I will

thank you to use your best exertions to discover the parents, and inform them that the children are placed in my own house and will be well taken care of. They are both unwell from the fatigue they suffered on the voyage; but a few days' good treatment will recover them. Either of the parents may come to this place with your passport, or send some trusty person to receive the children.

As often as his excellency, the bashaw, has been pleased to express a wish of conferring on me an honour, or a mark of his friendship, I have requested that it might be confined to the liberation of his slaves; a measure alike consonant to the wishes of my government and gratifying to my own feelings. The expense of their support and of procuring their passage to their homes, has been at my private charge, and has been borne with pleasure. I do not mention this circumstance with any view to remuneration; for were it offered, it never would be accepted, but solely to evince the disinterestedness of my motives, in obtaining their freedom.

I feel it my duty to state, that one of the bashaw's cruizers has recently committed some outrages on the coast of Sicily, by setting fire to magazines. This mode of warfare has met the decided disapprobation of his excellency, and the Rais, for his brutal conduct, has been deprived of the command of his vessel, and will be happy to escape severer punishment.

I have the honour to be,
with great respect,
sir,

your most obedient servant,

GEORGE DAVIS.

The Consul of the United States,
Palermo.

Sciacca, 28th Aug. 1809.

SIR,

By a letter from Joseph Pulis, Esquire, American consul at Malta, under date of the 9th ult. this illustrious magistracy has been made acquainted with your extraordinary magnanimity, in voluntarily charging yourself near his excellency the bashaw of Tripoli, to procure the liberation, from a state of most unjust and cruel slave-

ry, those two fortunate children, Catharine and Salvadore Trappicante, the eldest between three and four years, and her brother ten months, taken a short distance from this city of Sciacca.

This magistracy, deeply impressed with gratitude, but not having terms expressive of its sensibility, proportioned to the proffered favour, as great as it is unexpected and uncommon, will only assure you, that penetrated by so dignified and benevolent an act, it presents you, sir, with this respectful offering of its lively and grateful thanks, on behalf and in the name of their whole population.

Those fortunate parents, Antonio and Catharina Trappicante, impatient once more to press to their bosoms their lost children, have prepared, notwithstanding extreme poverty, at the expense of this university, to embark, by the first boat for Malta, and thence pass to Tripoli, for the purpose of receiving from you, sir, this noble gift. There is nothing more consoling to humanity than beholding how closely nature has united the interests of each society with the general interest, in order to correct the errors of barbarous nations, who attack the prosperity of others, by the sacrifice of justice and liberality.

You will pardon, sir, this inadvertent digression, and this magistracy requesting, that as you have been pleased so far to interest yourself, that you will procure a safe return for these happy children to their native country; and tender the assurances of their liveliest sense of obligation and respect,

your most devoted and obliged servant,
the Senate,

BIAGIO GRAVANTI, Secretary.

The American Consul,
Tripoli.

Tripoli, 9th Sept. 1809.

SIR,

The letter which you did me the honour to write on the 28th ult. in the name of the Senate of Sciacca, relative to my conduct in procuring the liberation of two Sicilian children, was delivered to me on the 5th inst. by their parents. I offer to that honourable magistracy, my respectful acknowledgments, for the favourable sentiments they have been pleased to express of my feeble efforts in the cause

of humanity ; and I tender you, sir, my thanks, for the courteous manner in which you have communicated them.

The parents and children, with others of his Sicilian majesty's subjects, whose freedom I have been so fortunate as to obtain, will embark for Malta, under the American protection, and I fervently hope, that they may be safely restored to their country and their friends.

Assuring you sir, that I shall ever retain a lively and grateful sense of the honour conferred on me by the approbation of the senate and people of Sciacca, I pray you to be persuaded of the profound respect and consideration,

with which I have the honour to be,

sir,

your most obedient servant,

GEORGE DAVIS.

Biagio Gravanti, Esq.

Secretary to the Senate of Sciacca.

Palermo, 2d October, 1809.

SIR,

Your letters addressed to Mr. Greogory Maltei, his Sicilian majesty's commissioner, and to Mr. Gibbs, consul of the United States, concerning the two Sicilian children, and the other Sicilian captives, liberated through your intercession, were forwarded to me ; but the one mentioned as having been written to me, did not come to hand.

The king, my master, whom I had the honour to inform of the contents of the same, has admired the sensibility of your heart, and it has been truly gratifying to his feelings, to contemplate a stranger so interesting himself from mere humanity for individuals of other nations.

While I have the honour to transmit to you, sir, the warmest acknowledgments from his Sicilian majesty, for this honourable act of humanity towards his subjects, I am happy to inform you that the institution, called the *Redemption of the Slaves*, has received the king's commands for taking the most proper and speedy measure, for the safe return to their homes of the children, of

whose safe arrival at Malta, I am just informed, and of Mick Scotto and Gaspero Lintenelli of Syracuse. I hope the object of your liberality, and of your humane undertaking, will soon be accomplished.

I have the honour to be, with great regard and distinguished consideration,

sir, your most obedient servant,

THE MARQUIS OF CIRCELLO.

George Davis, Esq. U. S. Consul, Tripoli.

Tripoli, 16th November, 1809.

To the most honourable the marquis de Circello, his Sicilian majesty's minister of foreign affairs,

MY LORD,

THE letter which your lordship did me the honour to write the 2d October, was transmitted to me through the medium of Mr. Gregori Maltei, his Sicilian majesty's charge d'affaires, at Malta.

I pray your lordship to express to his majesty my grateful sensibility for the condescension with which he has been pleased to notice my conduct, and I also tender to your lordship my highest acknowledgments for the flattering manner in which you communicated his majesty's approbation.

By this conveyance Calmero and Francesco Buttarò, natives of Syracuse, who have been seven years slaves to this regent, are to embark for Malta; and I have recommended them to the good offices of his majesty's charge d'affaires, in procuring them a passport to Sicily.

I have the honour to inclose a copy of the letter I addressed to your lordship on the 9th October, 1807; and with sentiments of profound respect and consideration,

I have the honour to be,

my lord,

your lordship's most obedient servant,

GEORGE DAVIS

July 20th, 1810.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

BEING engaged in the construction of a chain bridge three miles out of Newburyport, state of Massachusetts, prevented my seeing Mr. Finley's publication in the June Port Folio, until it was too late to take notice of it in your July number.—I shall therefore thank you to publish the contents of this sheet, in your August Port Folio, merely to let my friends and the public know, that my feelings are outraged, and that I mean to pursue the subject until I have justice as publicly done me as the injury has been inflicted.—The attack was so unexpected, unmerited, and unprovoked, that I cannot fully comprehend it, unless it is attributed to motives the most unworthy—or that it may be barely possible, that his mind operating under the influence of avarice, jealousy, and old age, may have conceived some imaginary offence.—But as I had strong grounds for supposing that we were on good terms, and as we were actually in a state of negotiation, for a long contemplated, and a more equitable arrangement, between us ; I do not see on what grounds he expects to vindicate his insidious, jesuitical, and highly injurious publication, without first having given me information. The rattlesnake itself generously sounds its rattles and gives notice to its enemy, before it attempts to inflict *its poison*. If this gentleman calculates on some supposed improper act of mine towards him, under which to shield himself, he will be most egregiously disappointed, for I have committed none, but such as have been eminently calculated to promote his interest.

I pledge myself to my friends and the public, in the event of a quarrel, to show that he is under more obligation to a highly respected character near the city of Washington and myself, for the introduction of his then totally neglected Chain Bridge, than to all the world besides—And I do also pledge myself to show that whatever difficulty he may have on his mind respecting me, if in fact he has any at all—has originated from his inordinate avarice, ill-founded jealousy, and want of justice towards me.—Nothing now restrains me, but a perfect conviction that a

rupture between us would result in serious injury to us both, and the pleasing reflection, that notwithstanding he has thrown the first stone, if we do quarrel, it shall be his fault, and not mine. In order to bring about an equitable compromise between us, to prevent one from suffering while the other is gouged; I have placed the power on my part, in the hands of a third person, and given Mr. Finley information of it; and if he is that pure character, that in the early part of our acquaintance he took pains to induce me to believe he was, he will set all to rights in the Port Folio himself.

I am, sir, most respectfully,
your humble servant,

JOHN TEMPLEMAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS.

IT is with a satisfaction the most sincere, and wishes for its prosperity the most cordial, that we are enabled to announce the establishment of a new society in this city, by the title of the SOCIETY OF ARTISTS OF THE UNITED STATES, upon principles at once correct, liberal, and enlightened; and calculated in an eminent degree to call forth, in every walk of art, the latent worth and genius of our country. Two months have scarcely elapsed since the first formation of this society, and already its members amount to upwards of eighty; many of whom are of the first character for talents and respectability.

We shall take the first opportunity, in a future number, to present our readers with a copy of the constitution of this society. The principles upon which it is founded are correctly delineated in the following address, delivered before the society, by Mr. George Murray, engraver, of this city.

We ardently hope that this infant society, nourished and invigorated by taste, by talents, and public spirit, will, in its turn, become the nurse, inspirer, and guardian of the genius of our country; for we heartily coincide with the sentiment of the artist, (who is himself so distinguished an ornament of his profession) that "the prosperity, and even the existence of a republic depends upon an ardent love of liberty and virtue; and the fine arts, when properly directed, are capable in a very eminent degree, to promote both."

The following address was delivered by Mr. George Murray, before the Society of Artists of the United States, on the first of August, 1810, and ordered to be published.

To establish a society of artists on liberal principles, and to render the same permanent and useful, is a matter of no small difficulty. Various opinions are entertained respecting the best means of insuring the success of such an undertaking.

It is hardly possible that all the members can be acquainted with each other's real sentiments, and it is very natural to suppose that misunderstandings on many points, and even jealousies will exist among those who, perhaps, are equally anxious to promote the advancement and welfare of this institution.

It appears to be necessary, in the commencement, to state clearly what are the objects and prospects of the society; this will tend much to promote harmony and good understanding among the members.

It is well understood that the primary objects of this society are, the establishment of schools in all the various branches of the fine arts; a public exhibition of the productions of American artists; to improve the public taste; and to raise a fund for the relief of decayed members; but the most important object is, to remove existing prejudices, and to give a character to the FINE ARTS in the United States. To examine with impartiality in what true excellence consists, and to render as simple as possible the means of acquiring a knowledge of the arts.

It has been the practice with all the old academies, to lay too much stress on what may be considered the mere rudiments of art.

A knowledge of drawing, so as to be able to delineate any object with tolerable accuracy, can soon be acquired by persons of even ordinary capacity; and being taught upon mathematical principles, may be considered as purely mechanical; but the superior arts of design, composition, and the choice of subjects, require all the energy of a reflecting and fertile mind. Many persons possessing fine imaginations and cultivated understandings, are deterred from entering the list of artists, on account of the great length of time generally spent in preparatory studies.

The great school of art is nature; and every artist who expects to become eminent must always be a student there.

If we glance over the history of the arts, we will find that it was in the early ages of the Grecian republics, when the greatest artists flourished; and the monuments of their works which remain, are convincing proofs that they understood well the beautiful simplicity of nature.

The study of the antique, though important to the pupil, has nevertheless been carried much farther than what is necessary, and the great length of time generally bestowed to acquire a knowledge of it, might be more profitably devoted to the study of nature. The works of those artists, who have been so partial to the antique, although allowed to be elegant and graceful, are notwithstanding very monotonous, and destitute of character. The old saying, that "he who follows must always be behind," is very applicable to the arts; and it is a lamentable truth, that we often see *followers of followers, and copyists of copyists*.

The greatest artists, both ancient and modern, have studied immediately from Nature. The Dutch and Flemish masters had little or no knowledge of the antique. Claude painted his pictures in the open air; and Hogarth, who may justly be denominated the Shakspeare of painting, drew all his subjects from real life: and no painter has ever furnished us with a greater variety of character, without extravagance; and none has ever exceeded him, either in composition, propriety of design, or choice of subject. The works of Hogarth tend equally to amuse, to delight, and to instruct: he has exposed vice in all its horrid deformities, ridiculed the extravagance and follies of the times, and has done more for the improvement of morals than all the other painters, ancient and modern, put together.

The grand object of this society ought to be, to establish a school of the arts, founded on plain and simple principles; to make a proper use of the antique, only to prepare the students for the more important study of Nature in all her varieties.

An opinion has prevailed, (and in some degree exists at present) that this country is too young to foster the arts; and also, that our form of government is not very favourable to promote their advancement. That there are not sufficient materials to enable the student to pursue his studies to advantage; and also, that there is neither taste to appreciate merit, nor a disposition

to reward it; and that it is absolutely necessary for the young American artist to look both for improvement and encouragement to foreign countries.

It cannot be denied that several artists who have emigrated from this country, have become eminent in their professions, and have met with liberal encouragement abroad; but it must also be allowed that there are several artists among us, in the higher branches of the arts, that have not had the advantages of an European education, whose works will bear a fair comparison with those of the most distinguished foreign artists; and it must also be observed, that their merits have not been altogether overlooked by their countrymen.

It has before been observed, that a principal object of this society ought to be directed towards the removal of existing prejudices, and to prove to the world that there are sufficient materials here for the improvement of the young artist; and also, that he has every thing to hope and little to fear, as far as relates to encouragement.

We possess a vast extent of territory, and a variety of climate, affording not only all the comforts and conveniencies of life, but even nearly all the luxuries of the east and the west.

Chains of mountains of immense height, gradually rising from the sea, extending through the country in nearly a parallel direction with the coast, and intersected as they are in many places by beautiful and magnificent rivers, form a vast variety of the most sublime and picturesque scenery in the world. Populous and flourishing cities, towns, villages, and elegant mansions, diversify the whole, and afford an infinite source of materials for the landscape painter.

The rapid increase of population and wealth, promoting the improvement of our cities and public works, call forth the talents of the architect, and insures to him a reward for his exertions.

To commemorate the American revolution, and to place in the most conspicuous point of view, those patriots and heroes, who had the virtue and hardihood to assert, and to secure the independence of their country—to illustrate and perpetuate *their* glorious achievements, belong equally to the painter, the sculptor, and the engraver.

The prosperity and even the existence of a republic depends upon an ardent love of liberty and virtue; and the fine arts, when properly directed, are capable, in a very eminent degree, to promote both.

The encouragement given to engraving within these five years past, and the great improvement in that branch of the arts, is a proof that the American people are far from being without taste.

Several English publications have been copied in a style that even the most prejudiced have acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to the originals; and it is hoped that the time is not far distant when we will cease to be the mere retailers of European ideas, and that we will act and think for ourselves, and produce original works.

Mr. Wilson's Ornithology is a splendid specimen of American original publication, and is allowed by the best judges, both in London and Paris, to be equal to any thing of the kind that has ever appeared in any country: and the encouragement which that work has met with here is another convincing proof that the American public possess both taste to discover, and disposition to reward merit.

The United States being the only country on earth where the people in general are really independent and happy, is considered by the friends of rational freedom in every country, as *the great strong hold of liberty*, as their last and safe retreat from the horrors of despotism.

The tyranny and rapacity of the sovereigns of Europe have already forced a vast number of their most valuable subjects to abandon their native countries, and to look for their natural rights under our mild and enlightened government. They have brought with them their arts and their industry; many have become rich, and all who possess health have the means of obtaining a comfortable subsistence. The wise policy of the United States in admitting foreigners to all the rights of citizens, has weakened the governments of Europe, and added to this country an inexhaustible fund of wealth.

The political institutions of France as well as Great Britain being founded on injustice, and supported by force, their rulers

cannot see with indifference the rapid rise of a young and powerful nation, where the government is both the choice and idol of the people, securing equal rights and privileges to all: a country enjoying so many important advantages, must continue to attract the subjects of foreign despotisms, and finally to rival them in *arts* as well as in commerce.

Both the great contending powers of Europe have made use of every species of intrigue and duplicity to check the growing prosperity of these states. Under the plea of necessity they have been guilty of the most flagrant acts of injustice, in order to destroy the lawful commerce of this country. The consequence of such conduct, however distressing and ruinous to many individuals, has had the effect of opening the eyes of the great mass of the people respecting their true interest, and has directed all their attention, arts, and industry, to their own inexhaustible internal resources.

At this crisis it is our duty as well as interest to prove by every exertion, that however high we may value the friendship of other nations, we are determined to do without their aid. Manufactures are making rapid progress throughout the union, and a knowledge of the fine arts is of great importance to their improvement.

The Society of Artists look up with confidence to the people of the United States, for the encouragement and support of an institution embracing so many important objects, and capable of being rendered of great public utility.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts have shown a very friendly disposition towards this infant institution, and we have every reason to look for their cordial co-operation. The aid, also, of every other similar institution throughout the union is expected.

The Society of Artists are determined, both individually and as a body, to direct their labours, and to use every exertion in common with their fellow citizens, to promote the prosperity, glory, and independence of their country.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FERDINAND VON SCHILL.

At a time when imbecility, incapacity, cowardice and treason branded a great part of the leaders of the Prussian army with indelible infamy, there have not however been wanting men, who, in spite of the most untoward circumstances, have been animated with courage, and inviolable fidelity to their sovereign and their country, and have gloriously kept up the honour of the German name. Among these, the heroic, the amiable Schill was one of the most distinguished. Destined as he evidently appeared to be, to act an important part in the newly organized Prussian monarchy, the sudden termination of his short, but brilliant career, is the more deeply lamented by his sorrowing country.

Ferdinand Von Schill, the youngest of four sons, was born in 1773, at Sothoff, an estate which then belonged to his father, and is situated near Rosenberg, in Upper Silesia. His father, who is still living, and upwards of eighty years of age, was originally in the Austrian service, which he afterwards exchanged for the Saxon; and on the taking of the Saxon army at the commencement of the seven year's war, he raised a corps of partizans, which executed some important enterprises, and rendered itself particularly formidable to the corps of Turks, which the duke of Brunswick had at that time organized. On the breaking out of the war respecting the Bavarian succession, he entered, in consequence of an invitation to that purpose, into the Prussian service: but from the short duration of hostilities he had no opportunity of signalizing himself.

Young Schill was destined from his earliest infancy for his father's profession, and at the age of six years entered the corps of cadets. In 1789, he was made cornet in Schimmelpfenning's hussars, and was the year following removed to the queen's dragoons. He was not pleased with the petty service in garrison, and he could not prevail upon himself to pay such attention to trifles as he saw his comrades do. It is well known, that in the German armies there were numbers of officers who considered it the most important duty of a soldier, to keep his hair in proper trim, and his buttons highly polished. Men of this description doubtfully shook their heads respecting young Schill, or even

went so far as to deny that he had any military talents. Some, at the present day, when informed of his recent exploits have been heard to exclaim: "Good God! who could ever have supposed that Schill would become such a man!" Schill was meanwhile forming plans for futurity, and his ever active mind panted for opportunities to distinguish himself, especially as the strict subordination which affords the young officer but little scope for the exertion of superior powers, must have been to him a species of restraint that prevented him from following the impulse of his nature; which, however, acquired from this very opposition increased strength and energy. Giving himself up to his own way of thinking, he is said to have avoided as much as possible the society of his comrades, which occasioned disputes that always ended in duels. He was a principal in twenty-two of these affairs, in five of which he was wounded.

At the commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia in 1806, Schill was sub-lieutenant. On the disastrous 14th of October, he was stationed with a piquet at Eckartsberg. Here he was surrounded by the enemy and summoned to surrender, which he refused. The French rushed upon him from all sides, and he received so severe a wound on the head as to deprive him of sense. He must infallibly have been killed, had not his horse saved him by springing aside. His comrades afterwards found him without signs of life upon the ground; they took care of him, bound up his wounds, and in this state conveyed him to Magdeburg. In this helpless situation he was received by M. Berr, a teacher of the French language, who, with his wife, nursed him with the utmost philanthropy. He had made no great progress in his recovery, when he learned that Magdeburg was on the point of surrendering to the enemy. Nothing was now capable of detaining him in that city. Regardless of his wounds, and faithful to his sovereign, even to death itself, he hastened to Colberg, where he arrived in the most violent fever.

No sooner had he recovered than he manifested the most ardent desire to be actively employed in the service of his country. Before this wish was gratified he had great obstacles to surmount—obstacles thrown in his way by envy, mistrust, and

mean jealousy. He proposed to make excursions about the fortress; but the number of men placed at his disposal was so small as to indicate a wish to get rid of, rather than to support him. He, nevertheless, took several military chests and magazines which were in the neighbouring towns, and by his stratagems kept off the enemy for a considerable time from the fortress.

An affair which he had at Gülzow, a small place situated to the south of Kamin, near the Frische Haff, with a far superior number of the enemy, was particularly brilliant. He was in hopes of surprising the French, but his approach had been betrayed. On his arrival in the night before Gülzow, he found sixty men belonging to the troops of Baden, drawn up with artillery to receive him. Schill had no more than ten foot soldiers, and six cuirassiers. The former he posted in the churchyard in order of battle, and with the latter he galloped to the opposite side of the town, in which were sixty of the enemy's horse, totally unprepared for an attack, and consequently in great disorder. Schill boldly charged them, and at the first onset was fortunate enough to kill their commander. With a voice of thunder he then cried out, "Cossacks push on!" and to this presence of mind alone was he indebted for the victory. The enemy's cavalry, having lost their leader, and conceiving that a much stronger corps was advancing against them, fled with precipitation, and Schill thus gained time to drive out the infantry likewise, and to render his victory complete. People could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw him return with his little corps, bringing thirty-three prisoners whom he had taken at Gülzow.

This achievement procured the valiant Schill the favour of his sovereign in a high degree. He rewarded him with the Order of Merit, which never more deservedly decorated the breast of a soldier.

Schill continued to collect the horses, cattle, and arms from the environs of Colberg, and to convey them into the fortress; to elude the vigilance of the enemy, to cut off his convoys, to take his military chests, and to harass him in every possible way. His name became respected and feared by the troops of France

and of the Rhenish confederacy. Numerous detachments were sent out to take him, but he contrived matters so well that all their endeavours proved ineffectual.

The success which attended all his enterprises, the talents which he displayed on every occasion, and the marks of respect that were shown him by the king, at length procured him greater consideration at Colberg. His advice was asked, and he was intrusted with more important commands. Flattering as this must have been to him, he still wished to be at the head of a corps of his own, that he might no longer be obliged to receive orders from men who were incapable of entering into his ideas, but be more at liberty to follow the impulses of his own genius. But if he would lead a corps, it was necessary he should first raise one. Schill was not a man to be deterred by difficulties and impediments. Scarcely had he formed the idea, before he seriously set about putting it in execution. Fortune favoured him as usual in this undertaking. Having one night surprised the town of Massow, in Pomerania, he there made prisoners three colonels and some soldiers, and took a military chest containing ten thousand crowns.

This booty, having previously obtained the sanction of his sovereign, he employed in executing his favourite design. The dispersion of the greatest part of the Prussian army, in consequence of which many of the soldiers were wandering about without subsistence, and the general distress occasioned by the war, procured him plenty of followers; and the idea of serving under Schill, whose name was not pronounced but with admiration, was equally flattering to a patriotic and military spirit. Schill devoted his whole attention to the organization of this corps which was alike distinguished for courage and intrepidity in danger, perseverance under difficulties, and implicit obedience to their leader, resulting from love to his person and respect for his merits. His exploits with these brave fellows have excited universal astonishment. He hung upon the rear of the French army, which he harassed incessantly. He took a park of artillery of forty pieces of cannon, and upwards of twenty thousand muskets; set nine thousand Russians at liberty, and made marshal Victor prisoner. For the latter, prince Augustus,

at that time a prisoner of war in France, was exchanged, and thus enabled to return to the bosom of his family.

Schill likewise took from Bonaparte seven fine Arabian horses, presented to him by the Grand Signior. Enraged at this loss, Bonaparte set a price of one hundred Napoleons d'or on Schill's head. Schill gave himself little concern about the menaces of the French emperor, on whose head he in his turn set a price, and to show him how low he valued him, he offered but a very small sum. Bonaparte, who was very fond of his horses, sent to demand them of Schill, promising to pay him what they were worth. He sent a letter to him on the subject, addressed *au Capitaine des Brigands, Schill*. The latter replied, that he was willing to send him back his horses, if he would replace on the Brandenburg gate at Berlin, the triumphal car of which he had robbed it; but as to money he had no occasion for any, as he should always find sufficient in the military chests of the French army, which he was sure of taking. This letter to Bonaparte he addressed as follows; *Au Colonel de tous les Brigands, mon honorable frère, Napoleon*.

Bonaparte, who is grown a great epicure, was continually sending out couriers to buy up whatever was most rare and delicate for his table. Schill found means to intercept these provisions, and took the greater pleasure in regaling himself with them, on account of the disappointment which Bonaparte would experience.

In February 1807, the king promoted Schill to the rank of captain. In the April following, he repaired to Swedish Pomerania, to prepare the way for a corps of Prussians under Blucher, which had landed at Stralsund, and was joined by part of Schill's cavalry. Meanwhile the peace concluded at Tilsit, frustrated the object of this expedition. On his return, Schill was appointed major; and as a mark of public gratitude, his corps, which was not disbanded, was permitted to bear his name, as well as that of the province in which it was stationed. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the hero, whose modesty was equalled only by his merits, was received at Berlin, whither he proceeded with the garrison of Colberg on the departure of

the French. The inhabitants of the metropolis vied with each other in paying him a public tribute of esteem and admiration.

On the conclusion of the peace, the king of Prussia formed out of Schill's cavalry, the second regiment of Brandenburg hussars, which was placed in garrison at Berlin. Here the major remained till the commencement of the late campaign against Austria, which again opened a field for the display of his extraordinary talents. We know not the precise nature of the object which he had in view in his subsequent operations, nor how far his conduct was sanctioned by his sovereign; but from what he actually accomplished, there seems little doubt, that had fortune spared his life, the north of Germany might, by his spirited example, have been encouraged to throw off the French yoke, and the whole continent might at this moment have exhibited a very different aspect from what it at present wears.

Under the pretext of exercising his men, Schill left Berlin with four hundred and fifty of his hussars, on the 28th of April, 1809. After the usual evolutions, he thus addressed them:—"Fellow soldiers, we are already on our march to avenge our good king, his allies, our country, and every one of us, for the cruelties of the French. There is not an individual among our number but what is ready to sacrifice his life for the good cause." The soldiers agreed to follow their commander, who commencing hostilities as soon as he had passed the Prussian frontiers, took four officers, three hundred and fifty soldiers, four pieces of cannon, and two pair of colours, and killed with his own hand the French general, Vautier. Nine officers and six hundred men were left on the field of battle. Schill, on his side, lost six of his bravest officers, and one hundred men. This action was fought at Todendorf, near Magdeburg, on the opposite bank of the Elbe.

A body of five hundred men, both cavalry and infantry, secretly followed him from Berlin. With this reinforcement he made himself master of the little fortress of Domitz, in Mecklenburg, took nine hundred prisoners at Damgarten, on the frontiers of Swedish Pomerania, and killed one hundred and twenty more. He put in requisition all the funds belonging to Jerome Bonaparte, and advanced with such rapidity to Stral-

sund, as to surprise that important place. On taking that city, he cut to pieces a French colonel, several officers, and eighty men, for firing on him and his troops after they had surrendered at discretion. At Stralsund he found four hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and two thousand seven hundred quintals of powder; and being thus supplied with ammunition, he immediately set two thousand peasants to work at the fortifications of the town.

A considerable force, composed of Dutch and Danish troops, was meanwhile advancing to regain Stralsund. Schill's corps now amounted to three thousand two hundred men, including fifteen hundred Pomeranian militia, who had been compelled to join it. The combined Dutch and Danes amounting to ten thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry, with thirty pieces of cannon, were commanded by general Gratien, who had under him the Danish general, Ewald. The Danes arrived by water under the British flag, which deceived the major, who having sent one of his officers to Heligoland, whence he had not yet returned, mistook them for British troops. On the thirty-first of May, the enemy advanced to the assault. Twice did the Dutch appear at the gate of Triebsee, and thrice at the Kniper gate, with bayonets fixed, in order to force them. They at length accomplished their purpose with the loss of a great number of men, and Schill killed six with his own hand. As soon as the enemy had entered the town, a general massacre commenced; it had continued four hours, when the major was shot through the head by a Dutch soldier. The gate of Franken was still occupied by his men. General Gratien ordered the massacre to cease, and it was agreed, that if two of Schill's officers, captain Rochow and another, should satisfy themselves respecting the death of their leader, the remainder of his corps should retire into Prussia. The major's body having been shown to these officers, they fulfilled their agreement the same night, and retired with their arms and baggage. The head of the hero being previously cut off to be sent to Jerome Bonaparte, his corpse was interred in the night of the first of June.

In this desperate conflict, the enemy lost the general of division, Cateret, colonels Barneburg and Cisier, besides eighteen

other officers, and eight hundred men killed; and twelve officers and six hundred men wounded. Schill's corps lost its brave commander, six officers, and four hundred men killed; five officers and three hundred men wounded; and eleven officers and five hundred men taken prisoners. These eleven officers, and a great number of the privates, were shot by the orders of Bonaparte.

Captain Rochow, and several of Schill's officers who survived and escaped, are now in the British service.

Additional anecdotes of the late major Von Schill.

Schill was uncommonly beloved by every individual of his corps; he treated each of his men as his brother, and, nevertheless maintained the strictest discipline; without which, they could not have existed as a body. A genuine sense of honour animated their ranks, and constant victory inspired them with unusual confidence. "I belong to Schill's corps," proudly exclaimed any of them who wished to recommend himself; and this recommendation carried great weight. Whoever was guilty of a disgraceful action, was by themselves expelled from their midst. Cowardice, in particular, was punished with the utmost severity. In the first engagement at Selenow, a soldier hung back instead of advancing upon the enemy.—His comrades observed it, and shot him on the spot. Victory or death was, in the strictest sense, their watchword. Every man who deserted from the corps, and was afterwards taken, was shot without mercy.

They lived together like brethren, united together by one object, tending solely to the welfare of their country. The sick and wounded they treated with the utmost attention, and even made collections for them. The healthy cheerfully dispensed with provisions for a day, that the sufferer might not want.

An hussar had once stolen something from one of his comrades: he was detected, and Schill was made acquainted with his crime. "Comrades," said he to his men, when the culprit was brought before him, "a thief has forfeited the honour of serving any longer in your ranks. None can be members of our corps but men of tried honesty and integrity. I deem it degrading to punish him in any other way than by expulsion from our number. He cannot be suf-

ferred to remain with us another moment. Can he, think you?" They all replied in the negative; on which he directed a subaltern to strip the delinquent of his uniform, and then to abandon him to his remorse and disgrace. This sentence was instantly executed. On his return from Colberg to Berlin, notwithstanding the flatteries and panegyrics that were poured upon him from all quarters, he still displayed the same modest, unaffected, and strictly moral character as before. Though he was the idol of the people, and it was impossible for him to appear abroad without attracting the eyes both of strangers and his countrymen, still he was disposed rather to undervalue, than to over-rate his merits. On its being once observed that the public, with its demonstrations of respect, could not but be troublesome to him, he replied, "people make a great deal too much of me. I cannot deny that it gives me pleasure to find that they are glad to see me. If they even were troublesome when they crowd so about me, I should not mind it. Who can refuse his fellow citizens so small a gratification!"

The fair sex employed various arts to captivate the hero of the day, on whom nature had conferred a robust frame, a vigorous constitution, a handsome person, and highly animated features; but he withstood all their fascinations. In love, he was a rare example of rigid morality.

He wasted not the precious moments in idle or enervating pleasures: he was incessantly employed either in business, in augmenting his stock of military knowledge, or in exercising his troops, and fulfilling the duties of his post with exemplary punctuality.

On his quitting Berlin, in the manner which has already been described, the cavalry belonging to his corps being left behind, endeavoured to get away by artifice, and many of the infantry actually followed him. What their leader did, they could not but consider right: without him they felt in the highest degree miserable; they could not endure the separation from one whom they loved as their own lives, with whom they had shared the most imminent dangers. In short, they deemed it disgraceful to remain behind. Among these troops the greatest uneasiness prevailed; they loudly required a certain major to conduct them out of Berlin. He refused to comply; and, among other severe expressions, asked if they were a band of robbers, and were determined to violate the su-

bordination which they owed to their superiors. On this a subaltern stepped out of the ranks. "Major," said he, "refrain from opprobrious language ; that will only make matters worse.—Have we not fought like brave men, for our king and country ? would to God that all had but performed their duty like us ! We shall not quietly take the affront which you offered to us all." A general murmur arose among the soldiers, and many of them stamped with the butt-end of their muskets on the ground.

A general, who happened to be not far off, attracted by this loud expression of disapprobation, asked the major what was the cause of it. "These men," replied the latter, "want to follow Schill ; and because I will not suffer them, they are angry ; nay, a subaltern has even the presumption to contradict me." The prudent general was aware that, at a moment when all minds were in a violent ferment, every severe expression would be ill timed. "Recollect, my lads," said he, "that you now belong not to major Von Schill, but to your king and country. From him you shall receive fresh pay and subsistence, and to him you have sworn allegiance. I give you my word, that, whenever another war breaks out, I shall deem it an honour to put myself at your head. Will you now behave quietly, and as becomes good soldiers ?" "We will," replied several. "But the major called us a band of robbers ; and for this, we demand satisfaction." The major was put under arrest, and the disturbance was quelled.

We ought not to omit an anecdote of the servant of an officer belonging to Schill's corps, as it serves in some measure to characterize the sentiments which pervaded, without exception, all the persons of whom it was composed. This young man, who had been, from his childhood, in the service of his master, fancied, the day after the corps had left Berlin, that he was abandoned by the whole world, and resolved to follow it. In the midst of his distress, while he was with tears deploring his forlorn condition, he was offered another very eligible situation, by a person who was affected by his attachment to his master. "No," replied he, "I will not leave my master, even if you would give me a thousand dollars a year." With a dollar in his pocket, and a small supply of provisions, he quitted Berlin. Between Zehlendorff

and Potsdam, he saw a poor old man sitting by the road-side, and eating a piece of dry bread. He shared his little store with the veteran ; and when the latter expressed his gratitude, the faithful fellow replied, "may God reward my master for what I have done for you ! only pray that I may soon find him again safe and sound."

Notwithstanding all the shackles which the French have with such industry imposed on the liberty of the press and of speech throughout Germany, it gives us pleasure to find, that the spirit which animated the patriotic Schill and his gallant followers, yet survives in that unhappy country. Of this, the following recent fact affords a striking demonstration :

A party of 76 French and Poles being ordered to escort to Magdeburg 67 men of Schill's corps, till then confined at Stettin, had proceeded as far as the town of Old Brandenburg. Among the prisoners were 30 Prussian subjects, who were demanded by the governor, general Hirschfeldt. The French captain who commanded the escort, refused, however, to deliver them up, and the general had been expressly forbidden by his court to employ force. The whole detachment being quartered in one house, a great number of the inhabitants assembled round it towards evening. Their indignant murmurs alarmed the commanding officer, who sent his lieutenant to claim the protection of the governor. The lieutenant, a hot-headed young man, had the imprudence to threaten the populace, by the way, with the vengeance of the great Napoleon ; for which he was complimented with a sound drubbing, and other impressive marks of resentment. Nothing but the presence of a squadron of Prussian cuirassiers prevented the instant storming of the house and the deliverance of the prisoners. The captain now thought it most politic to delay his departure till midnight. The prisoners, warned by the fate of their comrades murdered at Magdeburg, Brunswick, and other places, and perhaps looking upon Brandenburg as the last place where they could hope to be rescued, proved refractory, and refused to set off. The bayonets of the escort soon reduced them to obedience ; but the bold spirit which had animated their lamented chief, suddenly inspired them with a resolution to attempt their deliverance. Some of the Prussian

cuirassiers happened to be near the spot. "Comrades," cried one of Schill's hussars, "will you suffer your countrymen to be dragged to prison, and their blood to be shed, by your mortal enemies?" This exclamation was the signal for an attack upon the detachment. A sanguinary conflict succeeded, and several were killed and wounded on both sides. The people, hastening from the neighbouring houses with weapons of every kind, mingled in the fray, and, by their efficient support, enabled at least the greater part of the unfortunate prisoners to escape from the clutches of their discomfited foes.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM PARIS,

Addressed by Rembrandt Peale to C. W. Peale, and Rubens Peale.

This interesting correspondence is from the pen of a celebrated painter who is now a resident in the metropolis of the French empire, improving himself with the utmost assiduity in his art. His opportunities are glorious and ample, his genius is ardent and inspired, and his industry never flags. We expect from his enthusiasm the most honourable results to the character of our country; and the paintings by the artist of some of the most illustrious characters in France, together with his invaluable knowledge of the style of *Encaustic* painting, will render both him and his labours interesting to the public. EDITOR.

SINCE I recovered from my dismal confinement of two months with my sore leg I have got again to work, and my prospects open fair before me. I was not idle during my confinement although I could not paint, and besides reading I pursued my experiments on encaustic, and have finally succeeded beyond my expectations; so that I shall paint all my portraits in that manner, but shall be obliged to finish such as were begun in oil, in the old way. My encaustic leaves me nothing to desire, and in addition to the advantages of a canvass that will not crack nor burn up, and the pre-

servation of the colours which cannot embrown, as I have accomplished it, there is a facility of inestimable advantage, no waiting for the colours to dry, no dust spoiling my black—the advantages of miniature, fresco, and oil-painting combined. I have produced the most brilliant effects—my tints surpass the fairest complexions and equal what the imagination can conceive—Beauty shall come to me for immortality, for its texture flows from my pencil as I trace its forms; to create flesh is no longer difficult; to modify it with colour; light, or shadow, no longer tedious; consequently my principal attention may be directed to character and beauty.

Hitherto my materials obeyed reluctantly my obstinate commands, now my will and they are one, and I shall enjoy the glorious prerogative of producing almost as rapidly as I can conceive.

I have done in encaustic *Delametherie, Humboldt, Carnot, La Fayette, Dupont de Nemours, Bertholet, Vauquelin, Gregoire, Geoffroi, Jussieu, Beauvois, Gerard*. Mr. Warden will immediately write to Lacedepede, Lagrange, &c.

Our health is getting better, the weather milder, the days longer and lighter, the children improve at school and talk with us a great deal of you all. Immense preparations are making to celebrate the emperor's marriage—Paris will be in a blaze—have you received my letter in which I say I have engaged a set of crystals in wood, at about one hundred and eighty dollars? I shall visit the workmen in a few days. The marquis de la Fayette sends his kind respects and best wishes.

We have had five months of the most dismal weather I ever knew, which was rendered more sad by continual sickness and complaints in my family; myself always one, particularly during January and February, the whole of which I was confined to the sofa, my leg raised, with a dangerous sore. Before this came I had been as busy as I could be with my heads—heads so hard to find with leisure, and had done as much as the darkness and shortness of the days would permit me, since then I have resumed the task with new vigour and improved materials in encaustic. It is only after nine years' experiments that I have succeeded

in vanquishing certain difficulties that stood in the way of the facile execution, for the thing once done is undoubtedly preferable on every score to oil painting. I am pleased to assure you the advantages surpass what I had even wished. No delay from the paint not drying, no cracking, no rotting of the canvass; a rapidity, a facility, a richness, a transparence, that leaves nothing to be desired.

The abbé is still adding to the collection for you, which we must not send till some safe opportunity in the spring. I paid him a visit to-day with Mr. Patterson: we listened with pleasure to his demonstrations to baron Humboldt. As the weather is becoming better I shall resume my visits to the garden of plants, and endeavour to make some remarks that may be of use to you. The treasures of minerals in public and private collections would astonish you. We hear that a treaty has been made in London with Mr. Pinkney, and as a new French ambassador goes out, I indulge hopes that after a little time we shall have better opportunities of writing.

Eleanora hitherto has had little reason to be pleased with France; bad weather, sickness and botheration; I make her hope the spring and summer will repay her.

I employed part of my leisure to finish my long meditated encaustic painting, and have found it crowned with success far surpassing my expectations. For I not only have gained durability in my canvass and colours, but a facility of execution and a splendour of effect that absolutely equal my romantic speculations or waking dreams when I talked of painting with liquid flesh, and of the execution of character and beauty rapid as their conception. This delicious dream which I thought too far removed from human possibility, is now verified. I shall discard oil painting as not congenial with my ardent mind, and shall soon make up for lost time with a long list of more excellent heads.

To the demonstrations in wood of crystals the abbé will add *dissected crystals* by himself. Before I return I must procure here not only for you and myself the best of many articles of taste and art.

You cannot imagine the difficulty there is and will always be in getting my sitters either to name the day and hour, or to be punctual. To accomplish the object I mould my perseverance into every form, and in the end hope to have triumphed perhaps more completely than any other painter—for I believe no one ever was so devoted to the pleasure and reputation of studying to record the physiognomy of learned characters. All are now begun in encaustic, and besides them I am painting a portrait of Mr. Robert Patterson in leisurely sittings which will enable me to develop the powers of my new art, which requires a practice in many instances so different from oil painting. I paint with the rapidity and fluidity of *Fresco*, I continue with the richness of *oil* and the mellowness of *crayon*, without its meanness, and with all its splendour, and I can give a finish surpassing miniature. During this progress my pictures catch no dust, are dry in ten minutes or wet for two hours as I please, and finally are never liable to grow *brown*, or *crack* or *rot*. These immense advantages are more than I sought for, and will reward me for all my experiments during nine years. I shall give you more particulars on my pictures by Mr. Ronaldson, who will probably sail in May, before which I hope to get some of your letters which therefore I may answer.

The galleries and museums are yet too cold to visit them; besides we have been five weeks past deprived of the Louvre in which the emperor was yesterday married; we had tickets sent us by general Armstrong, but the expense of dress and the long confinement induced us to prefer seeing their *cortège* in the garden, with a little close squeezing; the temporary triumphal arches, the temples, balloons, fireworks, illuminated gardens and public places, &c. &c. I am told cost 5,000,000 dollars! It was indeed like enchantment—but might easily be proved not the *best* mode of employing the money. Baron Humboldt tells me that David desires me to paint him Humboldt, Dupont, and Beauvois all request me to present their kind respects to you. I am happy and proud of the acquaintance and I hope friendship of Mr. Patterson, in whom I am much interested; so much do I admire his principles, talents, and manners. He will be one of our foremost characters—congratulate his father on having so excellent a son.

My spirits begin to rise, the weather gets better, the days longer, and finally there is great hopes of peace with England through the mediation of Austria. The marriage rejoicings have been wonderfully brilliant; the triumphal arch at the grand entrance of Paris is built in stone above twenty feet above the ground and will be many years before it is finished. But we have enjoyed the effect of it as it will appear when finished; for on the entry of the empress it was finished in frame-work covered with canvass and painted elegantly, it rose as by enchantment in twenty days with the labour of five hundred workmen. It is one hundred and thirty-three feet high, one hundred and thirty-eight broad, sixty-eight thick, the centre arch eighty-seven feet high and forty-five wide, the cornice projects six feet. Another stupendous work on the occasion, likewise of temporary materials, was an immense altar of Hymen, built above the towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame, it appeared to be resting on clouds reaching from one tower to the other, &c. &c. &c.

I have taken two sittings of David the painter, and he appears quite pleased. I believe I shall make a picture of him which will give me a great reputation, he has refused to sit to every painter—I shall exhibit it at the Louvre. I now paint entirely in encaustic—oil painting appears to me too dirty, too sticky, and too stinking. I am doing one of Mr. Patterson which will be the first picture I shall send over. The gallery of the Louvre is now open—I have been through it, and it is indeed most splendid.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following ELEGY was occasioned by Mr. Pitt's being created earl of Chatham, in 1766; and I now offer it for insertion in the Port Folio, as a literary curiosity, and as a piece which, abstractedly considered, and merely as an effort of genius, possesses great merit. Your readers, sir, need not to be informed, that the predictions of the writer were not verified, and that his satire had no just application to the great man against whom it was directed. There was but one impression of this poem, and that was suppressed by an order of council.

It will be readily perceived, that the poet goes upon the supposition, that "the great commoner's" being made a peer would make him an apostate and a scoundrel. He is, therefore, with peculiar poignancy, accosted by the name of PYNSENT; a patriotic baronet who died some time before, and left him a large sum, as a reward for his strenuous exertions in the cause of liberty and his country; exertions that proved as effectual and salutary, as they were disinterested and noble.

The famous Mr. Pultney, who with a constancy which nothing could equal but his eloquence, opposed the venality and corruption practised in the administration of sir Robert Walpole, for many years distinguished himself as the dauntless assertor, and inflexible defender of the liberties of Britain; and, while he continued such, enjoyed as large a share of popularity as Mr. Pitt afterwards obtained. But when Mr. Pultney was raised to the dignity of earl of Bath, in 1742, he forgot his country and became despicable. The writer of this poem had, doubtless, this instance in view, and concluded, that (as in the physical system, so in the political) a similar cause would be productive of a like effect. He was mistaken. The nobleman preserved the honesty of the commoner; and his eloquence and virtues continued to merit and command the applause of millions. A succeeding age has viewed his character without personal or political animosity, and has done justice to his memory.

Yours,

A. B.

ELEGY,

On the late right honourable WILLIAM PITT, esquire.

"Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!"

If, when the stern, relentless hand of Fate
Has snatch'd some hero in his early bloom,
Or seiz'd, unpitying, on the good and great
To swell the sable triumphs of the tomb;—

If, when the guardians of a country die,
The grateful tear in tenderness should start,
Or the keen anguish of a red'ning eye
Proclaim the deep affliction of the heart;—

How must the feeling bosom bear it's strife,
How must the voice of gratitude exclaim,
When some fell hour has seiz'd on more than life,
And wrought the worst of murders on their fame?

When we lament for patriotic fire,
A glorious envy mingles with the tear,
And though we weep, we secretly admire,
And nobly grudge the glory of its bier.

But when some high, some celebrated name,
Flies meanly back from Virtue's generous race,
And stains a whole eternity of fame,
To gain a glittering ensign of disgrace ;—

When some ennobled, self-exalted sage,
Superior far to hecatombs of kings,
The friend, the sire, the saviour of an age,
Gives up a realm for earldom, and for strings.

Sharp indignation mingles with distress,
How e'er he once was godlike in our eyes,
And, spite of all the pity we possess,
We must retain our justice, and despise.

Fain would the muses for a favourite plead,
Fain would they form some reconciling plan,
To spare the person and condemn the deed,
To brand the baseness, yet preserve the man.

But, ah! what plea, what language has the power,
How e'er important, tender, or sublime,
To check the sun-beamed swiftness of an hour,
Or snatch the glass from ever-flying Time!

Can the fine magic of a melting strain,
Invert the well known principles of things,

Remove the sigh from agonizing pain,
Or guard the guilty bosom from its stings?

Allied, alas, forever to the crime,
No kind exemption can the person claim,
But blackens, downward, on the lapse of Time,
The equal object of eternal shame.

Ah! what avails the wide, capacious mind,
With every science accurately fraught;
The keen-eyed fancy, sparkling, and refin'd,
The blaze of genius, and the burst of thought?

Ah! what avails the magnitude of soul,
Which urg'd by sterling sentiment alone,
Taught the big bolts of eloquence to roll,
And thunder'd strong conviction round the throne,

Bade sinking Britain shake away the gloom,
That long had bound her temples in disgrace,
And, like the bold, and dauntless, chief of Rome,
Twin'd everlasting laurels in their place?

These no blest veil, no mantle ever threw,
To screen a paltry prostitute from morn,
But stript them still more openly to view,
And call'd aloud for aggravated scorn.

When the dull slave, or sycophant confest,
Erects on guilt his coronated car,
Or hides his native turpitude of breast
Beneath the venal dazzling of a star;

No conscious blush compels the cheek to glow,
The brow no mark of wonder will display,
For fools, we see, are always caught by show,
And ever find, that villains will betray.

But, when the first in Fame's immortal round,
Charm'd with the gewgaw's fascinating glare,
Exchange intrinsic character for sound,
Or basely barter liberty for air.

Their very worth, contrasted with the fall,
A new disgrace inevitably sheds,
Gives the keen curse accumulated gall,
And drags down wider vengeance on their heads.

Where then, unhappy PRYSENTE, can'st thou run,
Or strive to hide, Oh elevated slave!
What pitying cell can screen thee from the sun,
Or kindly yield a temporary grave?

Fly, with the lightning's rapidness of haste,
Where drear Ohio's melancholy flood,
Glooms, with unusual horror, in the waste,
And swells, quite crimson'd, with Britannia's blood.

Yet, rather seek some confine of the earth,
Where British footsteps never have been known,
Where the sweet sunbeam dies before its birth,
Or hapless nature burns beneath the zone.

Beyond where Zembla, with eternal snows,
All cold, and shivering, in herself retires;
Or where parch'd Afric vehemently glows,
In all the swartheness of autumnal fires.

There, while the wondering savages applaud,
Retain thy baseness, yet preserve thy pride;
As some state minion, infamously awed,
Yet still affect the privilege to guide.

But, why should PRYSENTE madly urge his flight,
And, poorly servile to a trivial lay,
Explore the boundaries of perpetual night,
Or seek the realms of ever-scorching day?

Can the mere casual circumstance of pole,
The unmeaning, dull variety of clime,
Restore the once known cheerfulness of soul,
Or pour one ray of comfort on his crime?

Must not a kingdom's heart-directed cries,
Like the dread tempest's all destroying sweep,

O'ertake the illustrious caitiff as he flies,
And sink the recreant vessel in the deep ?

Though the white cliffs of the deserted shore,
No more should silver on his hated eyes,
Should strike his breast with consciousness no more,
Nor ring his foul dishonour through the skies ;—

Still, what bless'd balm, from consolation caught,
In distant worlds, can PYNSENT hope to find ;
Unles he flies as rapidly from thought,
And leaves both sense and memory behind.

Should he bestride the swiftest steeds of day,
Or mount on whirlwinds with unnumber'd wings ,
Still guilt would seize the dastard on his way,
And conscience dart unutterable stings.

Still would one curst, one execrable word,
Unman his soul, and agonise his frame,
And that detested epithet of LORD,
O'erwhelm the wretch with misery and shame.

Oh ! why, when Virtue, heaven descended heat,
Sinks, by Ambition, fatally opprest ;
Or high-soul'd Honour, tottering from her seat,
Resigns the spotless empire of the breast—

Why doth not tenfold impudence stand forth,
To shield in brass the blush betraying face ;
And when we're dead to sentiment and worth,
Destroy the dread of scandal and disgrace ?

Triumphant slaves might then securely reign,
Nor meanly shrink to look upon the morn,
Behold the frown of kingdoms with disdain,
And treat the indignant universe with scorn.

No PYNSENT then need hesitate an hour,
To prop a sinking villain or his cause,
Nor seek to screen an avarice for power,
With the poor weed of popular applause.

Quite unappalled beneath the rage of times,
He then might spring, with transport, into place,
And lay a sure foundation on his crimes,
To build the future glories of his race.

But heaven's high will has graciously design'd
That strong Remorse with Infamy should dwell,
And placed an awful censor in the mind,
That damns the traitor to an instant hell.

Hence, when from Virtue's sacred course we fly,
The blush in deep'ning crimson will be drest,
The rising gusts will deluge all the eye,
And more than adders gnaw along the breast.

And, yet, if nought but Conscience with her snakes,
The slave's base view is able to controul,
If no bright spark of honour ever wakes
The cold, dead fibres of his flinty soul—

What greater proofs of tenderness and love,
Can heaven's high hand beneficently show,
Than dooming those who dread no judge above
To certain shame and wretchedness below?

Yet, tell us *PRESENT!* is there aught in state,
In *crin'd* pomp, or *coronated* glare,
To sooth the sharp severity of Fate,
Or shield the rankling bosom from Despair?

Can the poor toy, that glitters o'er a *crest*,
Or all the illustrious *baubles* of a *throne*,
Bestow one peaceful honour on a breast,
That basely stoops to prostitute its own?

Hast thou, (and tell us generously now)
Since that curst hour on infamous record,
When the green laurel with'ring on thy brow,
Beheld thee vilely dwindling to a *Lord*—

Hast thou (nor dare, with Conscience in thine eye,
To breathe a thought or accent insincere)

Once seen the blessed morn without a sigh,
Or met the sober eve without a tear?

Has the drear darkness of the midnight hour,
E'er kindly bless'd thy pillow with repose,
Or the soft balm of Sleep's refreshing power
Once taught those lids in tenderness to close?

Or, say! if Sleep once fortunately stole,
When Life's low lamp could scarcely shed a gleam,
Did not some demon harrow up thy soul,
And stab the short, the momentary dream?

Did not wide Fancy's all exploring clue,
Bid Time's deep womb be accurately shown,
And raise such baleful images to view,
As scar'd thy coward consciousness to stone?

Oh, PYNSSENT! what had empires to bestow,
That e'er thy worth or character could raise,
Teach wond'ring worlds more gratefully to glow,
Or add a single particle to praise?

Did not whole senates hang upon thy voice,
And suppliant climes solicit thee for laws?
Nay, did not Fame, obedient to thy choice,
Still give the wreath, as thou wouldst give applause?

Say, could Ambition's most exalted fire,
Misguided man! be gratified with more,
Than awe-struck senates always to admire,
And echoing realms to wonder and adore?

What then, quite withering on the stalk of age,
Diseas'd, emaciate, sinking in the grave,
Could drag thee now, thus tottering on the stage,
To load the wretched skeleton with SLAVE?

Trembling in Life's most miserable verge,
Nay, even now just numb'ring with the dead,
Why would'st thou thus in Infamy immerge,
And pluck a kingdom's curses on thy head?

That kingdom too, whose ever grateful eyes,
 Thy matchless worth so tenderly could see,
 That scarce she breath'd an accent to the skies,
 But what was wing'd with benisons for thee.

Oh, hapless *PRESENT* ! when the pitying muse,
 Sees thee supremely eminent and good,
 In palsied age relinquish all the views,
 For which through youth you generously stood.

When the bright guardians of a free born land,
 In Life's last age, sink utterly deprav'd,
 And in some minion's execrated hand,
 Destroy the realms which formerly they sav'd,—

Lost in the passions' wildly ranging tide,
 An actual type of chaos she appears,
 Then throws the pen distractedly aside,
 To give an ample fulness to her tears !

STANZAS,

Commemorative of the late *CHARLES B. BROWN*, of Philadelphia, author of
Wieland, Ormond, Arthur Mervyn, &c.

COLUMBIA ! mourn thy buried son !
 Fancy's belov'd, the Muses' heir ;
 Mourn him, whose course too soon was run,
 Mourn him, alas ! thou ill canst spare !

Mourn thou, of whom the tale of old,
 So oft, so tauntingly is told,
 That all thy earth-born sons refuse
 Alliance with the heavenly muse.

That though, o'er many a warrior's grave,
 Thou bids't the trophied banner wave ;
 And rescued realms shall give to fame
 The laurell'd bust, the poean'd name :

And though thou boast on *Glory's* scroll
Of patriot worth a splendid roll ;
Their wealth—the gain of equal laws,
Their bribe—the boon of self applause.

And though thy ocean-heroes' name
Reviv'd the ancient Decian claim ;
While e'en the Turk can point and tell
Where Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, fell :

Yet of the *sacred sons of song*,
How far too few to thee belong ;
With Pallas' strength, with *Hermes' fire*,
Lovers of letters, or the lyre.

Though Nature with unsparing hand
Has scatter'd round thy favour'd land
Those gifts, that prompt th' aspiring aim,
And fan the latent spark to flame,

Such awful shade of black'ning woods ;
Such roaring voice of giant floods ;
Cliffs, which the dizzied eagles flee ;
Such cat'racts, tumbling to the sea ;

That in this lone and wild retreat
Great Collins might have fix'd his seat ;
Call'd Horror from the mountain's brow,
Or Danger from the deeps below !

And then, for those of milder mood,
Heedless of forest, rock, or flood ;
Here, too, are found the pebbly rill,
The honied vale, the breezy hill ;

Gay fields, bedeck'd with golden grain ;
Rich orchards, bending to the plain ;
Where Sydney's fairy pen had fail'd,
Or Mantuan Maro's muse had hail'd.

Yet midst this luxury of scene,
These varied charms, this graceful mien,

Can'st thou no hearts, no voices raise,
Those charms to feel, those charms to praise ?

Then mourn thy **Brown**, whose ardent mind
Aonian worship early join'd ;
Who chose his shrine from classic bowers,
His lares, from the studious hours.

Amid the " busy hum of men,"
He plied the strong, descriptive pen,
And sketch'd whate'er within, around,
In motley vision could be found.

He watch'd of livid Death the tread,
And mark'd each fated shaft that sped ;
He cross'd Destruction's midnight way,
And Plagues that wait in open day.*

Nor chiefly here his powers were shown,
Each lighter theme he made his own ;
As Folly's different freaks engage,
The serious, or the smiling sage.

Where'er his lucid colours glow,
Manners and Life the portrait know ;
And through the canvass, fiction deem'd,
Reality's bold features beam'd.

Nor only his the skill to scan
The outward acts of varied man ;
But his was Nature's clue, to wind
Through mazes of the heart and mind.

The moral painter well portray'd,
The cause of each effect survey'd ;
And breath'd upon the lifeless page
The informing soul, the " noble rage."

* Arthur Mervyn.

If gifts like these might well demand
 The gen'rous tear, the votive hand,
 E'en where such gifts full wide prevail,
 In Latium's porch, or Arno's vale ;

Then mourn, my country ! mourn thy son !
 Fancy's beloved, the Muses' heir ;
 Mourn him, whose course so soon was run,
 Mourn him, alas ! thou ill can'st spare !

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*On seeing a young lady shed tears over the grave of her school
 mistress.*

Oh ! how tender those sighs, that you breath'd o'er her grave,
 Oh how sacred those tears, which her ashes bedew'd,
 And how envied those feelings which Sympathy gave,
 With Love and with Pity so softly imbued.

Your lamented preceptress no more will disclose,
 Her truths so benignant in accents so mild,
 But her spirit will waft o'er your nightly repose,
 And from danger protect her dear innocent child.

Ah ! if fate should consign *me* to Death's restless fangs,
 And Mortality's vision in haste disappear,
 Though dying, yet ah ! it would sweeten my pangs,
 If I thought you would moisten my grave with a tear.

PHILOMELUS.

Dumfries, (Va.) July 8, 1810.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAMS.

LAURA'S DIMPLE.

CUPID near a cradle creeping,
 Saw an infant gently sleeping.

With roses blushing on its cheek,
That seem'd a birth divine to speak.
To ascertain if earth or heav'n,
To mortals this fair form had giv'n,
He, that little urchin, simple !
Touch'd her cheek—and left a dimple.

SEDLEY.

THE FRENCH ORPHEUS.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre, of old,
By Grecian ballads we are told,
He made the trees begin to prance,
And e'en huge mountains try'd to dance.
Yet, spite of all his skill and wishes,
He could not melt the souls of fishes ;
But *Sicard*, finding nought on land
Has ta'en his station on the strand,
And there, ye Gods ! the *Frenchman* hail,
Has taught a minuet to a *Whale*.

SEDLEY.

IRONY.

If at an hotel or boarding house you reside in an upper story, entertain those beneath with now and then a favourite hornpipe, jumping over chairs, &c. If a philosopher be studying below and you are fond of fencing, let your master give you instructions in the art, at least six times a day. When you are in want of amusement, whistle and sing songs with a bad voice every hour in the day and night. Also, when you are not inclined to repose, the manual exercise with a good heavy musket, and now and then a sharp tattoo on a well braced drum will serve to diversify your delights and enchant your neighbours. If you keep a dog, don't submit to let the poor animal be locked up, but let him have the full range of the house, the more dirt he makes the bet-

ter, as it will prevent the maids from being idle. Above all do not forget a few tunes on a cracked violin or crazy flute. If you are just beginning to play the more your genius and perseverance will be admired.

When you are in lodgings it shows excellent good breeding to be continually stamping up and down stairs, with a noise not unlike a restive horse in a fly-frequented stable. The more people you disturb the better. It is shameful for any person to sit quietly and amuse himself with reading, meditation, and such nonsense, when you know yourself to be a man of such wonderful business and activity.

At a tavern or coffee-house it is an admirable device to make a general monopoly of all the papers in the room, holding two together, sitting on others, and placing your elbows on the remainder. Peeping over a person's shoulder while he is writing or perusing letters or papers. This shows great knowledge of politeness, and ought particularly to be encouraged, if you wish to rise in the world.

Propriety in dress some people ridiculously imagine consists of a certain congruity between the clothes and the wearer. No such thing. For instance, if you have a gouty or bandy leg, wear a handsome silk stocking and a shining buckle.

Should your hair happen to be gray, set it off to the best advantage with a short ribbon.

If you have a remarkably pale face, make it still paler by wearing a prodigious quantity of powder, till you resemble the effigy of a white lion at a village alehouse, or a loaf of double refined sugar. If invited to dine with a friend, go in linen as black as a printer's devil; it shows a noble independence, and that you go more to satisfy yourself than any other person.

The employment of fashionable and cant phrases gives a grace to conversation, such as that sort of thing, that's your sort, there she goes, keep moving, what's to pay, I owe you one, push on, that's the dandy, and this is the barber, &c.

To fall fast asleep in the midst of a conversation is a very elegant accomplishment, and very easily acquired by a resolution not to pay the smallest attention to what is passing, and composing yourself in an easy situation. Be careful to declare that

your eyes were only closed and that you heard and understood every thing that passed.

It is a most praise worthy act of perseverance for one person to *preach* to a company a whole night, without either call or ordination to the office.

If you wish to appear of consequence in society, boast of your wealth, birth, education, &c. and as much as possible magnify, particularly the beauty and amiableness of your wife, the sensibility of your children, and the astonishing achievements of your ancestors.

Great care should be taken to speak as imperiously as possible to your company, giving the word of command as loud as the captain of a marching regiment.

Interlard your conversation with well chosen oaths and fashionable swearing. This, when properly managed, displays your ingenuity. It is an excellent substitute for genius, wit, and talents. Beside, your word is the more regarded when your conversation is on oath. If you swear before the great proficient in the art, vary your mode as much as possible. Think of something new, and wisely recollect with Acres in Sheridan's comedy, that "*Damns* have had their day."

If you have the faculty of singing, playing, or a talent for any thing within the range of the agreeable and the amusing, do not hide your light under a bushel, but boldly publish to the world what a clever fellow you are. If you wait with patience till your qualifications be discovered, you may, perhaps, wait long, and at last not have an opportunity to display your astonishing abilities.

MERRIMENT.

Captain Underwood of the East India company's service who was supposed not to be very fond of the war with Tippoo, having obtained permission to take a trip to sea, for the benefit of his health, asked the captain of the vessel whether, in case of his being drowned, he would write an epitaph on him. The other said yes, and repeated extempore the following :

Here lies, escaped from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood, now underwater.

A player performing the ghost in Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while he put the audience in good humour by stepping forward and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I *must give up the ghost*."

An Irish preacher, descanting on the strength of Sampson, said that with the jawbone of an ass he put a thousand Philistines to the sword.

VARIETY.

In a recent number of that far famed journal, the Edinburgh Review, which *acquires new vigour as it proceeds*, we perused with much satisfaction, the subsequent paragraph:

The state of our classical learning, at present in this country, is by no means such as to please us; and much good, we think, might be derived from an improvement in the plan of our Greek and Roman studies. In this northern part of the island our system of education is arraigned by our neighbours, as defective in regard to classical instruction; and in regard to the *Greek language, though not the Latin*, the charge is just. By our institutions, provision is not made for teaching even the elements of Greek to any but a very small proportion of the best disposed of our youth. In the other part of the island, however, and that the principal part, classical learning occupies an immense proportion of the field of education. In fact, it almost covers it, leaving a very scanty corner, and that cultivated by a very antiquated soil of husbandry, for any other crop. Yet it is remarkable that England has contributed very little useful service towards the promotion of classical learning. None of the lettered nations of Europe, the French, the Germans, the Italians, are so badly supplied with translations in their own language of the prose classics. This is remarkable, and well deserves the serious attention of those who deem education a business of paramount importance. In every other department, in mathematics, in physics, in ethics, in politics, in history, England stands the very first in the list of nations who have accelerated the progress of knowledge. But in the classical department to which the business of English education is almost wholly restricted, England appears to stand lower than any of her neighbours.

One particularly we cannot forbear drawing into view as contributing in no small degree to this unhappy effect, and indeed to many other effects still more to be deplored. What we mean is the preposterous share of time and labour, and esteem; a share totally disproportionate to every idea of utility, bestowed upon the comparatively unimportant business of *prosody*. This is the cardinal point in English education. To this every thing seems to be subservient, every thing directed. An eminent English scholar is a man profoundly skilled in Greek prosody. This is learning *par excellence*. The admiration bestowed upon this surpasses all other admiration. We are persuaded that the effect of this upon the mind of the youth, is baneful in no ordinary degree. They must acquire a habit of looking at frivolous things. The great principle of utility is vilified and disgraced throughout the whole course of the plan of instruction. That principle, which it would be the great object of a perfect system of education to render the managing, the presiding, the governing sentiments in the breast of every member of the society is made to disappear, that some foppery, or something little better than a foppery, may occupy its place, and be lifted up on high as an idol for worship. Surely of all the good things which may be learned from the Greek and Roman authors, and many are the good, the superlatively good things which may be learned from them; a knowledge of the *mere technical* part of their art of making verses *ought to rank among the lowest*. Still, we deny it not a place among the good things. So far as an acquaintance with the technical structure of their verse can heighten the pleasure of reading the classical poetry, so far that acquaintance is desirable, but we know no other useful purpose which it serves; nor can we regard that as a very eminent one. A familiar example may help any one to take its estimate. Of English readers, and English readers of learning and taste, how few are they who think it necessary to render themselves acquainted with the technical part of English poetry, to heighten their pleasure in reading the verses of Milton! The sentiments, the imagery, the character, the invention, the style, the harmony all produce their full effect upon the mind without this assistance, and when all these are fully enjoyed, the pleasure that remains behind is of little account.

To this cause we are persuaded it is that even among the most celebrated scholars in England it is so rare to meet with a man who has any thing like a familiar acquaintance with the philosophers and the historians of Greece. They can repeat to you without book innumerable passages from the poets, and here and there have dipped into other authors. But it is scarcely once in an age that a man appears who has deeply explored the writings of the philosophers, orators and historians; who is acquainted practically with their spirit and genius; who in fact has much beyond a school-boy knowledge of the most important part of Grecian literature. The *Socraticæ Chartæ*, those precious remains so strenuously recommended by Horace and Cicero, as the fountain of genius to both the orator and the poet, are abandoned for the choruses of Euripides.

Professor RICHARDSON of Glasgow is not only an admirable poet, but as a prose writer may be ranked with GOLDSMITH and MACKENZIE. We read with great delight the ensuing extract from one of the most interesting of his performances. The theory of its accomplished author is perfectly correct, and it is supported by all the powers of elegant and beautiful illustration.

Minds differently fashioned, and under the influence of different passions, receive from the same objects dissimilar impressions. Exhibit the same beautiful valley to the miser and to the poet. Elegant and lovely images arise in the poet's mind; dryads preside in the groves, and naiads in the fountain. Millions of wealth seize the heart of the miser; he computes the profits of the meadows and cornfields, and envies the possessor. The mind, dwelling with pleasure on those images which coincide with its present humour, or agree with the present passion embellishes and improves them. The poet, by adding additional lawns and mountains, renders the landscape more beautiful; the miser more sublime; but the miser, moved by no compassion for wood nymphs or naiads, lays waste the forest, changes the windings of the river into a dead channel, and purchaseth wealth at the expense of beauty. Now as the influence of the passions governs and arranges our ideas, these, in return, nourish and govern the passions. If any object appear to us more striking and excellent than usual, it communicates a stronger impulse, and excites a more vehement desire. When the lover discovers new charms in the character of his mistress, if her complexion glow with a softer blush, if her manners and attitude become more engaging, his love waxeth ardent and his ardour becomes ungovernable. The imaginary representations, more even than real objects, stimulate our passions, and our passions administering fuel to themselves are immoderately increased. Joy is in this manner enlivened; anger more keenly exasperated; envy with additional malice; and melancholy brooding over her ideas of misfortune and disappointment, is tortured with anguish and plunges into despair.



44

43

42



THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1810.

No. 4.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A RIDE TO NIAGARA.

(Concluded from page 238.)

GENERAL REMARKS.

Roads. FROM Reynolds's on the Lycoming creek, fourteen miles beyond Williamsport to judge Linby's, at the junction of the Cawaneska and the Tyoga, fifty-four miles, the road is very bad. It seems like a state prohibition to emigration, and, what is worse, to the entrance of any produce from Newyork state into Pennsylvania. Much of the cattle that comes to Philadelphia market is brought from the Genesee country along this most abominable road. A carriage cannot travel upon it above a mile and a half an hour; and it requires great judgment and incessant caution to drive it at all.

On entering Newyork state, the road becomes very much improved. There are indeed two portions of it that are bad, viz. from Bath to Geneva, and from Batavia to Vandeewinder's: but no part of this is so execrable as the major part of the way from Reynolds's to Peters's camp. All the rest of the road over which I travelled in Newyork state, (about one hundred and fifty miles) is an excellent carriage road. To be sure, siliceous grit, chert,

VOL. IV

P P

flint and limestone, are very desirable materials for the purpose. The contrast between the roads made, and projected to be made, in the states of Newyork and Pennsylvania is still stronger, as may be seen by M'Alpin's map of the turnpike roads of Newyork state. But enough is not done even there. Whenever the state road along the pebble ridge that runs parallel to lake Ontario at the distance of about five or six miles from it, shall be completed, there will be an excellent conveyance from Albany to Niagara. I expect this will be done about the year 1812. From Lewistown to Batavia the road is very bad, but the public do not want it. The Holland Company ought to make it for their own interest. It passes through excellent land.

The canal from Tonewanta to Mud creek, will probably be made, as there is a report of the legislature in its favour. This will open the navigation between the river Niagara and Albany, and drain all the country affected by the Tonewanta swamp.

The Newyork turnpikes, like those of Newengland, are made merely by clearing out the stumps, ditching on each side the road, and elevating it in the middle by means of the dirt thrown out of the ditches. This enables the people to complete so many more of them than there are in Pennsylvania; for neither the same time nor the same capital is required for the purpose in that state as with us. Our roads are far too expensive; they are extravagant; they require much capital, and pay so little interest, that the exertions of the people are paralyzed. Our roads ought to be made as much as possible on the principle of the Newyork roads: in which case the expense of making them, would not exceed twelve hundred dollars a mile upon a high average, instead of eight thousand, as the Lancaster turnpike cost. It is true, such a road would not long stand our five horse wagons. Nor will any road. These machines threaten absolute destruction to the whole turnpike system, especially running as they do upon narrow wheels. In England a four horse wagon must have six inch wheels. By the general turnpike act, it is directed that no compensation shall be taken for narrow wheels. In that country they are alive to the evil, and are upon their guard against it; we ought to be so too, or we shall have to renounce the only beneficial and the only fair system on which roads can be

made. It is of infinite importance to the country that it should succeed, that it should be permanent, and therefore that it should be moderately productive: but it cannot be so while five and six horse teams grind to the very bottom of the road by their weight however hard the materials, no toll they pay is a compensation for this. Throughout Newengland and Newyork states, wagons with more than three horses are, I believe, almost unknown. Generally they are two horse wagons. Hence the roads want little repair: hence they are productive: hence they are numerous, and the remotest township is brought comparatively near to the capital.

Nor is there a fact in the whole range of economics better established than that four horses in four separate carts, will haul a greater weight than six horses in a wagon. The induction of particulars to establish this in the *Annals of Agriculture* XIII. 22, 43, 404. XXIV. 18. XXVII. 38. XXIX. 142 is complete: and the practice is extending in England to such a degree as to threaten the annihilation of heavy wagons. I most heartily wish the papers I have just referred to, were published together, and universally read. The authorities are of the very first rate, in point of rank, talents, and knowledge.

After all, the turnpike system, though as yet in its infancy here, is of incalculable benefit to the public. From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh is three hundred miles, of which a very small portion is turnpike, the expense of carriage is six dollars per cwt. or 45s.

From Philadelphia to Northumberland is one hundred and thirty-two miles: the expense of bringing goods that distance is 10s. per cwt. for at least one-third is turnpiked. The usual moderate load is 35 cwt.

From Philadelphia to Columbia, seventy-six miles, the carriage is 3s. 3d. per cwt. and the load is 26 and 27 barrels of flour or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ton; so that the time and the expense are very considerably lessened by turnpikes, and the loads carried by the same power are increased. The price of carriage over the most travelled road in the state, but rough and not turnpiked is 15s. per one hundred miles: over a road about $\frac{1}{2}$ turnpiked 7s: over a good turnpike road 4s $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. These facts speak for themselves.

Soil. From the Newyork line on the Cawaneska, to Genéva and Canandaigua, all the land not immediately mountainous

is tillable, but by no means of first rate quality. Certainly not equal to Lancaster county for instance. About Canandaigua, and thence to the Genesee river it becomes better. For fifty or sixty miles from the mouth of Genesee up the river, a great proportion of the land, adjoining the river, is of the very first quality the earth can produce. The flats of Big Tree, Williamsburgh, those opposite Squaque hill, &c. &c. consist of mould 15 feet deep, extremely rich, and a mile across in many places. I remember riding along the Indian path through the flats of Big Tree in 1796, and pulling up two blades of wild grass as I rode along (the whole flats being then thickly covered with it). On my return home I measured them, and one was eight feet four inches, the other nine feet two inches high.

From Genesee river within five miles of Batavia the land is good. From Batavia, or ten miles to the east of it, to lake Erie, to lake Ontario and to Niagara is the Flanders of this part of America. One continued flat country with no mountain and hardly a hill for 50 miles square, all excellent land. It must be the grazing country of America, particularly for sheep. For there are no mountains or rising grounds from the Genesee river to the Lakes in which any vermin, destructive of sheep, can harbour: while from the Lakes of Canandaigua and Geneva to the Pennsylvania line, particularly from Bath downwards; the hills are full of wolves, foxes, panthers, wild cats and racoons.—Deer are great nuisances. They tempt wolves to remain in a country. In this fifty miles square, I have not seen or heard of one acre of untillable land: and by far the greater part is not only tillable, but very good. I am inclined from information to think the same of the land fifty miles south of Ontario, from Geneva westward, to the Black river, the German flats, and perhaps even to Schenectady eastward. I have heard of no body of land of equal value on the American continent; and it is yet cheap. But there are many parts of this flat country, where water is scarce in summer time, and not good. I remember being at col. Wadsworth's in 1796, when they were digging a well at the back of the house: I took some of the stones suspecting them to be of the nature of stone coal, but they were merely impreg-

nated with mineral bitumen in such quantity as to blaze in the fire. The water however at present is well tasted.

BUILDINGS. These are almost all frame. Geneva and Canandaigua are beautiful towns: frame houses painted. Nothing in Pennsylvania so light and so elegant externally. I saw in Bloomfield, two brick houses, a brick store, and a brick meeting house. I hardly recollect any other brick or stone building from Williamsport in Pennsylvania, to Buffaloe on lake Eric: or indeed to Niagara. Yet from the outlet of the Crooked lake at Snell's-town, limestone is to be found every where along the rout: and if the houses are painted as often as they ought to be, even for the mere purpose of preservation, frames will be found dearer in the end than either brick or stone. But some mode must be found of disposing of the timber; and the Newengland steady habits, have contributed to introduce frame buildings in Newyork state. Handsome as these frames are externally, when well painted, few are finished within side. As they accumulate property, this will be remedied.

INHABITANTS. There are few Pennsylvanians, few Germans, few English, few Irish, in this part of the country. There are some emigrants from Newjersey; but the settlers seem to come chiefly from the eastern states, and from the settled part of Newyork state. They are a civil people, decent in their manners; but it is a formal, comfortless, civility, not like English, Irish, or Pennsylvanian. You are not at home in their taverns. All the innkeepers, though reasonably attentive, seem too much on an equality with their guests. There is no attention paid to the choice or taste of their guests either in eating or drinking. The month of May to be sure is a scarce time for fresh provisions in every part of the back country. Hence it was that I eat fresh meat but four times from the sixth to the twenty-ninth of May. I found wine once at Bath, owing to the tavernkeeper being a Pennsylvanian; but it was not good. I drank no more till I came to Chippeway on the British side. You meet sometimes with brandy of inferior quality; and sometimes with gin, whiskey is to be found every where: but the common tavern beverage is rum. The bottle is set before you, and you take what you please. The charges at the better taverns are two and six pence per meal, and one shilling for your bed.

Painted floor cloths seem more plentiful than carpets, particularly at Bloomfield.

I have mentioned a book society at Hartford. There is another in Bloomfield (that is not in the town, but township of Bloomfield). I doubt much whether taste or morals be much improved by the general style of reading prevalent in most parts of the back country that I have seen. The frequent intermixture of religion and novels, does not promote either. The Assembly's Catechism and Watt's plams, I have more than once seen on the same shelf with Lewis's Monk and Kotzebue's stupid plays. Indeed throughout America, men and women, boys and girls, read too much of devotional bigotry as a matter of reluctant duty, and then wash down the bitter potion, with the intoxicating draught of sentimental love stories and tales of wonder. I believe however that book societies, being managed by a committee, whose selections are observed and remarked on, will have a tendency to counteract the depraved taste, which has crept into so many families of the back country.

These people (except in county towns) seem to have little propensity to gather in towns and villages. The houses from Geneva to Batavia, may be reckoned at one to every quarter of a mile, for the average of each side of the road. But there is no such thing as a town or village in the English or Pennsylvanian sense of the word. I regard this as a misfortune. Half the benefits arising from civilized society are owing to towns. Dr. Price and a much superior man, the count de Mirabeau in his monarchie Prussienne, have talked a great deal of nonsense on this subject. Granting that the mortality is greater in large towns than in the country, it does not lessen the population, for the demand is increased and more people are raised: it is like Irish and Scotch emigration: it promotes the manufacture of human beings by increasing the demand for them. But suppose people do die sooner upon the average in large towns; if they do not live longer by the month or year, they live more: they live longer by the real calculation of life. There is more intercourse in towns than in the country, and therefore more pleasure, intellectual and sensual: and therefore also more mind, more energy, more improvement, more character, because more stimulus.

All the resources of mind and body, are brought out, and if the man be in some instances a ——— he is in many a much better and more useful member of society.

The inelegant and unwholesome practice of feeding on salt provisions the whole year, prevails in such a state of society, because there are no assemblages of people contiguous to each other, to maintain a butcher. The taverns have no wine because social parties are only to be found in congregations of people: and private families content themselves with spirituous beverage for the same reason. Hence also, the wholesome nourishing malt liquor, is almost unknown in such a country. Elegance and neatness in private dwellings will always be scarce articles there comparatively, for we are careless when we have nobody's eyes to please but our own. The same remark may be extended even to personal cleanliness. From the same cause, education also is dear and defective. In fact a country cannot be half civilized that does not abound in towns. If they are the sources of vice and disease, they are so of virtues and of knowledge of all kinds: and they are the chief instruments of human improvement and comfort, and the nurse of all our social pleasures.

I cannot help thinking therefore that the mode of settlement in Newengland, and the western district of Newyork, radically wrong in a social point of view, for many other reasons also of minor consideration to those I have mentioned.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Remarks on the Life and Character of John James Rousseau.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Observing that you have admitted into your valuable miscellany a sketch of the life, character and writings of Voltaire, communicated by a subscriber, I take the liberty to send you a few rough outlines of the leading features of John James Rousseau, which you may hang up as a suitable companion to that unfinished

ed, but, I believe, faithful resemblance in your cabinet of originals.

While Voltaire was dazzling the literary world with the coruscations of his wit, and throwing a vein of pleasantry over every subject both serious and absurd, there suddenly appeared a man of an original genius, but whose life and conduct were still more original and extraordinary. In him the writer differed less from other writers, than the man from other men. It has been surmised that so uncommon a character was not indeed false, but factitious; which is a very evident distinction; so that the citizen of Geneva was really the character which he exhibited to the world; but it was rather a creature of his own forming than an endowment of Nature. The germe indeed he received from her; and perhaps at first, he laboured to correct, or suppress it, alarmed at the impression which such singularity would make upon the world: but weary of the struggle, he yielded at last to his constitutional humour, and even added to its native eccentricity. With such an original bent of mind, it is not surprising that Rousseau, however respectable on other accounts as a man and an author, should broach and maintain many dangerous paradoxes. The first step of his literary career was marked with an extravagant opinion respecting the sciences. He applied his profound erudition, together with all the resources of his eloquence and genius to demonstrate the danger and fatal consequences of the sciences to the cause of morality. This was no new paradox, but he embellished it with many new and captivating graces, with a strain of manly and energetic eloquence, of which our modern Sybarites had formed no idea. As Religion is but little interested in literary contentions, she of course was made to take no part in this; but in his other writings, Rousseau has not respected her sacred neutrality; and in one of his first publications, *Discourse sur l'Origine des Conditions*, he has presumed to introduce her.

This production is eminently calculated to allay the proud presumption of the new philosophy, which aspires to the exclusive right of instructing the universe, of dispelling intellectual darkness by annihilating superstition and prejudices; and of reforming and purifying religion by shedding over the human

mind rays of light hitherto unknown, and teaching it how to think; but here at last this boasted philosophy ends in sinking man to a level with the brute.

It must be allowed, without any controversy, that Rousseau possessed all the advantages and talents peculiar to this philosophy. The powers of reasoning and of calculation, erudition and eloquence, vivacity and even moderation, with a desire of enouncing truth, were his distinguishing endowments. And yet with all these when he attacks christianity how miserably inconsistent does this brilliant genius appear?—He labours with all his powers to establish an equality between men and brutes, and to this end he limits the metaphysical and moral qualities of rational creatures to physical wants, and mere sensations. With respect to his ideas, man is nothing more than an animal, and the only difference between him and other animals lies in these ideas being more or less refined. When he stepped beyond the narrow circle of his animal functions, man appeared to have abandoned the essential qualities of his being. Comfortable habitations and clothing, the union of families, the sentiments of esteem, the bonds of society, agriculture, and the arts, are only so many features of human degradation, and the laws, by giving stability to the system, have only served to complete the wretchedness of mankind. Theories so extravagant and absurd could stand in need of no refutation. We must leave to the mad ravings of his own disordered imagination the misanthropic writer, who seriously maintains that man was destined to be a solitary wanderer of the forest, naked, unarmed, without connubial or family ties, more lonely and more ferocious than the bear who, when lurking in the thicket, is at any rate accompanied by a female associate. These speculations of Rousseau, are, of course, consigned to oblivion as the dreams of a diseased and suffering solitary, who would only have claimed the pity of mankind, had he stopped at this point. But the path that leads from folly to mischief is obvious and enticing, and Rousseau unfortunately advanced rapidly along it. His *Emile* is truly the consummation of impiety, amidst a multitude of truths forcibly expressed, and clothed in a style nervous and imposing, how many rash paradoxes, and dangerous opinions are

scattered through that work? We are presented indeed with a sublime eulogy on the Evangelical history; but the miracles and prophecies which demonstrate the authenticity of this sacred volume are attacked with indecent virulence and derision. Listening only to the rash voice of his reason, he weighs every thing in the balance of Philosophism, and thus, without perhaps intending it, overthrows the most solid foundations of virtue.

The fate of *Emile* is well known. The parliament of Paris condemned both the author and his book, and when Rousseau returned soon after to Geneva, he experienced the indignation of his fellow citizens, and found the gates of their city shut against him. Thus become a proscribed and abandoned wanderer, after some time, he obtained an asylum in Switzerland, whence he could with safety annoy his opponents. From this retreat he sent forth his *Lettres de la Montagne*, in which all his former objectionable opinions are repeated, and his doctrine on miracles is displayed with every ornament of the most animated and natural eloquence, and enforced under the guise of the softest and most bewitching sophistry. He labours to interest the heart, as well as to convince the understanding, and frequently, it is probable with too much success. An involuntary sigh will escape from every reader of sensibility at the blindness and wretchedness of this elegant writer, and the work might be forgiven for the sake of its author, if religion could regard with indifference any attacks upon her truths. These dangerous letters produced much sensation among the protestant ministers, and proved fatal to their author. Compelled to abandon his retreat, he took refuge in England; where he soon began to quarrel with his patrons, and experiencing, as he tells us, nothing but disgust, he speedily quitted a country, in which he had calculated on finding many admirers, but where he was regarded only as an object of jealousy, or a butt for ridicule. When such vicissitudes mark the life of any man, they plainly evince the unsociability of his character; and Diogenes rather than Socrates must be deemed the prototype of Rousseau. But to the temper of the Athenian Cynic, he added many virtues to which the other was a stranger. He was charitable, generous, and beneficent. Often did his hand wipe the tear from the eye of the mourners; often did his purse

relieve their wants, and his heart their distresses. He scorned to follow the example of Voltaire and some others in making a traffic of his pen and abilities. He palmed not on the public fraudulent editions of his works, nor did he sell the same manuscript to more booksellers than one. He might have acquired a fortune by his writings; and his friends were desirous of procuring him very lucrative appointments; but he resolutely preferred a philosophical mediocrity; contented with a bare subsistence; sober, temperate, just, and self denying, he complied with all the duties of philosophy, as far as such compliance can reach without the principles of Christianity.

In sketching the literary character of this extraordinary man, it will be expected that something should be said of his *Contract Social*, his *Confessions*, and his *Nouvelle Eloïze*. The first of these works abounds with unheard of paradoxes and impracticable theories. The American politician will not think highly of a system in which the author asserts and labours hard to prove, *that where representation begins, there liberty ends*. And how the French republic, which affected to be representative could adopt this book, as a standard, and deify its author, can only be accounted for on the score of those monstrous inconsistencies which marked every step of the revolution. As to his *Confessions*, from which, he tells us, he wishes to be judged on the great accounting day, they contain many passages that must interest and disgust every reader. While his connection with madame de Warentz, his treachery to his fellow servant and mistress, and some other offensive particulars grossly insulting to the public eye, betray uncommon profligacy and corruption; he exhibits at the same time such beauties of style, such brilliancy of fancy, such fascinating touches of the tender, of the pathetic, and the sublime, that the most fastidious reader can scarcely wish, that such a book had not been written. The deep and nervous Mr. Foster, (*Essay 1, page 79*) speaking of literary suicides, who destroy themselves by publishing their own follies and vices, thus speaks of Rousseau: "He has given a memorable example of this voluntary humiliation, and has very honestly assigned the degree of contrition, which accompanied the self-inflicted penance, in the declaration, that this document, with all its dishonours, shall be presented in his

“justification before the eternal Judge. If we could, in any case, “pardon the kind of ingenuousness which he has displayed, it “would certainly be in the disclosure of a mind so amazingly singular as his. We are willing to have such a being preserved, “even with all the unsightly minutiae, and anomalies of its form, “to be placed, as an unique, in the moral museum of the “world.” I shall conclude these few and hasty remarks upon Rousseau and his works, by some cursory observations on the *Nouvelle Heloise*, which generally passes for his most finished production. Of its moral tendency, if the author himself be deemed a competent judge of it, very little can be said. In the preface to this work, Rousseau himself cautions every young female against perusing it, at her peril. He hints plainly that to such, the reading of it would open the way to ruin. On this head, then, there seems to be no question, unless indeed, we conceive that Rousseau was mistaken in attributing to every female heart that exquisite sensibility, which he experienced in his own, or meant to sharpen curiosity and excite the heroism of the female mind by putting it upon an enterprize so full of mystery and danger. At any rate, however, I am willing to believe that he has miscalculated the effects of his work, and that many a young lady has risen from its perusal without any stain upon her mind, any perversion of her principles; nay, what is more, without feeling upon the whole, any sentiments of impropriety, or indelicacy overbalancing those of a contrary complexion. The connection which forms the basis of the story must, indeed, be reprobated by every virtuous mind; but lessons of prudence, wisdom, and duty, delivered in all the witchery of human feelings, all the fascination of language may be listened to with safety, and produce their effect, without sanctioning in any degree the criminal occurrences to which they are merely collateral incidents. If any of your readers should condemn these observations as countenancing the loose system of morals commonly attributed to Rousseau, I must beg leave to shelter them under the authority of two celebrated prelates, one of whom was eminently distinguished for his literary taste, the other for his profound erudition, and both for the purity of their moral characters. Mr. Hurd, afterwards bishop of Worcester, in one of his letters to bishop War-

burton writes in these words—"How would your lordship be disgraced if it were known, that your chaplain was permitted, or, which is much the same thing, that he presumed to entertain your lordship with accounts of romances? Yet I must say, that the new *Héloïse* has afforded me much pleasure. There are many exquisite beauties in this odd romance; so odd, that one may be sure the story is two-thirds *fact* for one of *fiction*. But to make amends for this defect, the sensibility of the passionate parts, and the sense, the nature, and the virtue of the rest, is above every thing we find in the Crebillons and Voltaire's, those idol beaux-esprits of London and Paris." When answering this part of his letter, bishop Warburton observes—"I had so much to say on the new *Héloïse*, that I said nothing; and your reading has made my saying more of it unnecessary. I agree entirely in your admiration of it. You judge truly, and you could not but judge so, that there is more of *fact* than *fiction* in it; there would never else have been so much of the domestic part. But, above all, the inartificial contexture of the story, and the not rounding and completing of its parts, shows that the author had not a fiction to manage, over which he was an absolute master. The truth, they say, is, that an intrigue with a fair pupil of family forced him to leave Switzerland.—He lives at Paris a hermit, as in a desert; and, in the midst of general admiration, he will gain literally his bread, by writing out music at seven-pence a sheet, though he be an excellent composer himself. And if for pence they offer him pistoles, which is frequently done, he returns all but the change. Indeed he is one of those glorious madmen that Cervantes only saw in idea." (*Warburton's letters*, page 242.) This last line is certainly the stroke of a master, and delineates so forcibly this extraordinary man, that I would conclude by leaving it on the minds of your readers, were not some of them, perhaps, accustomed to connect the idea of prelacy with that of a certain laxity of opinion, not to be found or tolerated in writers of a puritanical complexion. To these I will address an observation from Foster's essays mentioned above, and which the most evangelical religionist cannot but approve. After deservedly reprobating the false elevation of mind, and groundless confidence which celebrated

characters, and even vicious persons are made to display in the moment of death, by christian writers of tragedies and other poems, he goes on to remark "it is an immense transition from such instances, as those which I have been remarking upon, to Rousseau's celebrated description of the death of his Eliza. It is long since I read that scene, one of the most striking specimens unquestionably of original conception and interesting sentiment that ever appeared; but though the representation is so extended as to include every thing which the author thought needful to make it perfect, there is no explicit reference to the peculiarly evangelical causes of complacency in death. Yet the representation is so admirable, that the serious reader is tempted to suspect even his own mind of fanaticism, while he is expressing to his friends the wish, that they, and that himself, may be animated in the last days of life, by a class of ideas which this eloquent writer would have been ashamed to introduce." Page 140. Without specifying his domestic qualities, and various accomplishments, such I conceive was John James Rousseau, of whom, perhaps, the most appropriate motto might be *dat operam ut cum ratione insaniat*. He toils and labours with a desire of combining *reason with madness*.

A SUBSCRIBER.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Nashville, Tennessee, April 28th, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,

Before setting out on my journey through the wilderness to Natchez, I sit down to give you, according to promise, some account of Lexington, and of my adventures through the state of Kentucky. These I shall be obliged to sketch as rapidly as possible. Neither my time nor my situation enable me to detail particulars with any degree of regularity; and you must condescend to receive them in the same random manner in which they occur, altogether destitute of fanciful embellishment; with nothing but their novelty, and the simplicity of truth to recommend them.

I saw nothing of Lexington till I had approached within half a mile of the place, when the woods opening, I beheld the town before me, on an irregular plain, ornamented with a small white spire, and consisting of several parallel streets, crossed by some others; many of the houses built of brick; others of frame neatly painted; but a great proportion wore a more humble and inferior appearance. The fields around looked clean and well fenced; gently undulating, but no hills in view. In a hollow, between two of these parallel streets, ran a considerable brook, that, uniting with a larger a little below the town, drives several mills. A large quarry of excellent building stone also attracted my notice as I entered the town. The main street was paved with large masses from this quarry, the foot path neat and guarded by wooden posts. The numerous stores piled with goods, and the many well dressed females I passed in the streets, the sound of social industry, and the gay scenery of "the busy haunts of men," had a most exhilarating effect on my spirits, after being so long immured in the forest. My own appearance, I believe, was to many equally interesting; and the storekeepers and other loungers interrogated me with their eyes as I passed, with symptoms of eager and inquisitive curiosity. After fixing my quarters, disposing of my arms, and burnishing myself a little, I walked out to have a more particular view of the place.

This little metropolis of the western country is nearly as large as Lancaster in Pennsylvania. In the center of the town is a public square partly occupied by the court house and market place, and distinguished by the additional ornament of the pillory and stocks. The former of these is so constructed as to serve well enough, if need be, occasionally for a gallows, which is not a bad thought; for as nothing contributes more to make *hardened villains* than the pillory, so nothing so effectually rids society of them as the gallows; and every knave may here exclaim as he passes

"My *bane* and *antidote* are both before me."

I peeped into the court house as I passed, and though it was court day I was struck with the appearance its interior exhibited; for, though only a plain square brick building, it has all the gloom of the Gothick, so much admired of late, by our modern architects. The exterior walls, having, on experiment, been found too feeble

for the superincumbent honours of the roof and steeple, it was found necessary to erect, from the floor, a number of large, circular, and unplastered brick pillars, in a new order of architecture, (the thick end uppermost,) which, while they serve to impress the spectators with the perpetual dread that they will tumble about their ears, contribute also, by their number and bulk, to shut out the light, and to spread around a reverential gloom, producing a melancholy and chilling effect; a very good disposition of mind, certainly, for a man to enter a court of justice in. One or two solitary individuals stole along the damp and silent floor; and I could just descry, elevated at the opposite extremity of the building, the judges sitting, like spiders in a window corner, dimly distinguishable through the intermediate gloom. The market place, which stands a little to the westward of this, and stretches over the whole breadth of the square, is built of brick, something like that of Philadelphia, but is unpaved and unfinished. In wet weather you sink over the shoes in mud at every step; and here again the wisdom of the police is manifest; as nobody at such times will wade in there unless forced by business or absolute necessity; by which means a great number of idle loungers are, very properly, kept out of the way of the market folks.

I shall say nothing of the nature or quantity of the commodities which I saw exhibited there for sale, as the season was unfavourable to a display of their productions; otherwise something better than a few cakes of black maple-sugar wrapt up in greasy saddlebags, some cabbage, chewing tobacco, catmint and turnip tops, a few bags of meal, sassafras-roots, and skinned squirrels cut up into quarters—something better than all this I say, in the proper season, certainly covers the stalls of this market place, in the metropolis of the fertile country of Kentucky.

The horses of Kentucky are the hardest in the world, not so much by nature as by education and habit. From the commencement of their existence they are habituated to every extreme of starvation and gluttony, idleness and excessive fatigue. In Summer they fare sumptuously every day. In Winter, when not a blade of grass is to be seen, and when the cows have deprived them of the very bark and buds of every fallen tree, they are ridden into town, 15 or 20 miles, through roads and sloughs that would become the graves of any common animal, with a fury and celerity incomprehensible by

you folks on the other side of the Alleghany. They are there fastened to the posts on the sides of the streets, and around the public square, where hundreds of them may be seen, on a court day, hanging their heads from morning to night, in deep cogitation, ruminating perhaps on the long expected return of spring and green herbage. The country people, to their credit be it spoken, are universally clad in plain homespun; soap, however, appears to be a scarce article; and Hopkins's *double cutters* would find here a rich harvest and produce a very improving effect. Though religion here has its zealous votaries; yet none can accuse the inhabitants of this flourishing place of bigotry, in shutting out from the pale of the church or church yard any human being, or animal whatever. Some of these sanctuaries are open at all hours, and to every visitor. The birds of heaven find an hundred passages through the broken panes; and the cows and hogs a ready access on all sides. The wall of separation is broken down between the living and the dead; and dogs tug at the carcase of the horse, on the grave of his master. Lexington, however, with all its faults, which a few years will gradually correct, is an honourable monument of the enterprise, courage and industry of its inhabitants. Within the memory of a middle-aged man, who gave me the information, there were only two log huts on the spot where this city is now erected; while the surrounding country was a wilderness, rendered hideous by skulking bands of bloody and ferocious Indians. Now numerous excellent institutions for the education of youth, a public library, and a well endowed university under the superintendence of men of learning and piety, are in successful operation. Trade and manufactures are also rapidly increasing. Two manufactures for spinning cotton have lately been erected. One for woolen; several extensive ones for weaving sail cloth and bagging, and seven ropewalks, which, according to one of the proprietors, export annually ropeyarn to the amount of 150,000 dollars. A taste for neat and even elegant buildings is fast gaining ground; and Lexington, at present, can boast of men who do honour to science, and of females whose beauty and amiable manners would grace the first circles of society. On Saturday April 14th, I left this place for Nashville, distant about 200 miles. I passed through Nicholasville, the capital of Jessamine county, a small village begun about ten years ago, consisting of

about twenty houses, with three stores and four taverns. The woods were scarcely beginning to look green, which to me was surprising, having been led by common report to believe, that spring here is much earlier than in the lower parts of Pennsylvania. I must further observe, that instead of finding the woods of Kentucky covered with a profusion of flowers, they were, at this time, covered with rotten leaves and dead timber, in every stage of decay and confusion; and I could see no difference between them and our own, but in the magnitude of the timber, and superior richness of the soil. Here and there the white blossoms of the *sanguinaria canadensis*, or red root, were peeping through the withered leaves: and the buds of the buckeye, or horse chesnut, and one or two more, were beginning to expand. Wherever the hackberry had fallen, or been cut down, the cattle had eaten the whole bark from the trunk, even to that of the roots.

Nineteen miles from Lexington I descended a long, steep and rocky declivity, to the banks of Kentucky river, which is here about as wide as Schuylkill; and winds away between prodigious perpendicular cliffs of solid limestone. In this deep and romantic valley the sound of the boat horns from several Kentucky arks which were at that instant passing, produced a most charming effect. The river, I was told, had already fallen fifteen feet; but was still high. I observed great numbers of uncommon plants and flowers growing among the cliffs; and a few solitary bank swallows were skimming along the surface. Reascending from this and travelling for a few miles, I again descended a vast depth to another stream called Dick's river, engulfed among the same perpendicular masses of rock. Though it was nearly dark I found some curious petrifications, and some beautiful specimens of mother of pearl on the shore. The roaring of a mill-dam, and the rattling of the mill, prevented the ferryman from hearing me till it was quite night; and I passed the rest of the road in the dark, over a rocky country, abounding with springs, to Danville. This place stands on a slight eminence, and contains about 80 houses, chiefly log and frame buildings, disposed in two parallel streets, crossed by several others. It has two rope walks and a woolen manufactory; also nine stores, and three taverns. I observed a great many sheep feeding about here, amidst fields of excellent pasture. It is however but a dull

place. A roman catholic chapel has been erected here, at the expense of one or two individuals. The storekeepers trade from the mouth of Dick's river down to New-Orleans, with the common productions of the country, flour, hemp, tobacco, pork, corn and whisky. I was now 180 miles from Nashville, and, as I was informed, not a town or village on the whole route. Every day, however, was producing wonders in the woods, by the progress of vegetation. The blossoms of the sassafras, dogwood and red bud, contrasted with the deep green of the poplar and buckeye, enriched the scenery on every side; while the voices of the feathered tribes, many of which were to me new and unknown, were continually engaging me in the pursuit. Emerging from the deep solitude of the forest, the rich green of the grain fields, the farm house and cabins embosomed amidst orchards of glowing purple and white, gave the sweetest relief to the eye. Not far from the foot of a high mountain called Mulders Hill, I overtook one of those family caravans so common in this country, moving to the westward. The procession occupied a length of road and had a formidable appearance, though as I afterwards understood it was composed of the individuals of only a single family. In the front went a wagon drawn by four horses driven by a negro, and filled with implements of agriculture; another heavy loaded wagon, with six horses, followed, attended by two persons; after which came a numerous and mingled group of horses, steers, cows, sheep, hogs, and calves with their bells; next followed eight boys mounted double, also a negro wench with a white child before her; then the mother with one child behind her and another at the breast; ten or twelve colts brought up the rear now and then picking herbage and trotting ahead. The father, a fresh good looking man, informed me, that he was from Washington county in Kentucky, and was going as far as Cumberland river; he had two ropes fixed to the top of the wagon, one of which he guided himself and the other was entrusted to his eldest son, to keep it from oversetting in ascending the mountain. The singular appearance of this moving group, the mingled music of the bells and the shoutings of the drivers, mixed with the echoes of the mountains, joined to the picturesque solitude of the place, and various reflections that hurried through my mind, interested me greatly; and I kept company with them for some time, to lend my assis-

tance if necessary. The country now became mountainous, perpetually ascending and descending; and about 49 miles from Danville I passed through a pigeon roost or rather breeding place, which continued for three miles, and from information, extended in length for more than 40 miles. The timber was chiefly beech; every tree was loaded with nests, and I counted in different places, more than 90 nests on a single tree. Beyond this I passed a large company of people engaged in erecting a horse mill for grinding grain. The few cabins I passed were generally poor; but much superior in appearance to those I met on the shores of the Ohio. In the evening I lodged near the banks of Green river. This stream like all the rest is sunk in a deep gulf between high perpendicular walls of limestone; is about 30 yards wide at this place, and runs with great rapidity, but, as it had fallen considerably, I was just able to ford it without swimming. The water was of a pale greenish colour, like that of the Licking and some other streams, from which circumstance I suppose it has its name. The rocky banks of this river is hollowed out in many places into caves of enormous size, and of great extent. These rocks abound with the same masses of petrified shells so universal all over Kentucky. In the woods a little beyond this, I met a soldier, on foot, from New-Orleans, who had been robbed and plundered by the Choctaws as he passed through their nation. "Thirteen or fourteen Indians" said he "surrounded me before I was aware, cut away my canteen, tore off my hat, took the handkerchief from my neck and the shoes from my feet, and all the money I had from me, which was about 45 dollars." Such was his story. He was going to Chillicothe, and seemed pretty nearly done up. In the afternoon I crossed another stream of about 25 yards in width, called Little Barren; after which the country began to assume a new and very singular appearance. The woods, which had hitherto been stately, now degenerated into mere scrubby saplings, on which not a bud was beginning to open, and grew so open that I could see for a mile through them. No dead timber or rotting leaves were to be seen, but the whole face of the ground was covered with rich verdure, interspersed with a variety of very beautiful flowers altogether new to me. It seemed as if the whole country had once been one general level; but that from some unknown cause the ground had been *undermined* and had

fallen in, in innumerable places, forming regular funnel-shaped concavities of all dimensions from 20 feet in diameter and 6 feet in depth to 500 by 50, the surface or verdure generally unbroken. In some tracts the surface was entirely destitute of trees; and the eye was presented with nothing but one general neighbourhood of these concavities, or as they are usually called sink-holes. At the centre, or bottom of some of these, openings had been made for water. In several places these holes had broken in, on the sides and even middle of the road, to an unknown depth; presenting their grim mouths as if to swallow up the unwary traveller. At the bottom of one of those declivities, at least 50 feet below the general level, a large rivulet of pure water issued at once from the mouth of a cave about 12 feet wide and 7 high. A number of very singular sweet smelling lichens grew over the entrance, and a pewee had fixed his nest, like a little sentry box, on a projecting shelf of the rock above the water. The height and dimensions of the cave continued the same as far as I waded in, which might be 30 or 40 yards, but the darkness became so great that I was forced to return. I observed numbers of small fish sporting about, and I doubt not but these abound even in its utmost subterranean recesses. The whole of this country from Green to Red river, is hollowed out into these enormous caves, one of which, lately discovered in Warren county, about 8 miles from the Dripping Spring, has been explored for upwards of six miles, extending under the bed of the Green river. The entrance to these caves generally commences at the bottom of a sinkhole; and many of them are used by the inhabitants as cellars or spring-houses, having generally a spring or brook of clear water running through them. I descended into one of these belonging to a Mr. Wood, accompanied by the proprietor, who carried the light. At first the darkness was so intense that I could scarcely see a few feet beyond the circumference of the candle; but after being in for five or six minutes, the objects around me began to make their appearance more distinctly. The bottom, for 15 or 20 yards at first, was so irregular that we had constantly to climb over large masses of wet and slippery rocks; the roof rose in many places to the height of 20 or 30 feet, pre-

senting all the most irregular projections of surface, and hanging in gloomy and silent horror. We passed numerous chambers, or offsetts, which we did not explore; and after three hours wandering in these profound regions of glooms and silence, the particulars of which would detain me too long, I emerged with a handkerchief filled with bats, including one which I have never seen described; and a number of extraordinary insects of the *Gryllus* tribe, with antennæ upwards of six inches long, and which I am persuaded had never before seen the light of day, as they fled from it with seeming terror; and I believe were as blind in it as their companions the bats. Great quantities of native glauber salts are found in these caves, and are used by the country people in the same manner; and with equal effect, as those of the shops. But the principal production is saltpetre, which is procured from the earth in great abundance. The cave in Warren county abovementioned has lately been sold for 3000 dollars to a saltpetre company, an individual of which informed me that, from every appearance, this cave had been known to the Indians many ages ago; and had evidently been used for the same purposes. At the distance of more than a mile from the entrance, the exploring party, on their first visit, found the roof blackened by smoke, and bundles of half burnt canes scattered about. A bark mockasin, of curious construction, besides several other Indian articles, were found among the rubbish. The earth, also, lay piled in heaps, with great regularity, as if in preparation for extracting the saltpetre.

Notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the timber on these barrens, the soil, to my astonishment, produced the most luxuriant fields of corn and wheat I had ever before met with. But one great disadvantage is the want of water, for the whole running streams, with which the surface of this country has evidently once abounded, have been drained off to a great depth, and now murmur among these lower regions secluded from the day. One forenoon I rode nineteen miles without seeing water; while my faithful horse looked round, but in vain, at every hollow, with a wishful and languishing eye, for that precious element. These barrens furnished me with excellent sport in

shooting grouse, which abound here in great numbers ; and in the delightful groves that here and there rise majestically from these plains, I found many new subjects for my Ornithology. I observed all this day, far to the right, a range of high rocky detached hills, or knobs, as they are called, that skirt the Barrens, as if they had been once the boundaries of the great lake that formerly covered this vast plain. These, I was told abound with stone coal and copperas. I crossed Big Barren river in a ferry boat, where it was about one hundred yards wide ; and passed a small village called Bowling Green, near which I rode my horse up to the summit of one of these high insulated rocky hills, or knobs, which overlooked an immense circumference of country, spreading around bare and leafless, except where the groves appeared, in which there is usually water. Fifteen miles from this, induced by the novel character of the country, I put up for several days, at the house of a pious and worthy presbyterian, whence I made excursions, in all directions, through the surrounding country. Between this and Red river the country had a bare and desolate appearance. Caves continued to be numerous ; and report made some of them places of concealment for the dead bodies of certain strangers who had disappeared there. One of these lies near the banks of the Red river, and belongs to a person of the name of ———, a man of notorious bad character, and strongly suspected, even by his neighbours, of having committed a foul murder of this kind, which was related to me with all its minutiae of horrors. As this man's house stands by the road side, I was induced by motives of curiosity to stop and take a peep of him. On my arrival I found two persons in conversation under the piazza, one of whom informed me that he was the landlord. He was a dark mulatto, rather above the common size, inclining to corpulency, with legs small in proportion to his size, and walked lame. His countenance bespoke a soul capable of deeds of darkness. I had not been three minutes in company when he invited the other man, (who I understood was a traveller) and myself to walk back and see his cave, to which I immediately consented. The entrance is in the perpendicular front of a rock, behind the house ; has a door with a lock and key to it, and was crowded with pots of milk, placed

near the running stream. The roof and sides of solid rock, were wet and dropping with water. Desiring ——— to walk before with the lights, I followed with my hand on my pistol, reconnoitering on every side, and listening to his description of its length and extent. After examining this horrible vault for forty or fifty yards, he declined going any farther, complaining of a rheumatism; and I now first perceived that the other person had staid behind, and that we two were alone together. Confident in my means of selfdefence, whatever mischief the devil might suggest to him, I fixed my eye steadily on his, and observed to him, that he could not be ignorant of the reports circulated about the country relative to this cave. "I suppose," said I, "you know what I mean?" "Yes, I understand you," returned he, without appearing the least embarrassed, "that I killed 'somebody and threw them into this cave—I can tell you the 'whole beginning of that damned lie," said he; and, without moving from the spot, he detailed to me a long story, which would fill half my letter, to little purpose, and which, with other particulars, I shall reserve for your amusement when we meet. I asked him why he did not get the cave examined by three or four reputable neighbours, whose report might rescue his character from the suspicion of having committed so horrid a crime. He acknowledged it would be well enough to do so; but did not seem to think it worth the trouble; and we returned as we advanced, ——— walking before with the lights. Whether this man be guilty or not of the transaction laid to his charge I know not; but his manners and aspect are such as by no means to allay suspicion.

After crossing Red river, which is here scarce twenty yards broad. I found no more barrens. The timber was large, and the woods fast thickening with green leaves. As I entered the state of Tennessee the face of the country became hilly, and even mountainous. After descending an immense declivity, and coursing along the rich valley of Manskers creek, where I again met with large flocks of parakeets, I stopt at a small tavern, to examine, for three or four days, this part of the country. Here I made some interesting additions to my stock of new subjects for the Ornithology. On the fourth day I crossed the Cumber-

land where it is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and of great depth, bounded as usual with high precipitous banks, and reached the town of Nashville, which towers like a fortress above the river. Here I have been busily employed these eight days; and send you the inclosed package of drawings, the result of every moment of leisure and convenience I could obtain. Many of the birds are altogether new; and you will find along with them every explanation necessary for your purpose.

You may rest assured of hearing from me by the first opportunity after my arrival at Natchez. In the meantime I receive with much pleasure the accounts you give me of the kind inquiries of my friends. To me nothing could be more welcome; for whether journeying in this world, or journeying to that which is to come, there is something of desolation and despair in the idea of being forever forgotten in our absence, by those whom we sincerely esteem and regard.

I am, with great affection,

dear sir,

your obedient servant,

ALEX. WILSON

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER XVI.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, Dec. 1805.

THE adoption of a constitution appeared to exhibit the government under a more fixed and determinate form, than had been before presented. The rights of the citizen had the semblance of being in some measure defined, and the unlimited sway of the despot restrained. But indeed these were but appearances. The charter of rights has ever been regarded as a dead letter, and although the forms prescribed by it, are in most cases pursued, yet the influence of power and command is so widely extended, that the humble citizen is still obliged to bear

“The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely”

without the means of redress. I mention this severity in the system practised by the *great*, not to excite your sympathy for the oppression of *the people*, for I hold it as one of the most orthodox of our republican maxims, that a nation who can be so base, as to suffer a few intriguing villains to deprive them of their rights no longer deserve the enjoyment of liberty. France and her daughter Hayti, offer two conspicuous examples of this degraded state of the popular mind, and it may *very possibly* be in the former, as *it is* in the latter, that there is too little virtue and spirit among the members of the community, to render them *capable* of being governed by a code of laws founded upon the basis of freedom.

In the month of June or thereabouts, the mulatto general *Clervaux*, who was, during many years of the revolution, a distinguished chieftain, and who had been since the declaration of independence, and then was, the next officer in rank to the emperor, under the title of "General in Chief of the army," died *suddenly* at Dondon his place of residence, a few leagues from the Cape. After his return home one evening from a ride, he was affected by a slight indisposition and in consequence thereof sent to the Cape for a physician. Monsieur J——, a Frenchman, surgeon general of the army, and an intimate companion of Christophe, was despatched to his relief, and in a very short time, perhaps on the following day, returned to announce the death of his patient. The suddenness of this event excited considerable suspicion, and the generality of the citizens began to "doubt some foul play," but not a man dared openly express his conjectures in relation to the treacherous deed.—Information from the individuals of the general's family, afterwards corroborated these opinions, and it was at length almost entirely believed, that Clervaux had been poisoned by the orders of Christophe. As regards my own opinion, I am disposed to credit the account, for in addition to the common *whispered* report, I have had the testimony of a young man of colour, who was *at the time*, one of the deceased general's aids-de-camp, and who has solemnly assured me that this was the fact.

The causes which in all probability must have led to the perpetration of this criminal act, may easily be traced. The government and citizens having been, by the constitution, declared to be

professedly *black*, a decided pre-eminence was given to that colour. The nearer a man approached in his complexion, to the standard of the state, the more certainly could he calculate upon its protection, and hence arose a disposition in the negro, when at variance with a mulatto, to vaunt his superiority. The mulatto on the other hand, notwithstanding that his hatred of the French is equally ferocious with that of the black, assumes a degree of pride upon his descent from a white parent. He has been born and bred in a different sphere of life, generally from that of the negro, accustomed to prejudices in regard to difference of colour, and habituated to assume in his deportment to the black, the same grade of superiority, which the white has exhibited towards him. Under these circumstances, the mulatto by no means considers his dignity to be advanced by the appellation of *black*, but rather views it as a stigma of disgrace upon his rank. A perfect knowledge of the prevalence of this sentiment, daily increases the jealousy between the two parties, which has been for some time progressing, and gradually produces a distrust of the mulattoes. Upon this general exposition of the feelings of both, it will not be difficult to imagine, why a *negro* possessed of unbounded ambition, combined with the cruelty of a savage should conspire the destruction of a *mulatto* officer who held a superior grade of command.

There is another circumstance also which may have had some remote influence in the suggestion of this traitorous plot. It appears that in the year 1802 when Dessalines, Christophe and Clervaux, held commissions as generals under the French republic, and immediately preceding their final revolt, there was a misunderstanding between the two latter, from what cause I know not, which suspended for a time all friendly intercourse. It is by no means improbable, that this ancient feud may have left in the breast of Christophe a latent spark of animosity, which had never been entirely extinguished, and which the increasing jealousy of colour may have fanned into a flame.

Although Clervaux as above stated, had since the establishment of the government borne the title of "General in Chief," yet he had had very little to do with the management of the national concerns. In the Journal of the campaign against the city of St. Domingo, you may have observed, that he marched there

with Christophe as *second* in grade, when in reality he was entitled by his rank to the chief command. This was a virtual diminution of his power, though he had not been deprived of his title and may perhaps have been intended by the emperor, as one step towards his removal. But the aspiring and restless ambition of Christophe, not satisfied with the exercise of the power without the honours of the office, anticipated the views of his august sovereign.

Shortly after this transaction, Christophe was summoned to the seat of government by the emperor. This order being unaccompanied by any explanation relative to its object, produced in the mind of his excellency, some hesitation as to the *safety* of complying with it. He did not know in what light his majesty had regarded the death of Clervaux, and being suspicious of some unfair intentions, he for some time delayed to obey the mandate. At length however, he thought it prudent to hazard a visit in preference to incurring the displeasure of his master, and accordingly waited upon him at his imperial palace. What was the nature of the conference, was not known beyond the cabinet, but the result was, that immediately after its close, it was given out among the *higher circles*, that his excellency was to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of the general in chief.

I have it in view, in the course of my narration, when the death of any distinguished chief is recorded, to give you some biographical sketches by which you may form an opinion of his person and character. The one now spoken of being the first, since the organization of the government, who has paid the debt of nature, I shall commence with him.

Clervaux was a free man of colour, of the grade properly termed *mulatto*, and a creole of the island, having been born at the Mole. He was bred to the occupation of a taylor, and in that capacity travelled occasionally from one part of the island to another, and was well known as such, at the Cape. At a very early stage of the revolution, he took a decided part with the blacks and people of colour, and entered into the army, either as a private or in some subaltern office. By degrees he advanced in

promotion to the office of *commandant de la place* at the Mole under the administration of Touissaint, and was afterwards by that officer, who was then governor general of the island under the French republic, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and stationed in command at the town of St. Jago in the Spanish part. Clervaux, it is said, was exceedingly attached to the person and interests of Touissaint, and in all his actions manifested the sincerest loyalty. In the beginning of the year 1802 the French army under Le Clerc, which had been sent out by the first consul, to dispossess this black chief of his government, had effected partial landings at various places on the coast. The suddenness of their appearance, and the uncertainty whether their views were hostile or friendly, prevented the adoption of any general system of conduct towards them, on the part of the native chiefs. Some were disposed to think favourably of their objects, and to receive them with open arms, whilst others, better acquainted with the feelings of their former masters, were resolved to oppose them by force. Among the former was Clervaux, who, being still at St. Jago, submitted without hesitation, and with his troops, was received into the service of the French and retained in his rank. Touissaint, and Dessalines and Christophe, on the contrary, placed themselves in open hostilities against the captain general, and by him were proscribed. A war in consequence was soon commenced, and supported for a few months, during the principal part of which time, Clervaux, whose knowledge of the country, talents and influence, were considered as of some importance to the French cause, was stationed on the lines at Haut-du-cap, a short distance from Cape-Francois with a brigade of eighteen hundred men, where he fought in repeated battles, at the head of his own, against the troops of his former commander in chief.— This short warfare was concluded by the submission of the black chiefs who headed the revolt, with all their forces, to the French arms.

During this armistice, the black and mulatto generals, (whose ranks were preserved to them), were received by the French officers with every appearance of the most unfeigned friendship. Every species of art and dissimulation was resorted to, for the purpose of gaining their confidence, and every device of flattery

practised, to assure them of their fraternal attachment. This system of deception had a vast influence upon the minds of all except Dessalines. That man, whose interesting biography I will give you on a future occasion, has always exhibited an astonishing degree of prudence and foresight, and was by no means duped by this external show. He had sense enough to know, that the interests of a revolted slave and those of his lawful proprietor could never be reconciled but by the submission of the former to his ancient state. He was convinced that the colonial prejudices between blacks and whites, had been so deeply rooted in the breasts of both, that no cordiality could ever exist among them, and he therefore considered this course of conduct, as a scheme to entrap himself and his comrades. Clervaux on the other hand, whose disposition was frank and unsuspecting, regarded the protestations of the French, as the dictates of sincerity. He entered very completely into their interests, and manifested for them the same degree of fidelity which he had displayed towards his former commander.

This state of repose did not long continue. Touissaint, who had retired upon a plantation in the neighbourhood of Gonaïves, was charged with plotting against the safety of the colony, was seized and transported to France. Such treacherous conduct to their former commander in chief, could not but have been remarked by the black generals, as an unfavourable specimen of the good faith of their Gallic friends, and tended very much to produce in their minds a suspicion, that a similar treatment was meditated for them all, when occasion should offer. Fear however, of not meeting with an extensive co-operation, prevented them from immediately raising the standard of rebellion, and compelled them longer to remain in their state of submission. At length however, the secret intentions of the French being too plainly manifested by an order for the disarming the cultivators, it was in vain longer to temporise. Dessalines first proposed a revolt to Christophe, who at once entered into his views, and they then proceeded to the quarters of Clervaux, who was stationed at Haut-du-cap, to sound him upon the subject. This visit took place at the time when Clervaux and Christophe, as above noticed, were at variance; and when they were together

Dessalines thus addressed them. "The time for disunion is passed, and it is against the whites alone we should show our resentment; as for me, it is my determination to die their most cruel enemy; imitate me, or you are lost." He then advised the mulatto chief of what he considered as their inevitable fate if they did not unite in the determination to revolt, and concluded by admonishing him, not to march his troops into the Cape, as he had been ordered. Clervaux would not listen to this prudent counsel, but, faithful to the cause he had embraced, obeyed his orders and marched his men into town. But he soon repented of his folly. He perceived by the movements of the French soldiers, that some plot was laid for his destruction, and indeed it is said that one of the French generals gave him a secret intimation of his danger. Having left his wife and some furniture at Haut-du-cap, he obtained permission to leave town for the purpose of bringing them in, and under this pretence, made his escape. That very night, between *three and four hundred* of his troops, who were principally black, were *drowned* in the harbour, and some of the rest were sold for slaves and transported immediately to Cuba. This account I have from a gentleman who was on the spot at the time, who was a witness to these transactions, and who has since seen some of the slaves in Cuba. The Haytien account declares that the *whole* demi-brigade was drowned, but this impression might have been produced from the circumstance of their never having afterwards heard of those who were sold.

Clervaux immediately joined Dessalines and Christophe, became reconciled to the latter, and took an important part in the hostile operations which then re-commenced. As a general of division, to which rank he had about this time been promoted, he was one of the leaders during the siege of the Cape in November 1803, and in one battle had a very narrow escape from a piece of langrage which carried away one of his epaulets. At the evacuation of the Cape, by the French, which was the result of this siege, he entered with the conquering army, and as soon as the affairs of the government had become in some degree settled, he retired to a plantation, and there continued until the ex-

petition against the city of St. Domingo called again for his services.

Clerveaux at the time of his death was between forty and five and forty years of age. His height was about six feet, his person well made, and his deportment majestic. His education was necessarily circumscribed from the nature of his early avocations, and extended no further than the simple knowledge to read and write. His disposition was mild, generous, and humane; his manners accomplished and commanding, and his affability so extreme as to remove all restraint in his company. In his dress he was something of the *petit maitre*, he was in some degree vain of his consequence, and at times exhibited a considerable share of *hauteur*. But with these foibles he was just, which is a character can scarcely be applied to any other Haytian chief, and upon the various occasions where the whites were devoted to massacre and destruction, he used all his exertions to befriend them. I have conversed with several Frenchmen who were acquainted with this officer, and they all unite in the testimony that he was a good man. In his character as a soldier, he was foremost among the brave, and in private life he was sincere in his professions. Upon the whole it may be said of this man, that he was the best friend the whites had among the chiefs of the island, and the one who would have caused them the least distress.

I am thus particular in portraying the merits of this general, because I fear I shall seldom have a similar opportunity of describing so great and good a character. Most of the *distinguished* personages, whose biography I shall hereafter attempt will be found to bear so powerful a contrast to this sketch, that their vice and deformity will more readily appear.

On the 25th of July following, the emperor made his appointments of officers under the constitution, and as some of these important characters may, at a future day, make a figure in the history of the island, I shall acquaint you with their names and ranks. In addition to this, as the influence of these generals may be presumed to be most extensive in the immediate vicinity of their departments, and as a knowledge of their geographical distribution may be desirable in cases of intestine com-

motion, I will annex, to the name of each officer, that of his place of residence, so that by casting your eye over the map, you may readily see the neighbourhood, in which he holds his command.

Henry Christophe, general of division, was promoted to the grade of "General in Chief of the army of Hayti:" residence at the Cape.

Paul Romain, a brigadier general, to the grade of general of division, commanding the first division of the north, residence at Limbe.

François Capois, a brigadier to the same grade to command the second division of the north, residence at the Cape.

Louis Gabart, a general of division to the command of the first division of the west, the chief place of the empire, residence at St. Marks.

Alexander Petion, a general of division, to the command of the second division of the west, residence at Port-au-Prince.

Nicholas Geffrard, a general of division to the command of the first division of the south, residence at Aux Cayes.

Jean Louis François, a brigadier, to the grade of general of division, commanding the second division of the south, residence at L'Anse-a-vaux.

André Vernet, a general of division, was appointed minister of finances and of the interior.

Etienne-Elie-Gerin, a brigadier, was promoted to the rank of general of division, and appointed minister of war, and of the marine.

Juste Chanlatte, who had for some time been secretary of state, under the title of "Secretary General," was continued in his station. The last three resided at the city of Dessalines, the seat of government.

When I inform you, that of the foregoing officers, those marked in *italics* are negroes, and the rest men of colour, you will easily perceive the preponderance which the former hold in the military department of the government.

Thus was every thing arranged for a permanent support of the Empire. A strong unanimity appeared to exist among the *grand dignitaries*, and a disposition to support, with their united

powers, the interests of their sovereign, *Jacques the Great*. All ideas of external conquest were completely abandoned, and as the war in Europe, was not likely soon to terminate so as to afford an opportunity for another French invasion, time was found for the encouragement of agriculture and commerce. The fortifications in the mountains had not yet been entirely finished, but were rapidly progressing, and much of the attention of the chiefs, was engaged in their completion.

In this state of things did I find the island on my arrival last month, and having thus far brought down the history of events from the epoch of my former visit, I shall resume my narration of those subjects which come more immediately within my notice.

R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HUME AND ROBERTSON COMPARED.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In your Port Folio for June last, I observed a comparison drawn between the accounts given by Hume and Robertson, of the sack of Rome by Bourbon, much to the disadvantage of the former historian.—If critics would be content to express their opinions with moderation, and avoid extravagance both of censure and praise, the nature of taste affords such a range for peculiar modes of thinking, that an ample indulgence of opinion might be taken without danger. The question on the general comparative merits of these celebrated historians is gone to rest, although for a time it excited much agitation and interest in the world of letters. The general superiority of Hume over his rival is settled into a tranquil undisturbed sentiment, without any detraction from the genius and talents of Robertson.

The two passages selected for comparison in the Port Folio, are both so unexceptionable and fine, that a man might have preferred either or neither, without the hazard of heresy or ab-

surdity—But when we are told that Hume's description neither requires nor awakens any energy of expression or vivacity of tone in reciting it; that the narration is "tame and uninteresting," one is led to a more particular inquiry into the justice of the criticism—I have scanned the two passages with attention, and cannot hesitate to say, that if Robertson has more *vivacity* in his narration, Hume has more *energy*—Robertson's description has less originality of thought, figure and expression; dealing more in the common terms and images for similar events.—Speaking of the effect of the fall of Bourbon upon his soldiers, Hume says, they were "rather *enraged* than *discouraged* by his death,"—Robertson gives the same idea with more words, but less discrimination and force.—"Instead of being disheartened by the loss, it animated them with new valour."—Now the feeling excited by the loss of a favourite commander, is rather of rage and revenge, than of valour.—The conduct of the conquerors, is described by Hume in a sentence full of fine reflection and strong expression.—"This renowned city, *exposed by her renown alone to so many calamities*, never endured in any age, even from the barbarians, by whom she was often subdued, such indignities as she was now constrained to suffer."—In a preceding sentence he tells us, the soldiers, "entering the city, sword in hand, exercised all those brutalities which may be expected from ferocity excited by resistance, and from insolence which takes place when that resistance is no more."—Look then to his description of virgins violated in the arms of their parents, and on the altars to which they had fled for protection; of the tortures inflicted upon aged prelates, for the discovery of their sacred treasures, and if it be found tame and uninteresting, it must be to nerves differently organized from mine.

Is not the very first sentence of Robertson, deficient of elegance both of construction and expression? "Bourbon's troops, notwithstanding all their valour;" Here is a long, painful and unnecessary parenthesis, for we know, without this parenthetical information, that whatever happened to Bourbon's troops, did happen *notwithstanding their valour*—But what did happen? they "*gained no ground, and even began to give way.*"—Here are two as common and vulgar phrases as are to be found in

any gazette account of a battle, and, lest they should not be mean enough, they are linked together by that paltry "*even*."—Bourbon's throwing himself from his horse, leading and encouraging his men, and mounting the wall, is indeed full of animation, but not very new—I do not see the necessity of marking with so much exactness the place of the wound—To have said it was mortal was enough for the historian; the surgeon might require more particulars of its nature, its length, depth and position; which precision would have been also necessary in an indictment against the man who shot the gun, as appears by a Virginia case lately published in our newspapers—Robertson then proceeds with his favourite *even*. "It is impossible to describe or *even* imagine the misery," &c. It would have given the whole force of his idea to have said, it is impossible to imagine, &c. I have, however, no desire to depreciate this excellent historian, or to treat him disrespectfully, although I think his style is frequently too florid and diffuse for a recorder of facts, and sometimes wanting in energy and precision.—The rest of the extract introduced in the Port Folio, is worthy of all commendation.

Without making invidious and unnecessary comparisons, permit me to direct the attention of your readers, to Gibbon's account of the siege of Rome, by the Goths in 537, and its defence by Belisarius.—I would make a full extract of it, but it would be too long—you will indulge me in transcribing a part—Belisarius was, by the misconduct of some of his troops, suddenly surrrounded with a small party of horse, by the innumerable squadrons of the barbarians—After a most animated account of the assault made upon his little band, and of the particular efforts used to destroy him by pointing out the horse on which he rode, the historian proceeds.—"The Roman general was strong, active, and dexterous: on every side he discharged his weighty and mortal strokes; his faithful guards imitated his valour, and defended his person; and the Goths, after the loss of a thousand men, fled before the arms of a hero.—They were rashly pursued to their camp; and the Romans, oppressed by multitudes, made a gradual, and at length a precipitate retreat to the gates of the city: the gates were shut against the fugitives; and the public terror was increased, by the report, that Belisarius was slain—his

countenance was indeed disfigured by sweat, dust, and blood; his voice was hoarse, his strength was almost exhausted; but his unconquerable spirit still remained; he imparted that spirit to his desponding companions; and their last desperate charge was felt by the flying barbarians, as if a new army, vigorous and entire, had been poured from the city—The Flaminian gate was thrown open to a *real* triumph.”—The description of the first general assault made upon the city, begins in a fine style, uniting historical truth with the exploits and passions of chivalry—“On the morning of the nineteenth day a general attack was made from the Prænestine gate to the Vatican: seven Gothic columns, with their military engines, advanced to the assault, and the Romans who lined the ramparts, listened with doubt and anxiety to the cheerful assurances of their commander. As soon as the enemy approached the ditch, Belisarius himself drew the first arrow, and such was his strength and dexterity, that he transfixed the foremost of the barbarian leaders—a shout of applause and victory was reechoed along the wall—He drew a second arrow, and the stroke was followed with the same success and the same acclamation.”—The whole account of this memorable siege is glowing, yet not fanciful; and brings us into the scene of action with all the anxieties and passions of those engaged in it, without the tediousness of minute detail.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

“Sparsa Colligo.”

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

WE are always delighted with the productions of Sterne. As a moralist it is impossible to censure him—as a wit to read him with indifference—or as a writer of feeling and sentiment, to peruse his pages without many a tear. The whole history of composition contains no nobler passage than the record of a simple exclamation. Hard must be the heart that does not soften

with regret, when the accusing spirit flies up to heaven's chancery with the oath—ill-accustomed to the blush of sensibility, the cheek that does not crimson with the messenger, in relating the solitary crime—and marble is the soul, that does not glow with rapture, when the tear of celestial pity washes out the stain forever. No tints of fancy could heighten the colouring of the honest corporal, when he laments an early victim to the tomb; nor could all the efforts of poetry or eloquence, half so well ennoble the theme. But the same feeling soul that could set the table in a roar, or call forth the warmest tear of sensibility, excelled not less in the powers of argument, and the poignancy of satire. With this author before him, a critic should be cautious lest he cant with the time server of nobility, or like him, consult the dial rather than the heart.

Criticism cannot be controlled by formal rules—for it is founded in nature, which is anterior to every rule; and as nature and the principles of taste affect different minds with various emotions, the system that would explain the feelings of one heart, or measure the applause of one judgment, might vary widely from every other. When the purest dictates of nature, however are taken for a guide, and when her impulses are neither shackled by artificial rules, nor swelled with affected sensibility, the conclusions that are drawn, will be closely analogous. Men of the world may have blunted the acuteness of feeling by familiarity with concealment, and a habitual display of unreal delicacy, but still, they cannot destroy the existence of sensibility, though they curb its ardor. They do not eradicate the plant, though they withhold the necessary nourishment, and suffer it to languish by repressing the exuberance of its growth.

Let the principles of taste then vary as they will in degree, from the heart that can be affected only by the loss of the most endeared and closely connected object of its affections, to the timid tender soul, that sinks at the dissolution of the feeblest tie, still in kind, they are the same: and if one glows with enthusiasm in a noble cause, while the other enters coldly into the most enrapturing pursuits, yet the same moral power moves them both, and it varies in each, only as the common lever falls

below the same mechanic influence, which would have enabled the philosopher to move the earth. No man is all virtue or all vice. The savage who could riot in the tortures of his vanquished foe, or feast upon his yet quivering limbs, would have died in defending the rights of hospitality, or protecting an unfortunate friend. It is well known that the nations and individuals who are boldest in iniquity, who would defraud the orphan of his portion, and the widow of her few possessions, often lavish treasures for the furtherance of a religion whose principles they have perpetually violated. So it is in matters of judgment, observations made under disadvantageous circumstances, will be affected by the medium through which they pass, and the critic whose view is impeded by passion or prejudice, will judge as ill of the merits of a performance, as he who attempts to discriminate the minutest shades of painting through the refracting density of coloured glass. Yet as all men are more or less able to feel, they are, in proportion better or worse calculated to judge; and as the motives to do good, or avoid evil, influence with greater violence some minds than others—so the perceptions of taste approach nearer to accuracy in the refined and sensible, than in the vulgar and uneducated.

Hence criticism has not inaptly been termed an art. Not that a critic like a mathematician or grammarian can be created by study, but that like an orator, the exuberances of his fancy may be pruned—the acuteness of his perception may be sharpened, feeling may be improved by exercise, and judgment may be matured by the frequent contemplation of the noblest models, and, according to an eloquent writer on the subject, that the streams of nature may be conducted into the channels where they are destined to flow.

 THE DRAMA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE stage is an important coadjutor in the refinement of manners and the improvement of taste. It has for ages been a fashionable amusement, as well as a useful school to all classes of society. By its lively delineation of real life, kings have been arrested in their path of luxury, and directed to a higher and a holier way; the rudest intellect has been insensibly forced to learn—Virtue has been strengthened and confirmed in her resolutions—and *guilty creatures*, with their hearts subdued by the *cunning of the scene*, have, it is said, *proclaim'd their malefactions*. Dramatic representations have therefore been cultivated and admired, wherever Science has extended her influence, or the Arts diffused their utility. If the drama has tended to polish the manners, to improve the understanding, and to ameliorate the heart, the votaries of fashion, of learning, and of benevolence, will surely contribute their united efforts to its support and embellishment. The theatre thus becomes the resort not merely of the wise but the elegant. While the severer critic reproves every violation of his rules, the smiles of Beauty will add a fascination to what before was entitled to esteem.

These remarks are made with a view to the renewed efforts contemplated for the advancement of the PHILADELPHIA STAGE. The management, already highly respectable, has gained an invaluable acquisition in the talents, taste, and worth of Mr. WOOD, who has been long and deservedly a favourite upon our boards. The moment is therefore, propitious to improvement. At such a period the public expect a reformation of abuses which accident has created and time matured, and which strenuous efforts aided by such an opportunity, can alone remove. It is like a new dynasty in the history of a nation, where the people will submit to ten-fold greater hardships if inflicted by their new masters than they would have borne from the old.

No audience can be more liberal than that of Philadelphia, and at the same time, none on this side of the Atlantic is better calculated to judge: so that while errors are plainly per-

ceived, a partial indulgence is generally extended towards those who commit them. But a perpetual recurrence of the same faults must weary patience, and incur reproof. Some of these we shall now exhibit, trusting that to be corrected they need only be named.

It has been too much the practice on our boards, in imitation perhaps of old, but certainly not of estimable examples, to appropriate particular parts to particular individuals, and indeed to invest a performer with a whole line of characters. These characters thus become, as it were, his prerogative, and he maintains his possession, with a tenacity often highly detrimental to the reputation of the company and the interests of the manager: for a respectable actor thus excluded from a part in which he is calculated to shine, is either omitted in the *cast* altogether, or forced into a station far below that to which his merits entitle him.

Among the halloosings of the gallery, and the titterings of the ladies of the upper boxes, and the flusterings of the lobby knights, to say nothing of the scene shifters' whistle, and the dancing of cities and oceans over their boards, it is not to be expected that we should completely realize the story of the drama. Partridge himself, although he thought any man would have behaved *just so* on seeing a ghost, yet was not perfectly persuaded that it was a true raw-head and bloody-bones. At the same time the illusion should be aided as much as circumstance will permit, and every obstacle should be removed that can be effected by industry or art. It is therefore unpardonable that such dreadful incongruities in dress should sometimes amaze the view with a confusion of time and place, rank and fashion. An Egyptian Lysimachus, will sometimes contend with a Spanish Hephestion, and the attendants of Cleopatra will often march in corduroy pantaloons and cossack boots. We have seen a murderer of Cæsar, without a change, become a grandee of Spain, or an English baron. It appears sufficient if the consistent actor can only get into what he considers the *olden time*, where he thinks his grandfather's smallclothes are of the true classic cut, and that the same manners and habits will suit the climates of Greece and Italy—the period of the Trojan war.

and the reign of queen Elizabeth. The liberality of the manager we are confident provides against this evil, and the attention of the *full grown* player should be at least commensurate to it. To this subject Mr. Kemble has devoted infinite attention, and for the improvement he has effected, merits scarcely less applause than for his able delineation of character.

While, however, we recommend a laudable imitation of the excellencies of the London stage, we would by no means have its vices copied too. Now, however great an actor Mr. Cooke, the toper, may be, we are disposed to think Mr. Cooke, a temperate man, would be much better. But in pursuance of his great example, some of our friends often fall into what he calls his *old complaint*, without talents to extenuate the offence. This is not confined to actors of the lowest grade, with some of whom we take it to be, "the custom always of an afternoon," but on some occasions infects even royalty itself. The gods have sometimes, it is said, sipped nectar until they were half seas over, and monarchs have in their frolics imbibed "potations pottle deep," but an actor intoxicated is a monster so insulting, and so much calculated to disgust, as to be absolutely unworthy of pity or pardon.

But it is not of less importance that a reformation of abuses should take place in the theatre *generally*, than that it should be exhibited *on the stage*: for while the players owe duties to the public, there are correlative duties, which should be no less carefully observed towards them. The decent part of the audience are perpetually insulted by the intrusion of certain characters among them, less pure than snow. These Paphian priestesses not only offend by their association, but often interrupt the performance, "when some necessary question of the play is to be considered." The fault, however, is not so much with them, as with those who, by their attention, encourage and invite them. Neglect and disapprobation, defeating the object of their visits, would prevent a recurrence of these improprieties—for

Vice is a monster of such horrid mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

Another practice, totally inconsistent with the decency of the place, is the almost suffocating diffusion of cigar smoke, to the infinite annoyance of comfort and cleanliness. The coffee-room is sometimes a perfect *smoke house*, to the exclusion of all who are accustomed to inhale a pure atmosphere. Should it not be the duty of the keeper of the room to abolish this sin against decorum, for his own sake, as well as for the public good?

We cannot avoid congratulating the audience on the merit of the managers as actors merely: a stock of talent is thus incorporated as it were into the boards of the theatre, and we are always confident that the best parts in most pieces will be well sustained. It is to be hoped that the arduous duties of directing the conduct of others will not prevent them from appearing themselves, as usual, on the stage. It must be admitted, that too great a cheapness will render the greatest merit in some measure unattractive. We are far from wishing that either of these gentlemen should prostitute their talents to parts beneath them, any more than that they should avoid characters in which they are so well calculated to excel.

In most places the theatre constitutes a kind of warehouse where the commodities of beauty and elegance are displayed at a single view to the best advantage: that with us, the managers have heretofore appeared resolved to direct our whole attention to the stage, for so Tartarean has been the darkness of the front of the house, at all seasons, that conscience has often induced us to cry out like Polonius, for "lights! lights! lights!" The ventilator will undoubtedly diminish this defect, but illumination must be increased, or BEAUTY will be content no longer to blush unseen.

To the taste of Mr. Robbins we commit the decorations, believing that he will agree with us in saying, that however well green hangings may suit the despair of Calista or even Othello's jealousy, they are but sorry emblems of the comic Muse.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM DOCTOR BARTON TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

We are anxious to preserve the following letter, as well from the importance of its contents, as from respect for the writer, who so honourably and usefully devotes his learned industry to illustrate the natural history of our country. With regard to the character of these extraordinary remains, on which the distinguished naturalists differ in opinion, we are neither prepared nor competent to decide. But the extinction of an entire race of beings, annihilated from the continent of which they were once the masters, and known only by scattered fragments and the tradition of their ravages, is a subject of powerful and commanding interest. Such inquiries do more than enlarge the sphere of science—they supply to morality many of its most impressive lessons—and to religion some of its sublimest contemplations.

Letter from Doctor Benjamin Smith Barton to Mr. Jefferson, dated Blue Ridge, vicinity of Paria, Virginia, July 13, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

As you take much interest in the knowledge of every thing relative to the American mammoth, and other similar animals, I am persuaded that you will be glad to learn, that I have recently received from St. Petersburg in Russia, some fine large drawings of the great Asiatic mammoth, whose skeleton, together with some portions of the skin and muscular parts, has lately been discovered, in a state of excellent preservation, under vast masses of ice, near the mouth of the river Lena, in latitude 72° North. For this, to me, inestimable present, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Tilesius, an eminent naturalist, by whom the drawings were made, and who has, at the same time, favoured me with some important manuscript observations concerning the animal.

I need not tell you, that this Asiatic mammoth is specifically distinct from the great mammoth of North America: that whose bones have been discovered in so many parts of our continent, and that of which Mr. Peale has mounted the skeleton, in his museum. The two animals are specifically distinct, though I am very far from thinking them *generically* so. But the Asiatic mammoth has, at some former period, been a native of America, as well as of Asia and of Europe. The grinding teeth, the incisors, (or tusks) and other bones of this animal, have been discovered in several dif-

ferent parts of the United States, &c. as in Pennsylvania, in the river Susquehanna, a branch of which I have elsewhere shown, receives its name of "Chemung" from the incisors of one of these huge animals. Similar remains have been discovered in the county of Wythe, in this state; in the same muriatic lick along with the remains of the other mammoth, or what I will call, for the present, the Ohio mammoth: in South Carolina in digging the Santee canal; in Kentucky, and doubtless, in many other places, some of which I could mention. I had long suspected, and even asserted, that the mammoth of the Chemung was the same as that of Siberia; and this matter is now put beyond all doubt by the drawings and information communicated to me by Mr. Tilesius.

At least one species of elephant, therefore (for it is by all naturalists allowed, that the Asiatic mammoth was a legitimate species of elephas) has been a native both of the old and new world. I am inclined however, to think, that the species has never been so common in America as in Asia, from whence, therefore, I venture to conjecture, that the stock originally proceeded. It is too soon, however, in the more cautious and sober discussions of natural history, to press forward such conjectures as these. We have just begun the study of the natural history of our country. Future researches and discoveries may render it at least highly probable, that the Asiatic mammoth, as we now call it, was once as common in North America as in any part of the old world. Permit me to add, that I am daily put in the possession of facts which prove that our continent and Asia have had, and still continue to have, in common, many species of animals and vegetables, in *all essential* points the same.

Mr. Tilesius's drawings are of great importance to me; and they came, unasked and even unlooked for, almost at the very time that I was busily occupied in superintending a drawing of the skeleton in the museum, and in putting together my materials, the fruit of many years research, concerning the Ohio animal. The two animals, it is true, are very different from each other; but they have, nevertheless, great and interesting affinities to each other. The affinities are such, that I cannot consent to consider the American animal as any thing but a *species of elephant*. I know, indeed, that Mr. Cuvier is now of opinion, that the Ohio bones bespeak an animal

generically different from the elephant. But although this naturalist's authority is deservedly high, and of great weight, I am disposed to adhere to my own opinion, and to consider the Ohio mammoth as belonging to the same genus, or family, as the two or three still existing species of elephant, and as the great extinct mammoth of the North of Asia and of Europe; the *elephas primigenius* of Blumenbach; or, as we in America may name it, to distinguish it from the Ohio elephant, the "Chemung mammoth."

Although in the general form of the molares, or grinders, there is a much greater affinity between the Asiatic mammoth and the existing Asiatic elephant, than there is between either of these latter animals and the Ohio mammoth, yet there are *several* other characters in which the resemblance is much closer between the Ohio animal and the extinct Asiatic mammoth, than between this latter and the living elephant of Asia. I shall only, at present, mention one of these characters; that of the incisors, or *defences*, which we call tusks. These in the Ohio mammoth and in the *elephas primigenius*, or Chemung mammoth, are indeed, very similar, both in their relative proportion to the general mass of the skeleton of the two animals, and in their degrees of curvature.

On the other hand, the Ohio mammoth and the living Asiatic elephant seem to have been more nearly allied to each other, in the form of their feet, than were the latter animal and the extinct Asiatic mammoth: *i. e.* the Chemung mammoth. When Mr. Tilesius shall publish his history and drawings of the *elephas primigenius*, and when the history of the *elephas mastodontus* shall be completed, every intelligent and candid naturalist will be forcibly struck with the circumstances which I have mentioned: and I flatter myself that some of the most learned of these naturalists, and among others my candid and liberal friend Tilesius, will not refuse their assent to my opinion, that the mammoth of the Ohio has been a true species of elephant.

Mr. Tilesius's drawings are important to me in another point of view. They plainly show, I think, what has been the *natural* direction of the incisors in the head of the Ohio mammoth. Indeed, previously to the receipt of these drawings, I had satisfied my mind as to this point, from the information which I had received from an intelligent correspondent, who had had an opportunity of seeing the

incisors still occupying their original position in the head of a mammoth, which was discovered a few years since, in one of our western muriatic licks, or salines.

As to the form of the grinders, and the disposition of the vitrious body, or enamel, upon and through them, I grant that it is very different in the Ohio mammoth, and in the extinct as well as existing elephants of the old world. But if this difference be of sufficient importance to constitute a difference of *genus* between the American and Asiatic animals, then we must proceed consistently to break up several of the long established genera of mammalia, subdividing each genus into at least two distinct genera. I may mention the genus Marmot, to which belongs our ground hog, or monack, as illustrative of this idea. I shall call the Ohio mammoth, *Elephas Mastodontus*. It is the *Elephas Americanus* of Mr. Blumenbach.

I have nearly prepared, and shall shortly present to our Philosophical Society, an extensive memoir on the extinction of the species of mammalia. This memoir will necessarily contain much matter merely of a speculative nature; but I flatter myself that it will also contain some interesting, and hitherto unnoticed facts.

I shall be much gratified if this letter, written among the mountains of your state, at a distance from my books and papers, afford you any amusement. Of all the subjects of animal natural history, there is not one more interesting than that which relates to the characters and history of those vast organized bodies—many of them, too, endowed with an immense portion of intelligence which the God of Nature had created; and after suffering them to grow and exist through ages, unknown ages of time, has, at length, entirely removed from the earth; not merely as individuals, but as *species*. There is something awful in the consideration of this subject; and yet this very subject is admirably calculated to display to us the wisdom, as well as power, of him who formed all things. The harmony of nature is not, in the smallest degree, disturbed by the total destruction of what many have deemed *necessary* integral parts of a common whole. Nor is this business of the extinction of species *at an end*. That which has already taken place, with respect to species of elephant, rhinoceros, and other vast families of animals, will unquestionably take place with respect to many of the

families of animals which now cover the surface of this globe. The steps of this vast and generally unlooked for change, are rapidly preparing in different parts of the world; and in none, I think, more rapidly than in that portion of it which we inhabit.

I am, dear sir, with very great respect, your obedient servant,
&c. &c.

BENJAMIN SMITH BARTOS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Information concerning Queens County in the state of Newyork, particularly as relates to the ministry of George Fox, and Thomas Chalkley. In a letter to friend Horatio G. Spafford, compiler of the Newyork Gazetteer, from Samuel L. Mitchell, dated Plandome, August 7, 1810.

The propriety of erecting monuments, to perpetuate our remembrance of the dead, has been questioned by many persons. The society of Friends, as we are informed by Clarkson, in his Portraiture of Quakerism, has decided against the worldly fashion of using tombstones and inscriptions. In this they differ widely from the ingenious Godwin, the apologist of sepulchres, who has proposed to erect some memorial of the illustrious dead, on the spots where their remains have been interred.

Structures of this kind may be considered in two points of view; one as manifesting respect to those who have finished their earthly career, and the other as furnishing knowledge to the present generation.

The travels of George Fox afford a remarkable example of memorials or testimonials of him, subsisting to this day, without an express provision for them, by any human being. These, though they are natural productions, answer as fully the purpose of associating our ideas with this apostle of the quakers, as if they had been constructed by laborious and costly exertions of art. Queens county contains these remarkable objects.

I allude to the **STATELY TREES**, yet alive in the town of Flushing, which shaded him while he delivered his testimony

to the people, in the highway: and to the *MASSY ROCK*, still to be seen at the village of Oysterbay, which supported him when he uttered the words of persuasion, to an audience in the woods.

It appears from the journal of George Fox, that he visited Long-Island in the year 1672, the year before the capture of Newyork by the Dutch, and two years prior to its final confirmation to the English. In Queens county his labours were more promising than in any part of the province. The numbers who adhere to this day, to the doctrines he taught at the before-mentioned places, have been considered as proofs of the efficacy of his ministry.

Curious visitors sometimes take a leaf or a twig from one of the Flushing trees under which he preached. There are but two of them surviving. They are upland white-oaks, (*quercus obtusi folia*, Mich.) and are probably a century and a half old. They stand on the public road, between the lands of the late amiable John Bawne and his neighbour Aspinwall. Being on the side contiguous to the land of Mr. A. he claimed the trees as his property. Mr. B. observed, some years ago, his neighbour preparing to cut them down to burn, and redeemed them by an equivalent in full, from his own stock. The bargain was concluded by a bill of sale for them, by Mr. A. to Mr. B. Under this conveyance, which saved them from the axe, they have been protected ever since. The circumstances of the transaction were told me by Mr. B. himself. They who are skilled in tracing correspondencies, might discover amusing analogies between *George* and the *Oak*.

I brought away a piece of the memorable rock on which this exhorter had stood. It is granite composed of feldspar, quartz and mica, in which the former material predominates. It is situated on the land of William Townsend, Esq. in front of his mansion and near the margin of his mill-pond. This gentleman pointed it out to me. In the progress of improvement, the upper part has been split to pieces by gunpowder; but the basis remains solid and unbroken. The spot was then forest; though it is now cleared. The mind that delights in similitudes may find pleasing comparisons between *Fox* and the *Rock*.

To people in general, information on such subjects may not be wholly uninteresting. To persons who are attached to the society which George Fox founded, or who adhere to its principles, it can scarcely fail to excite lively sensations. For my own part, I assure you, I visited both places with the sentiment I usually experience on beholding monuments of departed worth and greatness.

And as I have mentioned these things, I feel myself impelled before I conclude my letter, to notice another, and this is, that the house at Cowneck, in the town of North Hempstead, from which I now write, is the very building (though repaired and modernized) in which that devout and pious minister Thomas Chalkley, was entertained by the then proprietor, my venerable ancestor Joseph Latham, whom he visited here in 1725 and again in 1737, and distinguishes in his journal as his "good old friend and school-fellow."

I beg you to consider this as an answer in part to your note, sometime since, addressed to me, asking assistance toward your useful work: and however trifling my contribution may be, I hope that it may be well accepted.

Favour me with a continuance of your esteem, and be assured of the participation of mine.

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.

Plandome, August 7, 1810.

OF THE LUXURY OF THE ROMANS.

LUXURY is, in fact, nothing more than superabundance, or the application of superfluities, to unnecessary purposes: luxury, therefore, may be found in the cottage as in the palace, according to the different ideas of superfluity imparted by education, habit, or philosophy. Diogenes considered a cup as a luxury, because he could drink out of the hollow of his hand. An ancient German warrior, on the contrary, looked upon the

skull of his enemy, tipped with silver or gold, as an indispensable drinking utensil; and by an oriental debauchee, a single onyx, or a pearl hollowed out into a goblet, was not deemed a luxury.

The moralists of all ages have loudly declaimed against luxury; the politicians, on the other hand, have often defended it: the former, in general, with morose expressions, which prove nothing; and the latter with mercantile views, which are good for nothing. Both were wrong. The defenders of luxury asserted, that it increased population; but at the time of the highest prosperity and luxury of the Roman commonwealth, Italy, according to the testimony of Livy, was scarcely half so populous as when it was parcelled out into petty republics, which were strangers to luxury.

They, moreover, maintained that it enriches the state. There was a time when Portugal was one of those states which most abounded in luxuries; and yet, notwithstanding the excellence of its soil, its favourable situation, and its colonies, it was less rich than Holland, so destitute of luxuries, with its inferior position and its simple manners.

They farther urged, that luxury promotes the circulation of money. But in France, luxury had, thirty years ago, risen to a very high pitch; and yet people complained, with reason, of the want of this circulation: money, indeed, was profusely poured from the provinces into the capital, but it did not find its way back again.

They likewise advanced, that luxury softens the manners. Examples of the contrary are daily witnessed.

They asserted, that it favours the progress of the sciences and fine arts. It might be asked, what progress had the fine arts made among the Sybarites and Lydians?

Lastly, they assumed that luxury infallibly augmented both the power of nations and the happiness of individuals: but the Persians under Cyrus were almost strangers to luxury, and subdued the opulent Assyrians. When, in the sequel, the Persians themselves had become the most luxurious of nations, they bowed their necks to the yoke of the indigent Macedonians. Savage nations, without luxury, destroyed the Roman

empire, and demolished the throne of the caliphs. As to the happiness of the citizens, luxury certainly affords more conveniences and gratifications—but to how many! By far the smallest number.

It is evident that history does not support the friends of luxury, but it is not more favourable to its enemies. The latter, always ready to hurl their anathemas, maintained that a very great inequality of riches is the inseparable companion of luxury; that a few revelled in abundance, while the multitude languished in the most abject misery. But this position is not always true. In Poland, where slavery appeared in its most odious form, there was less luxury than in Switzerland, where the people live in superabundance.

They farther maintained, that luxury sacrifices the useful to the agreeable arts, and that it desolates the country by enticing the inhabitants to the cities. But Lombardy and Flanders possessed, and still possess, great luxury, numerous and handsome cities; notwithstanding which, the country is populous, and the husbandman wealthy. In Spain, on the contrary, where little luxury prevails, agriculture is neglected.

They assert, that luxury depopulates the state: but, for above a century, luxury and population have, in England, increased in equal proportion.

They maintain that luxury enervates. Were the Romans less brave under Lucullus? They say, that it stifles patriotism and a sense of honour. Was ever a sense of honour more brilliantly displayed than in the luxurious age of Louis XIV?

What inference is to be drawn from all this? That both parties are neither right nor wrong. Excessive luxury is in every respect pernicious; when moderate, it is beneficial. But it is extremely difficult to determine where the line is to be drawn between the too much, and not too much, and this depends on the peculiar relations of each state. In a political point of view, I am ready to subscribe to this position, that every luxury which consumes the productions of its own soil, or of native industry, is advantageous; but, on the other hand, that luxury is pernicious which consumes none but foreign productions.

But it was not my intention to write a moral or political dissertation on luxury; I merely designed to say a few words concerning the luxury of the Romans; because it is at present so general a complaint, that luxury had never attained such a height as in our days among the people who so horribly imitate the ancient Romans, and that, unfortunately, in the mode of obtaining the means of the most extravagant luxury. Still, however, people are egregiously mistaken, if they imagine that the luxury of the modern Romans can bear even a distant comparison with the luxury of those of antiquity; concerning which I have collected a few facts. Seneca, Pliny, Valerius Maximus, Dio, Martial, Suetonius, and many others, whose names are of no consequence to the reader, are my authorities.

Opulence is the mother of luxury. The Romans were much more wealthy than their modern imitators. Apicius possessed a million sesterces; Crispus and M. Crassus twice as much; and Seneca even thrice that sum, according to Tacitus. Narcissus, and a certain augur, Cn. Lentulus, had each four millions of sesterces. Isidorus, a man of very low birth, had upwards of four thousand slaves, three thousand yoke of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle of all kinds, and left, besides, a prodigious quantity of ready money. This Isidorus had, moreover, lost considerable property during the civil war. There were people who possessed whole provinces, and knew not the boundaries of their domains. In Nero's time, half of Africa was divided among six masters. To such Seneca alluded when he exclaimed, "Oh! how lamentable is it when a man knows no greater pleasure than to open his immense rent-roll, to survey the prodigious tracts which are cultivated for him by subject nations, the innumerable flocks and herds which find their pasture in provinces and kingdoms; a domestic establishment more numerous than many a warlike people; private buildings more extensive than large cities!"

This remarkable passage might indeed be looked upon as a poetic exaggeration, if a hundred other contemporaries had not confirmed its accuracy. "It has come so far," says the same Seneca, "that even exiles take with them for their support, a larger sum than formerly constituted a princely inheritance."

The emperor Augustus restrained the latter abuse; he decreed that an exile should not have more than twenty slaves or freed-men, and not more in money than five hundred thousand sesterces.

What a change had taken place in the times! Under Romulus, two acres of land constituted a rich man—nobody possessed more. In this state things continued for a considerable time. Almost three centuries afterwards, Cincinnatus, the dictator, was distinguished as the proprietor of four acres. About two hundred years later, Attilius Regulus had seven: nay, but a short time previous to the establishment of the monarchy, the income of the first senator, Scaurus, scarcely amounted to 1500*l* sterling. This standard held good in other particulars. A certain Tatia was considered to have brought her husband a very large dowry; it amounted to about 200*l*. The senate gave a like sum for the dowry of the daughter of the great Scipio. A female, named Megullia, received the surname of *Dotata*, because she had for her dowry the prodigious sum of one hundred pounds.

Juvenal, on the contrary, fixes that of Messalina at 5000*l*, and thus it kept continually rising. Money, the plunder of the whole world, accumulated to such a degree, that the rate of interest gradually fell from one hundred to three per cent. Landed estates, on the other hand, naturally rose exceedingly in value.

An inordinate profusion was the consequence of this prodigious wealth. Horace makes mention of one Tigellius, who, in five days squandered 5000*l*. Martial diverts himself at the expense of a man named Cinna, who, in less than a year, ran through 40,000*l*. Milo dissipated not only his own patrimony, but likewise three and a half millions of sesterces, the property of others. Apicius expended a million more, merely in his kitchen. "I want twelve and a half millions of sesterces," said Cæsar the dictator, "in order to possess nothing:" meaning only to pay his debts. The erection of the forum alone, indeed, cost him five millions. This, however, was nothing in comparison of the wants of Caligula, who in less than a year, lavished away one hundred and sixty-five millions. How did he contrive to do this? Suetonius informs us:

“ He invented new baths, and new ways of preparing food; drank the finest pearls, dissolved in vinegar; caused golden loaves to be set before his guests; threw money among the people; constructed galleys, the poop of which was covered with precious stones. The sails were formed of the most costly stuffs; in the interior were baths, covered passages, banquetting rooms, decorated with vines and fruit trees. In vessels of this kind, provided with bands of music, he sailed along the coasts of Campania. When he constructed palaces, his invention was upon the rack to contrive something that appeared impossible to be accomplished: moles were thrown up in the deepest and most tempestuous seas; rocks were removed, vallies transformed into mountains, and mountains into vallies; every thing was required to be done with the utmost celerity, the least delay being punished with death.” It is not difficult to conceive that in this way he might have squandered such a trifling sum in less than a year. But the emperor was not alone tormented by this spirit of profusion, the citizens copied his example as closely as they could. Seneca relates, that they began with ornaments for the person; then transferred their extravagance to their habitations, and lastly to their tables.

I shall quote the most striking instances of each of these species of luxury. A smooth skin, a painted face (the men painted as well as the women), a mincing careless gait, were indispensable requisites of *bon ton*. Julius Cæsar himself took more pains with his person than became a hero; very often had his hair cut, and even plucked up, and was fond of wearing his wreath of laurel, to hide his baldness. What very different things are now-a-days concealed beneath a crown of laurel! He likewise wore an uncommon, embroidered purple habit, with sleeves which reached down to the wrists.

The young gentlemen most carefully constructed with their hair an edifice, which rose by gradations; they anointed themselves, polished and rubbed their faces with crumb of bread, imitated the softness of the female voice, and, in short, afforded a rich subject for the epigrammatists of their time. Their clothes were kept at home in a press, that they might retain their gloss. Their wardrobes contained a numerous assortment.

A prætor, who was going to give an entertainment, one day requested Lucullus to lend him some dresses for the musicians. "How many do you want," asked Lucullus. The prætor modestly asked for no more than one hundred, and Lucullus ordered two hundred to be given him. The *élégantes* changed their clothes very often during a single meal, and never took less than a dozen suits with them to the bath. They wore surtouts, or great-coats, which cost fifty pounds a piece.

The benches on which they lay round the table, were likewise an object of the most extravagant luxury. Metellus Scipio reproached a certain Capitus with paying 4000*l.* for a Babylonian bench for this purpose. Nero afterwards bought the same for upwards of 160,000*l.* This account appears scarcely credible, but the fact is related by Pliny. This prodigious price was determined by two qualities; the colour, which was purple, and the materials silk. A pound of purple was at first worth 2*l.*, and at last 20*l.* Respecting silk, Seneca exclaimed, "I have seen silken garments, if, however they may be denominated garments, which do not hide the body, and still less what modesty ought to conceal. They are so transparent, that a female is obliged to swear, before you can believe, that she is not naked."

These garments, nevertheless, were only half silk; for those made entirely of silk, were not introduced before the reign of Heliogabalus. The passion for ornaments, such as pearls, emeralds, and precious stones, had arrived at such a pitch among the Roman ladies, that they were not thought more than ordinarily dressed when they wore 200,000*l.* worth. Seneca asserts, that they wore pendants in their ears which were equivalent in value to the whole property of an opulent family. Julius Cæsar purchased for Servilia, the mother of Brutus, to whom he was particularly attached, a single pearl at the rate of 30,000*l.* A pair of pearls belonging to Cleopatra were valued at 50,000*l.* By degrees, a greater number of pearls were strung together, so that the ears were lengthened by their weight.

The neck and arms were also encircled with pearl necklaces, bracelets, and chains, of which the fathers, Jerome and Tertulian, with pious horror, assert: the former, that a single neck-

lace surpasses several villages in value ; and the latter, that they cost 5000 pounds, and that whole forests and islands are scarcely sufficient to defray the expenses of those ornaments.

Rings were worn on every finger by men and women ; nay, even each joint of every finger was adorned with them. When Nonius the senator was banished by Antonius, he took with him a single ring worth 100,000 pounds. Girdles, swords, and scabbards, were also ornamented with costly stones. The shoe-strings were of gold, enriched with precious stones. Parasols and fans glistened with gold. "The daughters of freed-men," exclaimed Seneca, "now squander, upon a single mirror, more than the whole amount of the dowry decreed by the senate to the daughters of Scipio."

Without a train of eight or ten servants, it was impossible to appear in public with decency. This indeed was a very modest retinue, with which the advocates alone contented themselves.—Others went abroad surrounded with fifty or more attendants. Horace relates of Tigellius, that he often had a train of two hundred. Others again had ten thousand, twenty thousand, and even a still greater number of slaves ; not for the sake of their services, as Athenæus attests, but merely that they might appear in public with the greater pomp. It must not be supposed, that this numerous retinue exhibited the same ragged spectacle as the hosts of servants belonging to some of the Russian grandees : all those who composed it were clothed in the most splendid attire. The fair sex vied with the men in this species of ostentation. Marcellinus, for instance, exclaims, "With what a train many matrons parade upon sofas through all the streets of the city ! Like experienced generals, who first oppose the closest ranks to the enemy, next the light-armed troops, then the slingers, and lastly the auxiliaries ; the conductors of such a procession are busily engaged in marshalling the multitude. They place all the persons belonging to the weaving establishment at the head ; then follow those who belong to the culinary department ; and next the promiscuous crowd of servants, whose ranks are swelled by all the idle people of the neighbourhood ; and lastly the troops of eunuchs, with their pale and haggard faces." St. Jerome also speaks of a whole host of eunuchs, among whom the fools (*meriones*) cost a higher price, so sometimes as much

as 100 pounds, whereas a rational slave might be purchased for 30 pounds.

If females, indulged in such excessive luxury abroad, it may easily be conceived that they were not less extravagant at home. The household utensils and implements of one family, and which were not of the most expensive kind, were valued by Martial at 50,000 pounds. A single hatchet, probably of gold, cost 20,000 pounds. Culinary utensils, plate, and even the carriages, were of silver. There were dishes of that metal which weighed one hundred pounds. A slave of the emperor Claudius, named Drusillanus, served up the first course in five hundred dishes of this kind, for the making of which a manufactory was expressly built. Others had eight hundred silver dishes, of far more considerable weight. But silver alone was soon thought not costly enough, and gold was added, either in handles or inlaid figures. At last they employed gold alone, and even made chamber utensils of that metal, till Tiberius prohibited this degradation, and directed that golden utensils should be confined to the service of the gods.

"As much silver," says Pliny, "as all Carthage, the rival of Rome for the sovereignty of the world, possessed at the period of the victories of Scipio Africanus, so much does Rome now contain merely in table utensils." At this time it was customary to drink out of goblets of onyx, mother of pearl, and gold and silver, of curious workmanship, the feet of which were enriched with emeralds and precious stones. These goblets were so highly valued, that, at entertainments, a servant was placed by every guest, to watch that none of them might be stolen. Many of these were cut out of a single stone, and rested on gold feet. If they were composed only of silver, it was customary to make amends by magnitude for the inferiority of the material. Fabricius the censor, accused his colleague before the senate, of having a goblet of this kind, which weighed upwards of ten pounds, and cost three thousand guineas. Crassus the orator, also possessed two bowls for wine of equal value. Vessels made of myrtle-wood fetched a still higher price than gold or silver, namely, 4000 pounds a piece; and the dying Petronius broke one of this kind to pieces, that it might not fall into Nero's hands. But the most costly material was crystal; for a mistress of

a family, who, as Pliny assures us, was not rich, paid 7500 pounds for a crystal vessel.

Candlesticks, it may be inferred, were the objects of no small degree of luxury. Pliny speaks of a man who purchased one for a sum equivalent to the whole salary of a military tribune, that is, about 2500 pounds.

Large round tables of gold, silver, or citron-wood, which often passed from generation to generation, were adorned with ivory feet and the figures of animals, of exquisite workmanship. If the citron-wood was very full of spots, it sold for an enormous price, as high as five thousand pounds; and some families possessed hundreds of this kind of tables. Annius, according to Martial, had almost three hundred. This spotted wood was always of greater value than gold.

The bedsteads were very large, and the feet of onyx. Gold and silver were also abundantly employed about them. A slave, who stole a plate of silver from Caligula's couch, was immediately delivered up to the executioner. They were soon made entirely of silver; and at length, Pollio, a Roman knight, procured one of solid gold.

Chariots were at first made of brass, then of ivory,² and lastly of silver; and these became so numerous, that Severus was obliged by a law to limit the use of them to senators. This law, however, was not long observed. Neither were people content with silver, but began to gild and enrich it with precious stones. The higher the chariot, the more elevated was supposed to be the rank of the owner. The harness of the mules which drew these chariots, was naturally superb also, and covered with ornaments of gold. When Nero travelled, he was attended by a thousand chariots; his mules were shod with silver; as were those of his wife Poppæa even with gold.

Let us now enter the habitations of these voluptuaries. There the walls, the pillars, the floors, every thing glistens with marble and gold. A certain Mamurra was the first that incrustated his whole house with marble. After the conquest of Carthage, the ceilings in the capitol were for the first time gilded; but this species of luxury soon extended to private houses. "We live," exclaimed St. Jerome, "as though we were to die to-morrow, and build as though we should live forever. Walls, ceilings, and columns glisten with

gold." Tertullian also speaks of costly tapestry manufactured at Tyre.

Columns were an ornament very frequently employed. It was not uncommon to see many hundreds of them in one single edifice, which perhaps had besides a fountain to cool it.

The extent of habitations was prodigious. One of the ancients complains, that the palace of Augustus took up as much ground as formerly composed the whole farm of Cincinnatus. During Nero's reign, some of the slaves of that tyrant possessed fish-ponds which were half as large. And Pliny exclaims, "Such were not the habitations of those who founded this empire; they went from the plough or the cottage to triumphs, and their fields were smaller than are now the rooms of their descendants." Sallust and Seneca also compare houses to whole cities. Buildings were immoderately extended, not only in length and breadth, but also in height. According to Juvenal, Cetrionius built a house which was more lofty than the temple of Hercules and Fortune; and Posides erected another that even surpassed the capitol in elevation.

Fruit gardens and pleasure grounds were inclosed within the walls of such edifices, or even laid out upon the roofs. Fruit trees were highly valued. A single apple-tree yielded its owner a yearly profit of ten pounds. These, however, were only common trees; there were others of rarer kinds for pomp and pleasure; for instance, the lotus. Valerius Maximus relates, that Domitius accused his colleague, Crassus, of having adorned his portico with columns from Mount Hymettus. "What do you value my house at?" asked Crassus. "At sixty times one hundred thousand sesterces," was the reply. "And how much lower will you rate it, if I cut down ten shrubs (*arbusculos*)?" "Thirty times one hundred thousand sesterces." These ten shrubs consequently cost 15,000 pounds.

The palace of Claudius, who was assassinated by Milo, cost 110,000 pounds: it probably contained none of these shrubs or trees, otherwise the expense would have been much greater.—Hirrius received merely from the buildings that surrounded his fish-ponds, a yearly income of 60,000 pounds.

This luxury in building spread with extraordinary rapidity. In the consulship of Lepidus and Catulus, twenty-nine years before

Julius Cæsar, the house of this Lepidus was the finest in Rome : and thirty-five years afterwards, it was surpassed in magnificence by more than one hundred. I shall say nothing of Nero's golden palace, the history of which is so well known.

And then what feasting was there in these habitations ! what a crowd of servants to wait upon the guests ! "How they all throng about the fire-place !" cries Seneca. "I pass by the multitudes of unfortunate youths, whom other indignities await when the banquet is finished. I pass by the multitudes of adults, who are divided according to nations and colours, who are all equally smooth, have all the first down upon the chin of equal length, and all the same kind of hair, so that those who are sleek-haired are not intermixed with the curly-pated. I pass by the multitudes of fishermen ; and lastly, of those attendants, who, at a given signal, carry in the dishes. Ye gods ! what a number of persons are set in motion by a single stomach !"

What may have been the expense of such an entertainment ? A mere breakfast, or some such thing, given by Lucullus to Cicero and Pompey, cost 1000 pounds. Vitellius never gave a dinner for less than 2000 pounds. An entertainment, on entering upon an office, could not be given by the most frugal under 15,000 pounds, and cost many twice that sum. If Lampridius does not exaggerate, Heliogabalus consumed 50,000 pounds, and often a great deal more, at every meal. At that time indeed, it was not uncommon for a single course to cost 5000 pounds. Juvenal accuses his contemporaries of squandering a whole patrimony on a single dinner. At first it was customary to have only two courses ; they soon rose to seven, and Heliogabalus had even twenty. During the reign of that emperor, a single dish sometimes cost 3000 pounds. And who could afford to pay for such a dish ? Æsop, the player, according to Pliny. At that time the art was not at least exercised for bread.

And what sort of delicacies could one of these dishes contain ? Nothing more than rare singing-birds, on which there was naturally very little to eat, and which were besides not particularly savoury. They were called *fig-peckers*, and cost thirty pounds a piece. The palate, therefore, was merely stimulated by the idea of the large sum consumed in every mouthful ; just as it is related of the elect-

or of Saxony's fool, that he one day put 30*l* worth of wood on the fire at once, and nevertheless was not warmed by it. It should be observed, that it was a Cremona violin. A single dish cost Vitellius even 5000 pounds, and a fire-place was built in the fields for the express purpose of cooking it. He called it *the shield of Minerva*. It was composed of the livers of sea-bream, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, and the tongues of flamingoes, delicacies which were brought from a great distance beyond the sea.—Vitellius had also an excellent appetite, and when he could eat no longer, he threw up what he had already taken. His brother once gave him an entertainment consisting of 2000 fish and 7000 birds of the rarest species. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this love of good eating produced a prodigious rise in the price of cooks, who were each originally worth no more than a good horse. Fish were a principal object of this epicurean luxury. Julius Cæsar had 6000 lampreys served at his triumphal dinner. They were valued according to their weight, and it was a noble pastime for the guests to weigh them at table. A great number of notaries were obliged to attend, to draw up authenticated instruments respecting their wonderful weight.

I cannot refrain from quoting another remarkable passage of Seneca: "How incredible," he exclaims, "are the works of gluttony! How often is nature cheated or conquered! The fishes swimming in reservoirs are caught under the table itself, and immediately placed upon it. They are shown in glass vessels; the company observe with pleasure how death gradually changes their colours," &c. Mulletts were held in equal request with the lamprey, and cost twenty or thirty pounds a piece. The lamprey, and also the sturgeon, had the honour of being carried to table crowned and accompanied with music.

L. Crassus, a man who had held the office of censor, was not ashamed to lament bitterly the loss of a lamprey which had died in his fish-pond.

Oysters and lobsters were likewise in great estimation. Connoisseurs in these matters knew, at the first taste, what spot the oysters came from, and at the first sight where the lobsters were caught. The larger the oysters, the better they were thought.—They were opened at table. One Sergius Orata was the first that

formed the oyster-beds at Bajæ, and obtained for the Lucrine oysters, which are now excellent, the preference before all others.

We may easily calculate how expensive their fish-ponds were to the Romans, when we know the price of one of these fish, and that thousands of them were kept. Varro says, "The fish-ponds are constructed at a great expense, stocked at a great expense, and kept up at a great expense. Hirrius spends upon his 60,000 pounds a year." Many fishes had particular names, and came to be fed when they were called.

Among the birds, the thrush was accounted an extraordinary delicacy. According to Varro, 5000 of them were sold from one aviary for thirty pounds. Aufidius received much more annually from his peacocks; every peahen's egg cost two shillings; a pair of pigeons five shillings, and often much more, for in Varro's time they sold for twenty pounds. As the consumption of all these birds increased so prodigiously, aviaries were built in order to furnish a sufficient quantity of them, and these were more extensive than were formerly whole villas.

So much for the luxury of the living. But even in death these people did not renounce their prodigality. In ancient Rome things were certainly very different. Menenius Agrippa died so poor that the people collected sixty pounds, to defray the expenses of his funeral. The same was done on the death of Valerius Publicola, when the gratitude of the whole Roman people contributed no more than four or five hundred pounds to bury him. On the contrary, as early as the time of Sylla, two hundred and ten hand-barrows of fragrant spices were thrown upon his funeral pile. At the funeral of Poppæa, Nero consumed more cinnamon and cassia than all Arabia could afford in a year. Pliny estimates the value of these articles, with which Rome was furnished by India, at upwards of 800,000 pounds per annum. If to this we add the expense of the funeral pile itself; of the costly garments, gold, silver, and precious stones which were thrown into the flames; of the entertainments given to the public; of the fights of gladiators, the monuments and manumissions—how often must the heirs have involved themselves in total ruin for the sake of empty honour! Isidorus, a common citizen, directed that his funeral should cost 55,000 pounds! Anteros, a freedman, and afterwards a *sevir*, bequeathed

to his colleagues 5000 pounds for an annual entertainment. Nero's funeral cost upwards of one million and a half sterling.

From all these facts we may derive the melancholy consolation, that if luxury should in our days increase even in a tenfold degree, still there would be nothing new under the sun.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ECLECTIC REPERTORY.

As we read in the works of the Roman historians and orators that, in certain critical cases, it was the duty of the consul, for the time being, to take care that the commonwealth sustained no injury, so it is conceived to be the duty of every faithful journalist to be solicitous that the republic of letters should be aggrandized as far as possible. Hence, we are never more in our element than when it is in our humble power to pioneer the way and clear the road for the march of any aspiring adventurer; provided, he have for his passport the parole of genius and literature. We have no fond partiality for the blandishments of the belles lettres, to the prejudice of the exact and solid sciences; nor, on the other hand, are we so devoted to diagrams, or so wedded to Analysis that laughing *Levy* must be locked out of doors. For all these charmers we have room and entertainment enough; and each interesting visitant shall always experience from us a very cordial reception. In the phrase of an elegant courtier,

Locus est, et pluribus umbra.

In the language of the prophet, and we quote it reverently, the invocation to the votaries of the Muse should be audible at the extremities of the universe; it should be "say unto the north, give up, and to the south keep not back. Bring thy sons from afar, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth."

While, therefore, in pursuance of these principles, which, we hope, will be deemed abundantly liberal, we dedicate a portion of *The Port Folio* to the amusement of the literary lounge, yet the man of science, the lawyer, the divine and the physician shall never, for a moment, be wantonly neglected. It is our heart's desire to make this a *scientific*, as well as a literary journal.

We are peculiarly pleased that of late, after a long struggle and very hard fighting in America, the forces of Ignorance, Avarice and Illiberality are nearly

routed, and that Genius, in alliance with all the sciences and all the graces is free to proceed "conquering and to conquer." In the place of ribald pamphlets, defiled with all the smut of party, in the place of contemptible chronicles, conducted by animals of no higher pretension than as cousins german to the ass and the owl, we now behold, with exultation, ably edited journals of various descriptions, and with various views, but all of a character so resplendent that they glitter pleasingly before the optics of the most captious observer. Nor is this glorious spirit of literary enterprise at rest. New schemes, honourable to the projectors, are constantly starting; and thus individual benefit, and national renown are most successfully consulted:

Among the most meritorious candidates for a just and liberal share of public favour, we are delighted to announce a new journal shortly to be published in Philadelphia. Its appropriate title and excellent plan will appear in the sequel. With one of the editors of the work it is our happiness to be intimately acquainted. The superior education, the professional skill, and elegant accomplishments of this gentleman, aided by a zeal that is never baffled, and a benevolence to which every grateful patient is a willing witness, are the amplest pledges for the character, success, and remuneration of a scheme, alike interesting to science and to humanity. Of his coadjutors, though to us less known, it is perfectly well understood that they are among the most brilliant luminaries of their profession. We have often had occasion to praise, and not penuriously, the gentlemen of the bar. But let it not be concluded because from education and attachment we love to linger in the forum, that the church, the senate, and the medical hall have for us no charms. Far be from us an inference so illiberal. In a life of some vicissitudes the writer has had the honour and the privilege of being closely associated with many members of the liberal professions, and, "if there be any virtue, and any praise" to them he is largely indebted for most of those enjoyments which are alone worthy of regard. They have shown him the paths of peace, they have asserted his rights, they have vindicated his innocence, they have guarded his health, and defended his reputation. To each he exclaims in the words of the grateful Roman,

I, bone, quo Virtus tua te vocat, I, pede flusto.

The Eclectic Repertory and Analytical Review, Medical and Philosophical, edited by a society of physicians, Philadelphia.

Of all the means which have been devised to disseminate information, that of a periodical journal is, perhaps, the best adapted. The utility of such publication is, indeed, very decisively evinced by the encouragement which they receive among every people at all distinguished by an attachment to letters. It is however in the United States, where access to

the stores of learning is impeded by peculiar obstacles, that they seem to be more especially required, and to hold out the greatest advantages. Easy of circulation, they reach the remotest portions of our widespread territory, and open, at a very moderate expense, a source of amusement and instruction which to many would otherwise be denied. Nor is the salutary influence of these popular vehicles any longer with us, than in Europe, a matter to be determined by experiment, or the results of the future. Effects, the most beneficial to our literary relations, can already be traced to their rapid multiplication, and extensive dispersion. They have insinuated into the minds of our people, who were once, confessedly, too negligent of liberal pursuits, a love of knowledge, and have made us, what in the language of a celebrated foreigner we have truly become of late, one of the most *inquisitive and reading nations of the earth*.

Dispositions, in every view so auspicious, were to be anticipated from the diffusion of writings so eminently calculated to captivate general attention, and to delight or improve every description of readers, every class of society, every variety of taste, and every gradation of intellectual capacity.

As its title indicates, the journal now offered to the patronage of the public, will be conducted chiefly on the principle of *selection*. The leading feature of the plan, more distinctly enunciated, is to present at stated intervals, a sort of synopsis of the foreign magazines, journals, and reviews appropriated to medicine and its kindred sciences.

Whatever may be thought of the humility of this design, no one will doubt of its importance who is conversant with the periodical works of Europe. As is incident to such publications, the matter which they contain is altogether of a mixed nature, and of merits the most unequal. They are a vast field, where golden wheat is too often choked by useless or pernicious tares, and where it imports us, like the prudent husbandman, to reject the one, and heed the other. These publications are, moreover, at this time, so numerous, so costly, and so difficult to be procured, that really they can only be consulted, by a large majority of the cultivators of science in the United

States, through a medium somewhat similar to the one now proposed. It is therefore meant to give an extract so copious of their contents, as not only to exhibit the progress of the physical sciences abroad, but to do away, in a great degree, the necessity of recurring to the works themselves.

This journal however is not wholly to be restricted to the province of selection. A department, sufficiently spacious will be reserved for *original* contributions. But as eclectics, the editors must be permitted here also to exercise the right of choice, and without arrogance or captiousness, of excluding such articles as they may deem unworthy of preservation. They will cordially receive, and conspicuously insert, reports of interesting cases of disease, well written histories of epidemics, accurate meteorological observations, experimental inquiries, ingenious disquisitions, notices of new discoveries, acute but temperate analysis of books; and in short, whatever in their estimation, may have a tendency to enlarge the sphere of science; and more particularly, to rectify the errors, amend the practice, and increase the usefulness of that branch to which they are professionally devoted.

The contents of the journal will be arranged under the subsequent divisions: 1. Selected Papers. 2. Selected Reviews. 3. Medical and Philosophical Intelligence. 4. Original Papers. 5. Original Reviews. 6. List of New Publications, foreign and domestic.

CONDITIONS.

- I. The work will be printed on good paper, and with distinct type, in quarterly numbers, each to contain about one hundred and twenty pages, to be delivered to subscribers in the city, and to be forwarded without delay to those at a distance.
- II. The price of the work to be three dollars a year, to be paid on delivery of the second number.
- III. No subscription to be discontinued, except at the end of a year, nor without at least two months' notice to the publisher, and payment of what may then be due.

- IV. The usual allowance will be made to booksellers, and such others as obtain subscriptions for ten copies and become answerable for the whole.
- V. The initial number of the work will appear on the first of October next.
- N. B. Subscriptions received by EDWARD EARLE, the publisher, and by all the principal booksellers throughout the United States.

Philadelphia, August 1, 1810.

Scarcely had we finished the perusal of the preceding article, when we were honoured with a letter from Dr. POTTER of Baltimore, inclosing a Prospectus of a work upon principles, not at warfare with those exhibited in the outlines of the Eclectic Repertory. Dr. Potter has so many literary and scientific pretensions, that, far from thinking his Prospectus unworthy a place in the Port Folio, we should be ashamed of ourselves, if we did not cheerfully comply with his modest request. It requires no indulgence on our part, and no apology on the part of a liberal scholar. We hope to hear from Dr. P. on the subject which he has indicated, or on any other topic, which his taste may select or his genius adorn.

PROSPECTUS OF THE BALTIMORE MEDICAL LYCÆUM.

In a science like that of Medicine, where the wisest votary lives only to learn, it would, at first sight, seem superfluous to assign the motives for attempting to reflect light upon any one of its various departments. Book-making, however, has become a trade so common, that the world has been led to suspect most literary proposals, as projects to extract money. Under this impression, it becomes necessary, for those actuated by the purest motives, to cover themselves from the shafts of criticism and censure by the fashionable ægis, an apology.

None but a coincidence of circumstances peculiar to myself, could have impelled me to embark in so hazardous an enterprize, as the publication of a Medical and Philosophical Journal in this city. As it is problematical whether the subscription will ever

be sufficient to encounter the expense, my efforts can be considered only as an experiment; and the possibility of a failure, must exonerate me from the imputation of pecuniary views. I am exquisitely sensible of the arduous duties the office of an editor imposes, and arrogate to myself no pretensions but an ardent zeal to subserve the interests of science and humanity.

When we reflect on the antiquity of the settlement of Maryland, the distinguished rank she has ever maintained in a civil and political view, the population of the city of Baltimore, and the felicity of her situation in the center of the United states, it becomes a subject of equal admiration and regret, that in literature she has made no figure in the bright constellation of her sister states. In no department of science is this dearth of intelligence more to be deplored, than in that profession to which I have the honour, and perhaps the misfortune to belong. Notwithstanding the widely extended territory of the United States and vast number of excellent literary institutions so young a country can boast, Newyork and Philadelphia only have succeeded in establishing the periodical depositories of medical information. While far the greater portion of the Union affords nothing more permanent than the transitory ephemerics of a news-paper, the southern and middle states exhibit the most ample field for observation, and abound with distinguished philosophers, and physicians, whose talents are rusting in obscurity for want of use. To such, it is to be presumed, an invitation only is wanting to excite a spirit of emulation, and to induce them to assert their just claims to literary pre-eminence.

The establishment of a Medical School in this city, the high temperature of the climate and the shortness of the winters, which must ever preclude the possibility of a complete course of dissection further south, inspire the most sanguine expectation, that the rays of medical light scattered over our southern country, will finally converge in the city of Baltimore.

The relinquishment of the Medical Recorder by Dr. Watkins, in consequence of his occupations at the Marine Hospital, and a desire of invigorating the spirit of inquiry it had excited, added to the solicitation of some of the most respectable of the faculty in the United States, suggested to me the necessity of a periodi-

cal work. At this moment the utility of such a work is greatly enhanced, by the exorbitant price of imported books. The physician who is determined to move in concert with the improvements of his profession, cannot accomplish his wishes without incurring a heavy expense; more especially when located at a distance from public libraries, only to be found in our most populous cities. Impressed with the importance of this fact, arrangements have been made for procuring from Europe the best periodical works, and a summary of their contents will be exhibited in the Lycæum as succinctly and promptly as possible.

It will be proper to make some remarks on the more immediate objects of the work.—The science of physic is the science of all nature. The physician who confines himself to the dead letter of medicine, cannot be enabled to take a liberal or expanded view of his profession. The sphere of such a miscellany must therefore, be co-extensive with all the collateral branches of philosophy. Independent of the ordinary topics of medical discussion, there are others deeply interesting, and some of them peculiarly so to an American.

Dissections hold the first place among medical disquisitions. They not only teach us the cause and seats of diseases, but often lead us to the important determination how far the causes are general or local in their operation. Perhaps one of the most important questions in medicine is, whether the cause of diseases be local or general in the first instance: probably they are most of them primarily local. This important question must be determined by dissection and experiment.

Experiments conducted agreeably to the principles of sound logic, must ever interest the medical philosopher. There are many controverted points still left to visionary hypotheses and conjecture, that ought to have long been decided by experiment.

The intimate connection between chemistry and agriculture has hitherto attracted too little attention, especially in America. The nature of every soil must be ascertained through the medium of chemistry, for unless the husbandman understand the principle, he is an empirick, and instead of certainty in his results, he is left to chance and the casualties of the elements.

• Diseases are as necessarily the offspring of certain soils as the verdure by which they are clothed. The question how far certain diseases are attached to particular soils, as well as the means of obviating or destroying an inquinated atmosphere, are equally the business of the physician, the philosopher and the citizen.

The strong affinity between chemistry and manufactures, is at this moment a subject of peculiar interest to every patriotic American. The art of *dying*, the most difficult attainment of our most important manufactures, depends essentially upon a knowledge of chemistry.

The animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms of our country, are all objects of the first importance to the manufacturer, the naturalist and the physician. We have yet to learn how far our own country is capable of furnishing the various materials employed in medicine and the arts, for most of which we are still dependant on other nations. From the almost infinite variety of our soil and the progress made of late years in mineralogical researches, it is fair to conclude, that there lies hid in the bosom of our earth the richest abundance.

The variety of *Mineral Springs* that have lately been discovered in our country, especially in Maryland, and the almost irresistible popular current in their favour, render chemical analysis indispensable. Until their properties shall have been perfectly ascertained, their most transcendent virtues must be used empirically.

The vegetable kingdom, viewed either in its connection with the arts generally, or medicine more particularly, holds out the most inviting attractions. Many of our most energetic remedies are derived from it, and the vast unexplored wilds of our continent, probably offer to the botanist the richest repast now left upon the globe.

NATHL. POTTER.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WATTY AND MEG, OR THE WIFE REFORMED.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

Written in 1792.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawin',
 Deep the snaw had wreath'd the plews;
 Watty, wearied a' day sawin,
 Daunert down to Mungo Blews.*

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky
 Wi' Pate Tamson o' the hill;
 "Come awa!" co Johnny, "Watty!"
 "Haith we'se hae anither gill."

Watty glad to see Jock Jabos
 And sae mony nibours roun',
 Kicket frae his shoon the snawba's,
 Syne beyont the fire sat down.

Owre a board, wi bannocks heapet,
 Cheese and stoups and glasses stood,
 Some war roarin', ithers sleepet;
 Ithers quietly chawt their cude.

Jock was sellin Pate some tallow;
 A' the rest a racket hel';
 A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow!
 Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
 Drank *his* health and *Megs* in ant;
 Watty, puffen out a mouthfu',
 Pledg'd him wi a dreary grane.

"What's the matter Watty wi' you!"
 "Trowth your chafts are fa'n'in!"
 "Something's wrang?—I'm vext to see you—"
 "Gudsake but ye're desperate thin!"

* The village alchouse.

"Aye!" co Watty "*things are alter'd*—

"But its past redemption now.

"O I wish I had been halter'd

"When I married Maggy Hoo!

"I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,

"Try'd wi troubles no that sma ;

"*Them* I bare, but, *marrying Maggy*,

"Laid the capestane o' them a.

"Night and day she's ever yelpin ;

"Wi the weans she ne'er can gree ;

"When she's tir'd wi perfect skelpin,

"Then she flees like fire on me.

"See ye Mungo! when she'll clash on

"Wi her everlasting clack,

"Whiles I've had my nieve, in passion.

"Liftet up to break her back!"

"O for gudesake keep frae cuffs!"

Mungo shook his head and said,

"Weel I ken what sort a life its—

"Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

"After Bess and I war kippelt,

"Fast she grew like ony bear!

"Brack my shins, and, when I tippelt,

"Harlt out my vera hair.

"For a wee I quietly knuckelt ;

"But, when naething wad prevail,

"Up my claes and cash I buckelt,

"Bess! forever, fare you weel!

"Then her din grew less and less, ay,

"Haith I made her change her tunc!

"Now a better wife than Bessy

"Never stept in leather shoon.

" Try this Watty! When you see her
" Ragin like a roarin flude,
" Swear, that moment, that ye'll lea her;
" That's the way to keep her gude."

Laughin sangs and lasses skirls
Echo'd now out thro' the roof;
" *Done!*" co Pate; and syne his erls
Nailt the Drystker's wauket loof.

In the thrang o' stories tellin,
Shaking hauns, and ither cheer,
Swith a chap comes to the hallan,
" *Mungo! is our Watty here?*"

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry
Darted thro' him like a knife;
Up the door flew—like a fury
In come Watty's scawlin wife;

" Nasty gude-for-naething being!
" O ye snuffy druken soo!
" Bringan wife and weans to ruin,
" Drinkin here wi sic a crew!

" Devil nor your legs were broken!
" Sic a life nae flesh endures—
" Toilan like a slave to sloken
" You, ye dyvor! and your h——

" Rise ye druken beast o' Bethel!
" Drink's your night and day's desire;
" Rise this precious hour! or faith I'll
" Fling your whisky in the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt;
Pay't his *groat* wi little din;
Left the house, while Maggy fallowt,
Flytin a' the road behin.

Fouk frae every door cam lampin,
Maggy curst them ane and a';
Clappit wi her hauns, and stampin,
Lost her bachles in the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turnt the gavel,
Wi a face as white's a cloot;
Ragin like a vera devil;
Kickan stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi your limmers round you!
"Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
"Little hauds my hauns, confound you!
"But I cleave you to the teeth!"

Watty, wha midst this oration
Ey'd her whiles, but durstna speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Tremblin by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet;
Maggy's tongue gade like a bell;
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighing aften to himsel.

"Nane are free frae *some* vexation;
"Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
"But through a' the hale oration
"Is a mortal vext like me!"

A' night lang he rowt and gantet;
Sleep or rest he coudna tak;
Maggy aft, wi horror hauntet,
Mumlan, startet at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,
Up raise Watty, waefu chiel!
Kist his weanies while they sleepit,
Waukent Meg, and sought fareweel.

"Fareweel Meg!—And O may heaven,
"Keep you ay within its care!

" Watty's heart you've lang been grievin;
 " Now he'll never fash you mair.

" Happy cou'd I been beside you—
 " Happy baith at morn and een—
 " A' the ills did e'er betide you
 " Watty ay turnt out your frien.

" But you ever lik'd to see me
 " Vext and sighing, late and air—
 " Fareweel Meg!—*I've sworn to lea thee!*
 " *So thou'll never see me mair !"*

Maggy, sabban sair to lose him,
 Sic a change had never wist,
 Held his hand close to her bosom,
 While her heart was like to burst.

" Oh my Watty! will ye lea me?
 " Frienless! helpless! to despair!
 " Oh for this ae time forgie me,
 " Never will I vex you mair."

" Aye ye've aft said that; and broken
 " A' your vows ten times a week;
 " No no, Meg; see! here's a token,
 " Glittering on my bonnet cheek!

" Owre the seas I march this morning,
 " Listed, tested, sworn and a'
 " Forc'd by your confounded girning:
 " Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa."

Than poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 Gusht afresh and louder grew;
 While the weans, wi mournfu yammer,
 Round their sabbin mother flew.

" Through the yirth I'll wauner wi you!
 " Stay, Oh Watty! stay at hame!
 " Here, *upo my knees* I'll gie you
 " Ony aith ye like to name.

" See your poor young lammies pleading !

" Will ye gang and break our heart ?

" No a house to put our head in !

" No a frien to tak our part !"

Ilka word cam like a bullet ;

Watty's heart begoud to shake ;

On a kist he laid his wallet,

Dightet baith his een and spake.

" If ance mair, I could, by writing,

" Lea the sogers and stay still,

" Wad ye-swear to drap your flyting?"

" Yes, O Watty! yes I will."

" Weel," co Watty, " mind, be honest,

" Ay to keep your temper strive ;

" Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise

" Never mair expect to thrive :

" Marget Hoo ! This hour ye, solemn

" Swear by every thing that's gude,

" Ne'er again your spouse to scaul him,

" While life warms your heart and blude !

" That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me ?

" Ne'er put DRUKEN to my name ?

" Never out at e'en'ing steek me ?

" Never gloom when I come hame ?

" That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,

" Kick my shins, or rug my hair ?

" Lastly—I'M TO KEEP THE SILLER ?

" This upo your saul ye swear?"

" Oh!"—co Meg,— " A weel," co Watty,

" Fareweel! Faith I'll try the seas."

" Oh stand still!" co Meg, " and grat ay,

" Ony, ony way ye please."

Maggy syne, because he prest her,

Swore to a' thing owre again ;

Watty lap, and danc'd, and kist her,
Wow! but he was wondrous fain!

Down he threw his staff, victorious;
Aff gade bonnet, claes and shoon;
Syne beneath the blankets, glorious,
Held anither hinny moon.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LION AND THE HOTTENTOT.

Versified from a tale in Vaillaint.

Schemes well advis'd, oft render vain
What violence would seek to gain.

A HOTTENTOT near Afric's cape,
Forc'd from his master to escape,
That he some fuel might prepare,
To dress by night his scanty fare,
Was gath'ring sticks where'er they lay
Upon the heights of Table Bay.
A lion from a dell that cast
His eye upon him as he past,
Resolv'd his system to refresh
By feeding on some human flesh.
The bushman as he rang'd about
Had kept an eye upon the scout,
And suddenly was chill'd with fear
To see the grisly monster near.
"Alas!" said he, "I'm now his food,
Unless his rage I can elude!"
But as his terror did subside
He plann'd it thus to save his hide.
Hard by a steep he chanc'd to stand
High, and impending o'er the land;
Cape town, far distant, seem'd to be
Some Afric ant-hills near the sea:

His staff he planted by the steep
As closely as he dar'd to creep,
And cloth'd it so you would have thought
It was a perfect Hottentot!
Then near the place espied a nook
Where he to hide himself betook.
Hyenas now began to prowl,
And twilight had produc'd the owl;
The lion's sight, not very clear,
Inform'd him still the man was there.
Slow he advances to a spot
Whence he might reach this Hottentot,
Where now arriv'd, he crouches down,
And views him with a dreadful frown;
While 'gainst the moon his eyes appear'd,
Like two full moons that on him glar'd;
A roar he utter'd, loud as thunder,
That seem'd to rend the mount asunder,
And while among the cliffs it rung
The monster at his victim sprung.
But headlong, o'er the mighty steep,
He tumbled in his furious leap,
Three times a steeple's space, and more,
He fell;—and stain'd the rocks with gore.

P.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE EAGLE AND THE CAT.

From a Fable in prose by doctor Franklin.

ONE morning, as grimalkin sat
Hard by a barn to watch a rat,
An eagle soaring high in air
There spied him squatting like a hare.
“Thank Jove!” said she, “good cheer at last,
“Upon a hare I’ll break my fast.”

Then cowering, from the clouds she came
Headlong, and pounc'd upon her game,
In both her talons seiz'd the prey,
And for the mountains bore away.
Grimalkin to a rude attack
Was never known to turn his back.
With foremost claws he fiercely clings,
Forthwith, on both the eagle's wings,
About her sides the hinder ply,
At ev'ry stroke the feather's fly.
"Ah, cease dear puss! a truce I crave;"
Exclaim'd the bird—"Thy life I'll save."
"No!" said the cat, "your carcase shall
From this great height, now break my fall.
Unless you ease me to the ground,
And leave me just where I was found."
Then at her throat he forward sprung,
And like a fury, there he hung.
The bird of Jove, though sadly torn,
To yield the fight had still forborne;
But what avail'd her strength of sight,
Her rapid wing, or skill in fight;
These erst her pride;—were now decreed
To fail her in the time of need:
No choice was left her but to choke,
Or bend her neck beneath the yoke,
For reasons warriors often give;
A prudent choice she made—to live—
To live! and breathe the vital air,
And to her young extend her care.
So, stooping from a fearful height,
She downward tamely takes her flight;
And leaves grimalkin free to roam,
About the barn, his ancient home.

P.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BEAUTY.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

I SAW a dew-drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray:
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
When showers and sun-beams play:—
SOL cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorch'd the pearl away.

High on a slender polished stem,
A fragrant lily grew:
On the pure petals many a gem
Glittered, a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew:
A blast of lingering winter came,
And snapp'd the stem in two.

Fairer than Morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Shines Beauty in its vernal year;
Bright, sparkling, fascinating, clear,
Gay, thoughtless of its doom!
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ensuing lines are said to be the production of Master Payne. They display a poetic fancy and a facility of versification which we wish to see further cultivated and improved.

Last night, while restless on my bed,
I languish'd for the dawn of morrow;
Soft slumber sooth'd my aching head,
And lull'd, in fairy dreams, my sorrow.

I stood in that serene retreat,
Which smiles in spite of stormy weather;
Where flowers and virtues clust'ring meet,
And cheeks and roses blush together.

When soon, twelve sylph-like forms, I dream'd,
Successive on my vision darted;
And still the latest comer seem'd
Fairer than she who just departed.

Yet ONE there was, whose azure eye
A melting, holy lustre lighted;
Which censur'd while it lik'd the sigh,
And chid the feelings it excited.

"Mortal!" (a mystic speaker said)
"In these the SISTER MONTHS discover;
"Select from these the brightest maid!
"Prove to the brightest maid a lover."

I heard—and felt no longer free—
From all the rest I gladly sever;
And in perennial joy, with thee,
Dear MAY—O! could reside forever!

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

We have access to a very recent and beautiful series of masterly engravings illustrating in a mode truly graphical, the interesting progress of MATERNAL AFFECTION. As we are assured these elegant prints will be surveyed with emotions of the most tender, gentle, and generous character, by many an amiable woman, we lose no time in exhibiting this gallery of pleasing pictures to that description of our friends and readers whom it is our delight to allure as often as possible, to the pages of the Port Folio.



The Darling asleep

*Sleep on sweet babe in quiet sleep
Thy Mother guards her child from harm
Affection shall its vigils keep
And fondly hush each rude alarm*

*While I behold my darling Joy
In Cherub Innocence appear
The gentle breathings of my boy
Are Music to his Mothers ear*

Of this series the first engraving which so vividly reveals one of the tenderest offices of a mother's love, has been regarded with so much complacency, that we are confident the companion-piece will excite general admiration. The tranquil repose and ineffable innocence of the infant, in perfect harmony with the fond caress and delighted gaze of the lovely and affectionate female, cannot escape the consideration of the most careless observer. It is but justice to Mr. EDWIN, one of the most meritorious of our engravers, to remark that his copy, both for spirit and elegance, unquestionably transcends the British original.

VARIETY.

It has been observed that, if we adopt a solitary habit of life or action, during one month, it may be preserved for the whole of one's existence. Therefore to conquer a vicious habit, or acquire a good one, there is only occasion for firmness, and resistance during one month.

THE continual constraint in which the kings of France were educated, so that every word was watched and reported, reduced Lewis XI. and XVI. to a state of seeming imbecility in public exhibition. When the duke de Richlieu had taken Mahon all the court poured from the palace of Marby into the gardens to see the king's reception of the victor, and hear some flattering compliments from the royal mouth. Unhappily the king had not been prepared; and after much embarrassment, and universal silence, being at length obliged to address the duke, said, "Do you know the porter of the castle is dead?" Richlieu answered that he did not, and was perfectly confounded with this new compliment.

BUFFON said that patience and attention are the parents of genius. In this he agreed with Newton, who modestly ascribed his immortal discoveries to the sole faculty of patient thinking.

DEDERST said of Thomas, whose eloquence is much esteemed in France, "He is a truly virtuous man. Few would have been capable of writing his work on women; but he has attempted to be impartial, and that book has no sex. It is a difficult subject. If one wished to write on women, one should dip ones pen in the colours of the rainbow and throw upon ones lines the dust of the wings of butterflies. One must be like the pilgrim's bag in the fable. In fine, to paint the mobility of their character and the variety of their passions you must know the manner to express them like degrees of the thermometer."

THE French character is so impetuous as to infect even their music, which forms, as it were, a cataract of sounds, without those beautiful intervals of *repose*, which constitutes a great charm of the Italian harmony.

MADAME NECKAR has observed that the future and the present are always rivals, what is given to the one is taken from the other. The sensibility of women gives them up entirely to the present, without foresight for the future. She adds that they seldom write well except letters; and do not compose but invent. They stop at the first step, while the men get before and reach the goal.

NOTHING, says the Rev. Mr. DUTENS, who is perfectly well qualified to speak decidedly on the subject, was more interesting than to hear Mr. Pitt and Fox in a debate in the house of commons. Both possessed great understanding, energy, warmth, and eloquence. Those, however, who pretend to decide impartially between the two, give the superiority to Mr. Pitt. He had a fine voice; and though he spoke with great rapidity, and without ever hesitating, it was impossible to substitute a better expression than that which he made use of. What is remarkable concerning these two celebrated antagonists is, that their fathers were always opposed to each other in their political career, as well as the sons, who both surpassed their fathers. Mr. Pitt was ten years younger than Mr. Fox. From the age of twenty-three

and a half he was prime minister; no administration, that remained in power so long, was ever so brilliant, and so solid, or enjoyed such universal confidence.

CHANCELLOR D'ACUESSAU, with all the learning and understanding possible was extremely irresolute. His son, who was quite the contrary, one day said to him, "You know every thing, sir, and yet you never decide upon any thing." "And you," answered the chancellor, "know nothing, and decide upon every thing."

THE Chevalier Gatti, a skilful physician, once said to the grand duke of Tuscany, "When a person is sick, it is a dispute between the patient and the disease: a physician is called in, and he comes with a great stick in his hand, to decide the quarrel; if it fall upon the disease, he cures the patient; if upon the patient, it kills him.

SIR Thomas Robinson, who was tall, thin, and simple, one day asked lord Chesterfield to make some verses on him; upon which his lordship immediately produced the following couplet.

Unlike my subject, now, shall be my song,
It *shall* be witty, and it *shan't* be long.

WHAT a fine expression is this passage in Wieland's *Agathon*. "I enjoy that felicity, which gives to days the rapidity of moments, the value of ages."

PROTAGORAS maintained that all is illusion, and that there is no such thing as truth. But Aristotle refuted him by the following dilemma. Your proposition is true, or false; if it be false then you are answered; if true, then there is something true, and your proposition fails.

It is possible that the following anecdote, gravely related by Dutens, the traveller, can be true. In his *Memoirs*, recently published, he says, "The abbe Fabroni, rector of the University of Pisa, assured me that, at the commencement of the *American*

war, he had seen letters from *the Bostonians to the Pretender* inviting him to come and put himself at their head. I knew that the duke de Choiseul had a design to send that prince to America in the year 1760; but I cannot help doubting whether such determined republicans as the Bostonians would have wished to have a prince of the house of Stuart for their chief."

LINES LEFT AT DOLLY'S CHOP HOUSE.

Dear Dolly, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
 As broth reviving, and as French bread fair;
 As strong beer grateful and as pepper strong,
 As beef steak tender, as fresh potherbs young,
 As sharp as knife, and piercing as a fork,
 Soft as new butter, white as fairest pork;
 Sweet as young mutton, brisk as bottled beer,
 And bright as cruet, void of vinegar.

But dearest Doll, the flames that you impart,
 Like chop on gridiron, broil my tender heart,
 Which if thy kindly helping hand ant nigh,
 Must, like an unturned chop, hiss, burn and die;
 And must, at last, thou scorcher of my soul,
 Shrink, and become an undistinguished coal.

O Dolly, could I turn and shift my love,
 With the same skill that you your steaks can move,
 My heart thus cook'd, might prove a chop-house feast,
 And you alone should be the welcome guest.

Cries a buck of a parson, impatient and hot,
 "Into my ragged surplice the devil has got."
 The clerk who endeavoured to smooth, coax, and pin it,
 Cried, "why, zur, as you zay, the *devil* is in it."

The ensuing inscription, not more remarkable for its beauty and pathos, than for its truth, is, if we may judge from internal evidence, the production of GEORGE CANNING, Esq. It is every way worthy of one of the most accomplished scholars in England, and it is a just tribute to the memory of an eminent statesman. But our business is not, at present, with Mr. Windham as a politician. This journal is not the vehicle for the dogmas of any par-

ty. We are studious to preserve the ensuing memorial as the monument of genius; as an offering, high and holy, and most honourable to the living poet, and to the departed orator. To what nobler, to what more enviable praise could the most generous ambition aspire than to be

———By all the good approved,

By JOHNSON *honour'd*, and by BURKE *belov'd*?

The compliments to Mr. Windham's transcendant abilities, are as remote as possible from the fulsome idiom of flattery; and the pious wish of the affectionate eulogist, in the final lines of this beautiful epitaph, we reverently hope, is religiously realized.

EPITAPH

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM WINDHAM.

Ye sacred stones, by English mourners prest,
Where Fox and Chatham's son in concord rest,
Open your vaults, and at their honour'd side,
Place the third prop of England's falling pride.
What worthy claimant of this hallowed tomb
Lives yet to check his country's awful doom?
Close, close, your vaults, ye stones forever close,
Where Glory's last triumvirate repose.
Oh! timely called to share the patriot's grave,
Nor see the ruin'd state thou couldst not save,
Windham, adieu! by all the good approved,
By Johnson honour'd, and by Burke beloved.
In Truth's decay to high soul'd Virtue true,
Thou setting star of ancient Fame adieu!
What prescient terrors at thy loss arise!
What tears of sorrow fill Reflection's eyes!
Who now remains, with treasured learning fraught,
To wake, like thee, the teeming world of thought?
Who now remains, in rival ardor strong,
To roll the tide of eloquence along?
Prompt at thy call, creative Fancy came,
And Reason bore thee on her wings of Fame:
Fancy, unfelt by slavery's venal crew,
Reason too bright for Dullness' owlet view,
Rejoin, blest shade! the sons of genius fled,
And swell the synod of the virtuous dead.
Rever'd companion of the good and wise,
Beset thy loved precursors in the skies.

The following verses are replete with tenderness and the delightful images of domestic affection—The scene it will be perceived is laid in Spain, and the author is both a traveller and a poet.

When at morn the muleteer,
 With early call announces day,
 Sorrowing that early call I hear
 That scares the visions of delight away.
 For dear to me the silent hour
 When Sleep exerts its wizard power
 For busy Fancy then let free
 Borne on the wings of Hope, my Edith, flies to thee.

When the slant sun beams crest
 The mountain's shadowy breast;
 When on the upland slope
 Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
 And lovely as the youthful dreams of Hope
 The dim seen landscape opens on the view,
 I gaze around with raptured eyes
 On Nature's charms where no illusion lies,
 And drop the joy and memory mingled tear
 And sigh to think that Edith is not here!

At the cool hour of even
 When all is calm and still
 And o'er the western hill,
 A richer radiance robes the mellowed heaven;
 Absorbed in darkness thence,
 When slowly fades in night,
 The dim decaying light,
 Like the bright day-dreams of benevolence;
 Fatigued and sad and slow,
 Along my lonely way I go,
 And muse upon the distant day,
 And sigh, remembering Edith far away.

When late arriving at our inn of rest
 Whose roof exposed to many a wintry sky;
 Half shelters from the wind the shivering guest,
 By the pale lamp's dreary gloom
 I mark the miserable room
 And gaze with angry eye
 On the hard lot of honest Poverty,

And sickening at the monster brood
 Who fill with wretchedness a world too good,
 Wish, sepulchred in some secluded glen,
 To dwell with peace and Edith far from men.

EPIGRAMMATICAL.

On a fashionable feather in the hair of a lovely lady of my acquaintance.

If O—n but wear it, a *feather's* a charm;
 Ah who can be safe when a feather can harm?
 Since first I beheld, what a life have I led—
 All joy and content with that feather have fled,
 Fly youth from this Beauty, whoever thou art,
 And, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

Fear, from the Latin of sir Thomas More.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain,
 And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

THE LADY'S WISH.

If it be true, celestial powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care.
 Then, in return, I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious time takes from my face,
 Bestow upon my mind.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
 With which our lives are curst;
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,
 Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners to each other kind,
 Afflictions lighter grow;
 In love alone we hate to find,
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see,
 Are labouring in my breast ;
 I beg not, you would favour me,
 Would you but slight the rest.

How great soe'er your rigours are,
 With them alone I'll cope ;
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not a rival's hope.

EPIGRAMS.

With folded hands and lifted eyes,
 Have mercy Heaven, the parson cries,
 And on our sun burnt thirsty plains,
 Thy blessings send in genial rains.
 The sermon ended and the prayers,
 The parson to begone prepares ;
 When, with a look of brightened smiles,
 Thank Heaven ! it rains, cries farmer Giles,
 Rains, quoth the parson, sure you joke,
 Rains ! Heaven forbid, I have no cloak !

On the Chevalier D'Eon.

Spinster, and minister, knight and dame,
 Monsieur and Mademoiselle ;
 D'Eon, in male and female fame,
 By turns has borne the belle.

Adroit to act on either plan,
 Smile nymph, or hero vapour ;
 And pass with ease from sword to fan,
 From pistol to thread paper.

Genius, meanwhile, alert, though strange,
 Preserves its equal claim ;
 Tis mere dexterity of change,
 And proves D'Eon still the same.

CLERMONT SEMINARY.

JOHN THOMAS AND CHARLES CARRE, AND

JOHN SANDERSON, PROFESSORS.

TERMS:

For lodging, boarding, washing, fire, candles and tuition, \$300 per annum, payable quarterly in advance; each student pays \$10 entrance money. A boy to be admitted must at least, know how to read, and his age not exceeding twelve years. No admission for students coming from other universities in the United States.

An additional charge is made for necessary books, paper, quills and ink. Dancing and drawing are taught by the most eminent masters, at an additional charge of \$5 entrance and \$10 per quarter. Premiums given for encouragement will also be charged to the parents. Any of the parents who may wish their son's clothes to be mended, will pay an extra charge of one dollar and half per quarter.

Every student must be furnished with a cot-bed, a matress, three pair of sheets, a pillow and a sufficient number of blankets for the cold nights of winter; he must be provided with eight shirts and a dessert spoon. All these articles to be marked with his name.

As cleanliness and neatness are conducive to health; and have a great influence on the mind; our pupils change their linen three times a week, winter and summer. In order to encourage this important part of education, a bath house has been erected with a very large bathing tub, in which half a dozen boys may bathe, at a time, in cold water, during the summer season, and wash themselves during the winter.

The *domestic* arrangement, for an efficient and decent accommodation of so numerous, and care-requiring family, is with us an object of primary concern; in our minds it is no small part of education bestowed on *children*, to cultivate a taste and relish for decorum, and politeness and propriety of manners. We have therefore placed our *family* under a superintendence, calculated as much as possible to infuse these principles in the minds of our pupils; and at the same time to alleviate the solici-

tude of parents, with regard to the domestic treatment of their delicate and beloved offspring.

It is well known that *diet* has a great power on the mind; too rich it tends to relax the digestive faculty; to occasion indigestions, and of course to disturb and confuse the sensitive system. As there exist a close relation in our constitution, between the stomach and the brain, a high seasoned diet is productive of confused ideas, and renders the student, under this predicament, thoroughly incapable of learning. It has another tendency not less to be dreaded in youth; for it, ultimately, lays the foundation of inflammatory diseases of all kinds. Nature, in a youth well organized, wants no stimulus of any kind; on the contrary, and especially in summer, when the heat exalts the bile to the highest degree, and stimulates the blood to inflammation, a cooling and diluting diet is best calculated to diminish or entirely to prevent an effect so dreadful. We have, in consequence of this natural reflection, placed our table under wholesome regulations. The best meat of various kinds, roasted, broiled or boiled, with the best bread the town can afford, and vegetables in their perfection, form the meals of every day: in the summer season, fruits in full maturity, are by no means spared. We have the satisfaction, by this systematic order, to have improved the constitution of our pupils, as well as to have formed them to better manners, and of course, to more correct morals. The habit of good health gives them a cheerful and florid appearance, which have not failed to attract the observation of visitors. To this we ascribe, that for four years and a half our numerous family has experienced no disorder of any consequence. And we have been so far fortunate, as to have met with no accident whatever.

The regulations concerning discipline, without which, education of any kind cannot be pursued, are comprised in a small code, which one of the students reads every morning, at the opening of the school, after having read a chapter of the Holy Bible. A copy of these regulations will be delivered, together with this prospectus, to parents or guardians, who may wish to place their sons or wards under our care. The purpose of these regulations, is to impress on the minds of our pupils a

true sense of their duty ; to excite and fix in their tender hearts, principles of honour, liberality, generosity and justice. They are also calculated, to establish a constant uniformity, both in regard to rewards and punishments, so as to leave no room for arbitrariness, caprice and partiality on the part of the teachers.

We consider a just and impartial discipline as the most important part of education ; for from a steady, firm, but just discipline, in a siminary of learning, result industry, honest emulation, true learning, habits of study, reflection and of reasoning. It implants in the heart of youth permanent principles of liberal sentiments, justice and virtue. It prepares the mind to discriminate right from wrong ; to pursue the former with fortitude and perseverance, which only leads to happiness in this sublunary world.

In order to rouse the minds of our pupils to a noble emulation, and create, among them, an honest ambition, they are monthly examined. Those who prove industrious and evince improvement in their studies, manners and conduct, are invited to a handsome entertainment, in which nothing is spared to make it please both the eye and palate. But on the contrary, those who make no exertion, continue at their studies as usual, without enjoying the feast of merit.

The vacations of the seminary last one month, and begin on the first of September ; the scholars must return to the seminary on the first of October following. Previous to the vacations, and on the latter end of August, a public examination takes place. Our scholars, then, undergo a *bona fide* examination ; then they appear in their true and natural state both of mind and body : there is no quackery, no imposition, and no deception. No one of our pupils is made to learn particular pieces of prose or poetry, to recite, to translate or rehearse the same pieces with a great and irreparable loss of time, during three months before, that he may shine a moment like a meteor in darkness. To form and develop the understanding of our pupils is our main object. We therefore avoid, by all means in our power, planting in their hearts an insolent pride, the bane of all virtues. We are sensible that repeated examples of duplicity must prove the ruin of the morals of youth ; we think therefore that to form them to virtue,

examples of candour, probity and honour, should constantly be exhibited before them. According to our principles, the pupils receive no more preparation for their public examination, than what they receive every day of the year, for the reciting of their daily lessons.

It is a matter of fact, that the operations and exertions of the mind tend to increase the sensitive system, whilst they weaken the muscular strength of the body. To prevent this natural effect of mental application, and to combine together both the *development* of the understanding and the strength of the body, our scholars take, in their recreations, as much exercise as they please. When the weather permits it is taken in open air, but within the bounds of the seminary, or under the spacious piazza of the house, in case of bad weather. In the spring, each of them is allotted a portion of ground for a garden, in which every one spends the most of his time allowed for diversion. And in this useful and instructive labour, they generally display a great deal of ingenuity, taste and industry.

Hippocrates, and other eminent physicians after him, have observed that Nature has divided the course of life, in man, into critical periods, which according to the constitution of the body, and prudence in the diet, are more or less dangerous. They generally agree, in their observations, on the immediate influence, these periods, which they call climacteric, have on the mental faculties. In some instances they metamorphose a block-head into a genius; and a genius into a block-head — At seven, and after the second teething, life is confirmed and memory roused into action. It is then the time to lay up a store of ideas and words, and to prepare materials for a maturer age. Languages are therefore most adapted to that age until fourteen. It is about that time of life that the second period or revolution takes place.—Every judicious observer of Nature will acknowledge, that it is at that age, the horizon of thought grows wider: that the objects, which laid before in the memory, as an *indigesta moles*, are *classified* and put into their natural order. Then the heart opens to sweet and tender sentiments; nature appears then clothed with all her splendor and majesty, and seems, smiling all around, to invite youth to the pure and delightful en-

joyment of their being. This age might be termed the age of true happiness; but for him alone, who, from the prudence of his parents and good examples, and from a good and unprejudiced education, has preserved in its pristine purity, that divine spark received from above. This interesting epocha, which with great propriety may be called the birth of reason, is certainly the most decisive for the cultivation of the understanding. The mind, at this period is open to receive every impression; Nature herself seems to invite youth, well prepared, to the admiration of her beauties, by stimulating their minds, to observe and try to unravel the mysterious causes of the wonderful order, that reigns in all her stupendous works. We repeat it, it is a time fit to form a young man to the great, arduous, and to the only useful art of *thinking*: to form him to habits of comparing and reasoning; and to infuse into his mind, sound principles of morality, of his duty, true honour and virtue. But we have greatly to lament that they generally leave the seminaries at that age, when they have experienced only the trouble of study, and have not yet felt the delights of its allurements. They, therefore, leave off their studies, determined never to open books, which occasioned to them only heartach and disgust.

In this seminary are taught, writing, English grammar, and composition; to read, pronounce, to speak and write the French language with accuracy, purity and elegance: to compose in that language, on any subject taken within the circle of knowledge, already acquired: the Latin, so far as to enable the scholar, thoroughly to understand any of the classics, he pleases to study without feeling the necessity of a dictionary; rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, mathematics, geography, history and philosophy, with other incidental instructions.

It will easily be perceived by the judicious observers of the gradations Nature keeps in the *development* of the understanding, that to pursue this course of a liberal education, requires a process of time adequate to its extension; to the natural capacity and disposition of the scholar; to his application, industry, and especially to his docility. It requires also, on the part of the parents, prudence, fortitude of mind sufficient to enforce discipline; and patience to bear the infirmities and weakness

of human nature: for Nature, slow in her operations, has not imparted to youth the power of embracing or comprehending, in one point of view, ideas of different kinds. Without these preliminaries, education is precarious: and an ill-digested one is worse than none at all. Knowledge of any kind cannot be given: gold cannot purchase it; but it is only the sweet and wholesome fruit of a long, laborious and constant exertion of a strong mind.

In order that justice may be done to every capacity, the number of teachers is in the proportion of one for ten scholars.

The house is large, commodious and airy. It is situated on the Frankford road to Germantown, about four miles from Philadelphia. Standing high, it commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. The salubrity of the place is too well known to need any further comment. It would be an ostentatious and indeed no easy task to say more on this important subject, or to expatiate on the plan we pursue. The rapid progress of many of our pupils, and the success we have obtained in various branches, as well as in good manners and decorum, are convincing proofs of its being well adapted, to the varied dispositions of youth. Our course of instruction is simple, though in some respects novel. Nature and experience are our faithful guides through the wonderful mazes of the human fabric. We promise no wonders, nor to rear prodigies. Candour, honour and honesty forbid us to promise any thing more than to perform, in the profession we have assumed, our *duty* with diligence, true parental care, and with an unremitted zeal. This we venture to pledge to our honourable and respectable patrons, together with all the fruit of lives, which have, from our youth, been entirely devoted to literature and philosophy; now our sweet and friendly refuge; and always our best support in the hard struggles of adverse fortune.

JOHN THOMAS CARRE,
President.

September 2, 1810.





James Abercrombie D.D.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, Esq.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1810.

No. 5.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

THE REVEREND JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

*One of the Assistant Ministers of Christ Church, St. Peter's, and St. James', in
the city of Philadelphia.*

For the brevity of this and the biographical sketches of Bishop Moore and Bishop White, published in two former numbers of the Port Folio, the Editor believes no other apology will be deemed necessary, than to state, that the very respectable subjects of them are living, and in the exercise of their dignified and useful professions—Delicacy and propriety seem therefore to forbid the publication of more than chronological notices.

Posthumous praise is for one reason entitled to a decided preference: it proceeds from an inquest free at least from "the imputation of fear, reward, gain, or the hope thereof," and when it is pronounced it is on a view of the whole ground, it begins with youth and does not *pass upon* the merit of the individual until he "has finished his course."

DR. ABERCROMBIE was born in this city, on the 26th of ~~January~~ 1758. He received his education in the College in ~~Academy~~ of Philadelphia, and was admitted to the degree of A. B.

VOL. IV.

2 D

in June 1776, and A. M. in July 1779. He was ordained to the office of Deacon by the Right Reverend Dr. William White, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Pennsylvania, in St. Peter's Church, 29th of December, 1793; and received priest's orders on the 28th of December 1794. On the 9th of June, 1794, he was inducted an assistant minister of Christ Church and St. Peter's, and still continues in that office. Besides his parochial cure in the city, he officiated from 1806 to 1809 in the Parish Churches of Trinity, Oxford, and All Saints, Pennepack. In May 1809, St. James' Church being built and incorporated with Christ Church and St. Peter's, the consequent increase of his duties, compelled him to relinquish his charge of the country Churches. The degree of D. D. was conferred on him by the President and Trustees of Princeton College, in the state of New-Jersey, in October 1804.

Dr. Abercrombie has not confined himself to the performance of his pastoral and parochial duties : but, stimulated by a laudable desire of extending his usefulness, and by a love of literature, (and induced possibly by the inadequacy of a slender salary to meet the exigencies of a numerous family) he has engaged in the instruction of youth; an employment honourable in itself, and not altogether uncongenial to the clerical character, although perhaps to a mind less indefatigable than Dr. A's, too laborious to be superadded to its high and responsible duties. In the spring of 1800, in conjunction with the Reverend Dr. Samuel Magaw, then rector of St. Paul's Church, he founded the "Philadelphia Academy," consisting of a Latin and Greek, an English, and a Mathematical department. After an experience of three years, however, this Institution was found to be too expensive to be supported by tuition-money alone—Dr. Magaw therefore retired, and the Institution, being changed into an "*English Academy*," Dr. Abercrombie became sole Director on the 15th of February, 1803.

"The Philadelphia Academy" continues in a flourishing condition, and receives general and the most liberal patronage. Although perhaps not necessarily connected with the main purpose of this sketch, it may subserve the important interests of education and of literature (and the interests of education and of literature can never for a moment be forgotten in this Journal) to

state, that in this Academy, an *accomplished English education* may be obtained, either preparatory to the study of the learned languages and other collegiate studies, with a view to either of the learned professions, or to an immediate engagement in the active pursuits of business. Since 1804 an annual examination and commencement of the senior class (having finished the course of education pursued here) has been held in the month of July. On these occasions, after a strict examination in the several branches of reading, writing, arithmetic, composition, elocution, natural history, geography, logic, the elements of the mathematics, book-keeping, merchants' accounts, &c. those who are found worthy to receive the honours of the institution, deliver exercises in reading and recitation, and receive certificates of their proficiency. These public examinations and exhibitions are found to operate forcibly, not only as excitements but as rewards to studiousness and industry. They are concluded by a charge from the Director to the class; in which the social, moral, and religious duties are explained and enforced, and suitable caution and advice are given as to their future conduct through life.

Dr. Abercrombie has published, since his ordination, the following works:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. A Sermon on the general fast, 8vo. | 1798. |
| 2. The Catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with an Appendix, occasional prayers, &c. 12mo. | 1803. |
| 3. Two Com ends, 1st of Elocution, 2d of Natural History, 12mo. | 1803. |
| 4. A Funeral Sermon on the death of General Hamilton, 8vo. | 1804. |
| 5. Lectures on the Catechism, on Confirmation, and the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with an Address to parents, sponsors, and guardians. 8vo. | 1807. |
| 6. An improved edition of Murray's abridged Grammar, with notes. 16mo. | 1807. |
| 7. Second edition of do. with additions, 16mo. | 1808. |
| 8. An improved edition of Murray's large Grammar with notes, 12mo. | 1808. |
| 9. A Sermon on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preached before the state Convention of said Church, 8vo. | 1808. |
| 10. Charges delivered to the senior class of the Philadelphia Academy, at the commencements in the years, (8vo) | 1804.
1805.
1806.
1807.
1808.
1809.
1810. |

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 11. A Valedictory Oration delivered at the commencement, (8vo.) | 1809. |
| 12. A Valedictory Oration delivered at the commencement, (8vo.) | 1810. |
| 13. A course of Lectures on Reading and Public Speaking (now publishing in the Port Folio,) | 1809. }
1810. |

Dr. A's 12th and concluding Lecture on Reading and Public Speaking will appear in our next number.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"The Lady of the Lake, a Poem by Walter Scott, Esq. p. p. 306.—Philadelphia, published by Edward Earle, 1810."

It gives us peculiar pleasure to turn from the tame and insipid poetry so characteristic of the present day, to that masculine energy that breathes from the page of Walter Scott.—Wearied out in our journey, bewildered and bemired in the low marshes at the foot of Parnassus, we hail with new delight, the returning rays of Caledonia's star. Its beams are strong and exhilarating, and sparkle upon us direct from the horizon of the Muses. We feel once more the magic of the ancient bards, our minds transported and all our passions shaken by the delightful incantations of the muse. Cold and phlegmatic criticism at such an hour may apply the scale and compasses to our feelings; may pretend to dictate when we shall be delighted, to discipline the course of our smiles and our tears; but "the fit is on us, and we shake" without such instruction. The present delightful Poem which it now becomes our duty to examine, is divided into six cantos. The first opens with a beautiful description of a stag-chase, where a knight called James Fitz James, in pursuit of the deer, loses his steed, and is by that accident introduced to the acquaintance of Ellen, or the Lady of the Lake. He partakes of the hospitality which the mansion affords him, and reposes there for the night. The second Canto, after noticing the departure of the stranger, proceeds to inform us of the character and lineage of the Lady of the Lake. She appears to be the only daugh-

ter of Douglas, a noble lord, who has incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, and is compelled to live in a state of seclusion from court. It incidentally appears that she is beloved by Roderic, whose character is admirably drawn. He is rash, fiery, cruel and impetuous. "*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*" With all these qualities, he is generous towards his friends, quixotic in the proffer of his services to promote their welfare, punctiliously nice in the performance of a promise; in short, he brings to our mind the character of Robin Hood, a compound of a robber and a hero. Her heart is betrothed to Malcolm Grame, a young knight whose character is yet "in the gristle," but who gives promise of mature excellence hereafter. Both of these lovers appear, and in the altercations which we are prepared to anticipate, the conduct of Malcolm confirms our prepossessions in his favour. Roderic, who is an outlaw, receives intelligence of the approach of the royal army; and prepares for resistance. In the third canto we are presented with a curious, interesting and detailed account of the manner in which the chieftains of the Scottish clans gave to their followers the summons of preparation for battle. Roderic is made the vehicle of this intelligence. This was done by what was denominated the fiery cross. A goat was slain, and a cross was made by two light pieces of wood lighted at the extremities and extinguished in the blood of the animal. A messenger ran with this symbol with all possible expedition among the respective clans, and named the place where they were commanded to assemble. He who disobeyed suffered the punishment of death, of which the bloody cross was an emblem. Whatever was their employment the signal was prompt and peremptory, and admitted not of a moment's procrastination. This principle forms the basis of several interesting incidents: the lover is separated from his mistress, husband from wife, parent from child, &c. at the sign of the fiery cross. The fourth canto opens with a prophecy, in which it is foretold that in the ensuing contest, which ever party first sheds the blood of the other, shall be befriended by victory. This seems intended to preserve the legendary superstitions of Caledonia, and is not woven with the thread of the poem with so much artifice as to preserve the integrity of the piece. In the

subsequent part we are apprised of the departure of Douglas for some as yet inscrutable cause. Fitz James once more revisits the Lady of the Lake, he is informed of the attendant dangers, surrounded as he is by Roderic's followers, and attempts his escape under the convoy of a treacherous guide. The plot is detected and unravelled before its accomplishment, for which the guide pays the forfeiture of his life. The sequel exhibits a fine portraiture of the sanctity of hostile faith amidst those rude and ferocious sons of Caledonia. Fitz James lost and bewildered in his way, applies to one of his enemies for succour and protection; he obtains his promise of security until he is escorted from the reach of the enemy, and sleeps under the cover of the same plaid until the dawn of day. The fifth canto commences with the journey of our two travellers, and the stranger, punctual to his promise, escorts Fitz James in safety beyond the lines of Roderic. Fitz James had previously declared himself an enemy to Roderic, and a determination to try his prowess in single combat. The stranger guide having complied with his promise, in escorting Fitz James beyond the reach of danger, fights him and is taken prisoner in the combat. The remainder of the canto is occupied by the attempts of the earl of Douglas, the father of Ellen, to recover the favour of his sovereign. He mingles in the royal sports and receives the prizes due to the victor, but is unsuccessful in all his attempts to find grace, and at the conclusion, is thrown into a dungeon. We learn from the last canto, of the attempt of Ellen in company with Allan-bane, an old bard, to obtain from the Scottish monarch the liberation of her father: the bard visits the prison, where he finds Roderic faint with his wounds, who demands of him a particular relation of the battle fought by his followers in his absence, but dies before the narration is concluded. Ellen is conducted by Fitz James into the royal court to obtain by entreaty the restoration of her father to the honours he had lost. She presents to her monarch his signet ring, by which his royal word was pledged to grant the request of the person presenting the same. The reader has, we presume, already anticipated that Douglas is restored to his honours, and that Ellen is given in marriage to Malcolm Græme. We wish not to be prudishly nice in the examination of a plot, but without this quality

we may be allowed to lament the air of oracular mystery with which it occasionally abounds. The old rule recognized by Horace,

“Nec deus intersit,
Nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderit,”

is a salutary rule, as obligatory on the moderns as on the ancients. To invoke the presence of a god to kill a butterfly, when a crush of mortal fingers would dispense with the necessity of his attendance augurs a want of delicacy and respect. It is further attended with this difficulty, it throws an air of suspicion over the whole, and mars the probability of the tale. Mr. Scott, it is true, endeavours to screen himself behind the superstition of the highlands, but this will afford him no protection. His heroes are bold and intrepid; they utter the sentiments of masculine and illuminated minds, they are in fact raised above the bigotry of their age and country, and it is surely inconceivable how intellects so vigorous can become the receptacles of superstition so abhorred by common sense. It becomes no difficult matter to select and concentrate the rays of poetry spread over a surface so luminous. In the first canto we find a passage that reminds us of one in Milton, to which it bears some shade of analogy:

“Boon Nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain’s child;
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And *higher yet* the pine tree hung
His scattered trunk and frequent flung
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer’s eye could barely view
The summer heaven’s delicious blue.”

Milton in describing the walls of Paradise informs us that

“Over head up grew
Insurpassable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm
 A sylvan scene, yet *higher than their tops*
 The verdurous wall o' Paradise up sprung,
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 And *higher than that wall a circling row*
 Of goodliest trees loaded with fairest fruit," &c.

We submit to the consideration of the sons of the brush whether the following is not painting in every sense but the delineation of light and shadow, and whether any thing more remains to be done than merely to copy and blend the lights and shades upon the eye as Scott has done upon the mind. The harper is thus described as awaiting inspiration:

"Reclin'd against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, gray and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
 As from the *rising sun* to claim
 A *sparkle of inspiring flame*;
 His hand reclined upon the wire,
 Seemed watching the awakening fire.
 So still as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair."

Ellen by a beautiful incident thus reconciles herself to the fallen grandeur of her house:

"'For me,'—she stooped, and, looking round
 Plucked a blue hare-bell from the ground;
 'For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days,
 This little flower, that loves the lea,
 May well my simple emblem be;
 It *drinks heav'n's dew* as blithe as rose
 That in the *King's own garden grows*,
 And when I place it in my hair,
 Allan, a *bard is bound to swear*
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
 Then playfully the chaplet wild
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled."

To feel the whole point of Ellen's reproof conveyed in the five last lines of this delicate analogy, it is requisite to mention

that the bard had just been reminding her of the fallen glories of her house. The beautiful Ellen notwithstanding had a spice of the coquette. She certainly gave Fitz-James broad intimations that his presence was peculiarly acceptable; nay, she even played the part of Circe, and tells him plainly she means to detain him by an enchantment other than that of her eyes:

"In our iale's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing."

The poet conscious that Malcolm Græme had a priority of lien on the heart of his heroine, in his zeal of apology for such palpable coquetry inculcates the whole female sex in the same foible:

"And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!"

What we principally admire, is the artifice by which the poet veils his characters until the crisis demands their revelation, when they glare upon us with augmented lustre. We recognize the manly limb, the nervous proportion of the hero, and presume from his shield and helmet we are familiarly acquainted with the man, when suddenly the vizor falls, and we recoil from the presence of so unexpected a guest. Fitz-James declares to the stranger by whom he is convoyed that he is "tied by his promise" to encounter Roderic—he is answered thus:

"'Have, then, thy wish!' he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife,

That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men;
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—*I am Roderic Dhu!*
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair;
 The next but swept a lone hill-side,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide.
 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From lance and glaive, from targe and jack—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green, and cold gray stone."

We have been minute in quotation of this passage, because we do not believe in any poet ancient or modern, that an ambush has been represented with circumstances of horror so selected, so arranged, so judiciously combined. We are surrounded by armed men in an instant, and in the same space all is silence, solitude and consternation. Fitz-James, notwithstanding, fights, and we cite the following memorable lines of the combat as decisive evidence of the triumphant ascendancy of genius over the passions of men. Who that reads the following lines would not believe that inevitable death was the portion of Fitz-James? Let it be remembered that Roderic, desperately wounded by his enemy, by one convulsive effort overthrew him; that his knee was planted in his breast, and his hand gripping his throat:

"His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!"

By what magic is the life of Fitz-James now preserved? Anticipation has already filled up the horrible chasm between the glitter of the impending dagger and its descent. Pause for a moment:

"But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide;
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath."

Here is the cause of the misadventure stated, to which the mind cordially assents, and we wonder why we did not before see with the eyes of a poet. Is not the reader ready to believe that the poet does not contemplate a similar game—that if Fitz-James did not know Roderic until Roderic deigned to reveal himself, still he is effectually guarded against all surprise from this quarter? To render inquiry needless, Fitz-James has, in the first Canto, distinctly avowed himself to be

"'The knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James,
 Lord of a barren heritage.'"

This "Lord of a barren heritage" undertakes as we have seen to escort Ellen to the presence of her sovereign, for the purpose of presenting him his ring. She rejoices at an opportunity so auspicious to urge her suit, and feels, while she clings to his arm, all the security of a sister. Thus escorted, Ellen seeks the royal court:

"Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,
 And fearful round the presence gazed;
 For him she sought, who owned this state,
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate!—
 She gazed on many a princely port
 Might well have ruled a royal court;
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume,
 To *him* each lady's look was lent,
 On *him* each courtier's eye was bent,
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,

The centre of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdown's knight is *Scotland's king!*"

The reader is now prepared to anticipate the redemption of the royal promise, and the consequent elevation of Douglas to his forfeited honours. When Ellen entreats for the pardon of Malcolm Græme, her monarch thus indignantly expresses himself

" 'Malcolm, come forth!'—And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtur'd underneath our smile,
Has paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"

Fetters and warder!—Yes, the monarchs lips have pronounced them; chains and confinement await the lover of Ellen: his offence has been detailed and his punishment denounced.—The poor unhappy maid without daring to remonstrate, awaits the infliction of the sentence, and the executioner is her sovereign himself!

" His *chain of gold* the king unstrung,
The links o'er *Malcolm's neck* he *fung*,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on *Ellen's hand*."

And are we after all gravely called upon to prove Mr. Scott a true poet? Shall we attempt to silence the cavils of those who while perspiring under the rays of a summer sun, shortly declare in opposition to the evidence of their own senses, that his beams are only icicles? Some indeed have carried their antipathy to Walter Scott so far as to deny to his page any poetical merit. We wish not to handle the gentle insects that alight on the loveliest blossoms of Parnassus, not to inhale their fragrance, or to batten on their blooms; but to turn away their silky wings in quest of more delicate nutriment. They were not made for the touch, their substance is too fragile and almost dissolves in

its own delicacy. The softest hues of the humming-bird are too harsh for their vision, the most delicious gales of Arabia too offensive to their nostrils—a race that seem to hold an intermediate state of existence between a dewdrop and a dream.

SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT-FOLIO.

“ Baltimore, September 26, 1810.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AN occasional correspondent, anxious for the welfare of the useful magazine of which you are the editor, begs leave to submit to your consideration, the following observations, upon the importance and utility of allotting a compartment of the Port-Folio to the proposing and solving of mathematical questions.

I deem it unnecessary to call to your recollection, the high estimation, in which, what I wish to recommend has caused the several magazines of Europe to be held by men of science and learning, or the obvious manner in which it must conduce to the encouragement of scientific investigations and consequent discoveries, both useful and speculative. From a part of your own remarks, which I discovered among the preliminary observations to the present series of the Port Folio, I find you are well acquainted with the evident utility, of such an addition to periodical works of a *literary nature*, and from what you then proposed, I am led to think that the plan of mixing with the politer branches of literature, the more serious and abstruse divisions of the mathematical sciences, would meet with your most decided approbation. I am well aware, however, of the many difficulties and obstacles that must necessarily be encountered in the accomplishment of what is proposed, the discovery of persons, capable of executing with neatness and correctness the diagrams, that must always accompany geometrical problems and demonstrations; the strict impartiality, and consequent difficulty of deciding on the merits of the several mathematical contributors,

in the publication of their respective solutions, and the trouble and loss of time, this would undoubtedly occasion, together with the additional expense that would inevitably be incurred in the prosecution of the design, are obstacles, almost sufficiently considerable to deter you from entering upon it; but although these difficulties are so numerous, and important, and of such a nature as to require some exertions in overcoming and dispersing them, yet when I reflect upon the ardour with which you have always laboured in the encouragement and promotion of science and learning, and the zeal you have so constantly displayed in advancing the Port Folio, to a state of pre-eminent importance, I cannot suffer myself for an instant to doubt the success of the project, I have made the subject of the present communication, if supported and fostered by those efforts of genius, in the cause of literature that have always been your distinguished characteristics. Some years since the publication of a work entitled the *Mathematical Correspondent*, edited by Mr. *G. Baron* of Philadelphia, and patronised by the mathematicians of the middle and northern states, was commenced in your city. From investigations, in the simplest and lowest branches of the mathematics, it quickly proceeded to the highest and most important divisions of the science; and from being supported by a few gentlemen of science and learning soon bore a catalogue, in which were comprised the names of the first men of genius in the country. But however rapid and unprecedented were its strides to celebrity, it was fated, too soon to sink into oblivion. Like almost every work of the same nature, it was not conducted with that regularity and correctness which are the necessary requisites in the editor of a mathematical and philosophical magazine. Owing to the conduct of Mr. *Baron*, the particulars of which, delicacy causes me to refrain from at present depicting, and, to several personalities that at different times appeared in many of the numbers, its rapid progress to perfection was suddenly arrested.

The mathematicians of Philadelphia perceiving that great encouragement was likely to follow the commencement of a similar work, if conducted with propriety and in a manner different from the first, subscribed with promptitude and alacrity to

the proposals of Mr. *R. Adrain*, for the publication of another periodical work of a mathematical nature; and a number of contributors having been procured, the first number of the *Analyst*, under the direction of this gentleman, issued from the press. The well known abilities of Mr. *Adrain*, as a mathematician, were sufficient to induce many to patronise his magazine, and this second literary work, that graced and illumined the fields of American science like the vivid brilliancy of a shooting star, but for a moment, was likely to become the common treasury of science in which the mathematicians of this country, could pour the results of their learning and labours, for the laudable purposes of general importance and utility. But owing to causes which I have never been able to develop, it proceeded no further than the fourth number; and to the great regret of every lover and supporter of literature and science, the learned world was bereft of a mine that promised to yield ample supplies of literary riches to the community.

It would be superfluous to comment further on the importance of making the Port Folio a vehicle for the communication of mathematical and philosophical knowledge to the public, it must be self evident, and therefore does not require arguments in its support; it will tend to promote a taste for scientific inquiry, and will be the means of drawing from the stores of the learned an ample flow of learning and knowledge, which would alone be a sufficient compensation, for the trouble you may encounter in its accomplishment. But in my opinion a plan may be devised for obviating any great difficulty that may be apparent to you on the first view of the project; if the publication of the questions and their respective solutions was to take place once only in every three months, which was the time that intervened between the appearance of the various numbers of the *Analyst*, less trouble would be necessarily incurred than is perhaps imagined. The procuring of persons capable of etching the geometrical figures, that are in some cases requisite, has been urged to me as an obstacle of considerable importance to the success of what is proposed: but certainly in your city it cannot be difficult to discover a person suitable to the execution of this department, but if this should really be the case, the proposers of questions might be

limited to the sending of such for publication only, as were capable of solution without the assistance of a diagram. Upon the whole, I am of opinion that with some exertion, in which, although the writer of this communication does not pretend to any other than a superficial knowledge of the mathematics, I would most willingly give all the assistance in my power; a part of the Port Folio which may be comprised in that usually allotted to scientific essays and communications, if also allowed for the proposing and solving problems of either a philosophical or mathematical nature, might be conducted without any considerable augmentation of the ordinary expenses of its publication, or much additional trouble to yourself. You might also limit the number of questions published to three, and at the same time allow that any contributor should have the liberty of proposing *prize questions*, the rewards for the best solutions of which to be *awarded by yourself*; this would have a good effect in every point of view; for owing to the number of problems being small, a greater proportion of diligence, exactitude and attention would be consequently observed in the solution; and a greater degree of emulation to make their works worthy of publication would actuate them when contending for the prizes.

I would wish you to observe, that besides questions and problems of a geometrical nature, I would recommend the proposing of *philosophical* subjects for investigation; for a combination of the two must greatly tend to the promotion and encouragement of useful researches and discoveries, in either one or other of these sciences, both of which must ever be considered as worthy the attention of every man of genius and learning.

I have now only to request your excuse for the unpardonable length of this letter, and to offer in apology the importance of its subject; but trusting to your politeness, I will, for the present, take my leave, cherishing at the same time the hope that what I have proposed will meet your approbation and consent, and that a short time will witness the realization of the project.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. Y.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

For the following interesting memoir, we are indebted to the seventy-second volume of the *Annales de Chimie*, a very scientific work which deservedly enjoys a very high reputation among the *savans* of Paris. Every man of letters by profession, and almost every reader finds ample aliment for his curiosity in researches concerning the art of printing; and we rejoice to discover in the progress of this art so many valuable improvements by which it is at once accelerated and simplified.

EDITOR.

On chemical printing, and particularly on the progress of this art in Germany:
by Mr. MARCEL DE SERRES, *Inspector of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures.**

VIENNA, October 17th, 1809.

THE art of printing from stone, known in Germany by the name of *chemische druckerey*, "chemical printing," originated in Germany; whence it spread first into England then into Italy, and lately into France. It was invented by Aloys Senefelter, who was born at Prague, in Bohemia. Nine years ago he obtained of the king, formerly elector of Bavaria, an exclusive patent for its use for thirteen years; but he afterwards sold the right to his brothers. Some time after Senefelter sold his right also to Mr. Andrew von Offenbach, who at present exercises the art in England. In 1802 he came to Vienna, to solicit a patent, and in 1803 he obtained one from the Emperor of Austria for ten years. Changing his mind, he parted with this patent to Messrs. Steiner and Krasnitzki, returned to Bavaria, and set up a chemical printing office at Munich in partnership with some other persons. Messrs. Steiner and Krasnitzki still continue the business at Vienna, under the patronage of the counsellor of regency Startl von Luchsenstein, who is a zealous promoter of every useful undertaking.

At the chemical printing office at Munich the art has attained the greatest perfection, that of Stutgard apparently being of much less importance. Mr. Chauvron was the first who obtained a patent in France for printing or engraving on stone, and Mr. Guyot-Desmarts did not attempt it till after him.

* Abridged from the *Annales de Chim.* vol. LXXII, p. 202.

The processes employed are simple, but as only a brief account of them has yet been given, it may be of use at least to make known those followed in Germany.

In the chemical printing office at Vienna three different methods are employed; but that termed in relief is most frequently used. This is the general mode of printing music.

The second method is the sunk. This is preferred for prints.

The third method is the flat, or neither raised nor sunk. This is useful for imitating drawings, particularly where the impression is intended to resemble crayons.

For printing or engraving in this method a block of marble is employed, or any other calcareous stone, that is easily corroded, and will take a good polish. It should be two inches, or two inches and half thick, and of a size proportioned to the purpose for which it is intended. A close texture is considered as advantageous.

When the stone is well polished and dry, the first step is to trace the drawing, notes, or letters, to be printed with a pencil. The design is not very conspicuous, but it is rendered so by passing over the strokes of the pencil a particular ink, of which a great secret is made. This ink is made of a solution of lac in potash, which is coloured with the soot from burning wax. This appears to be the most suitable black for the purpose. When the design has been gone over with this ink, it is left to dry, which commonly takes about two hours; but this depends much on the temperature and dryness of the air.

After the ink is dry, nitric acid, more or less diluted according to the degree of relief desired, is poured on the stone; and corrodes every part of it, except where defended by the resinous ink.

The block being washed with water, an ink similar to that commonly used for printing is distributed over it by means of printers' balls, a sheet of paper disposed on a frame is laid on it, and this is pressed down by means of a copper roller, or copper press. The beauty of the impression will necessarily depend on that of the design. These copper presses are very ingeniously constructed in Germany, and easily worked. Their weight is proportional to the method of printing used.

When the desired number of impressions is taken off, and the work is not intended to be used any more, the stone is polished

anew ; and thus it may be made to serve for thirty or forty different works.

The sunk, or chalk method differs from that termed in relief only in having the stone much more corroded by the nitric acid. This is chiefly employed for prints, and has the advantage of remedying that uniformity of tint, which is common to prints from the chemical press. It is natural, that the higher parts should take less of the ink, and the lower parts more, so that the impression has less montony; a defect hitherto seemingly inherent in this mode of printing. For this method too the rollers must be stronger and heavier.

As this method is more expensive, it is given up: yet for prints, where some degree of effect is required, and more clearness, it is to be preferred. In this method nearly pure nitric acid is employed. Indeed when the art was first invented, pure nitric acid was always used; but soon after, to save expense, it was diluted with water; and since that it has been employed more or less diluted, according to the effect wished to be produced on the stone.

For the method in relief as it is called, nitric acid with half water is used.

In the flat method less nitric acid is used. It is not to be supposed, that the surface is quite plain in this way; but the lines are very little raised, so that they can scarcely be perceived to stand above the ground but by the finger.

The works executed in stone are ; 1, imitations of wood cuts: 2, imitations of engravings in the dotted manner: 3, drawings: 4, music : 5, all kinds of writing: 6, maps : 7, copperplates.

The advantages of this method are, that it has a peculiar character, which cannot be represented by any other mode, while it gives a tolerable imitation of other methods; and still more the celerity, with which it can be executed. A subject, that an artist could not finish in five or six days on copper, may be engraved on stone in one or two. While a copperplate printer is taking off six or seven hundred impressions, two thousand may be printed in this way. A copperplate will scarcely give a thousand good impressions, while in this way several thousands may be taken off, and the last be as perfect as the first. Thirty thousand have been taken off one design at Vienna, and the last was

as beautiful as the first. This is intended to be carried still farther, for the purpose of printing bank notes. The most expert music engraver can scarcely execute four pages of music on pewter in a day, but the engraver on stone can finish twice as much in that time.

To enter into the particulars would take up too much room, but experience has shown, that this mode saves two-thirds of the expense of engraving on copper or pewter.

After having mentioned the advantages of printing from stone, it is just to point out its disadvantages. These are, the difficulty of giving that diversity of tone, which is admired in engravings. Thus for instance, the finest prints that this art has yet produced are unquestionably those, that have been executed at Munich* from those celebrated drawings, which from a whim, in which painters are apt enough to indulge, Albert Durer made in a prayer-book. These prints are executed with spirit, and the stroke is frequently clean; but it is uniform, so that the print is somewhat gray and monotonous. The difference is still better perceived, on comparing these prints with those etched by the different masters themselves.

The same inconvenience is found in music, the uniformity that prevails rendering the music less easy to read.

We must not too hastily conclude however, that this new art is not important: we should endeavour to find means of remedying the inconveniences, that appear to arise from the mode employed. If such means be discovered, which we may hope from experience, showing that the manner of applying the acid and of drawing upon the stone are the points most important to improve, this mode of printing will combine a saving both of time and expense. The great number of copies too, that may be taken off, is not one of its least advantages.

It remains now to notice the differences, that appear to exist in the chemical printing offices of different cities. At Milan a little nitric acid is poured over the stone, as at Vienna: but it is

* Albrecht Durer's Christlich mythologische Handzeichnungen, Strixner, Munich, 1808. Different inks have been used for prints, as black, red, violet, and green.

said, that they cannot take off above five hundred imprebssions. This must be owing to the nature of the stone employed, which is procured from Verona.

Chauvren, the first who set up a chemical printing office at Paris, after having traced the design on stone with a resinous ink, merely wets it with water, and wipes off the water from the design. Printing ink is then applied by beating in the common way with balls; and, as this does not adhere to the wet stone, the resinous strokes only produce an impression. Chauvron is said to have printed a great deal of music in this way.

We must observe, that, where nitric acid is not used, the prints will never be so fine, and so many impressions cannot be taken off. The use of nitric acid therefore cannot be too strongly recommended.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

What the Editor of the Port Folio has thought proper to say of Letters on the Eloquence of the Bar, has induced the Author to transmit the following letter upon Pulpit Eloquence.

It is hoped that the personal feelings, expressed in the ensuing essay, will form no objection to its publication. The object of it is gone, where no earthly praise can reach him. But the Author may exclaim with one of the heroes of a Grecian poet—

Still in short intervals of pleasing wo,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, forever dear,
Indulge the tribute of a tender tear.

Baltimore, Sunday evening, 1810.

I HAVE been this morning to church, and never was I more strongly impressed with the importance of manner to give its full influence and effect to the best matter. The subject was well chosen, the topics judiciously selected, and sensibly, and in some parts eloquently treated; but they lost half their force from the want of a manner pathetic and impressive. I will endeavour to

give you some idea of the sermon, such as my recollection at present supplies. The text "set your affections on things above and not on things below," was well calculated to admit of the sublimest strains of pulpit eloquence. He observed from this, that all earthly good, is mutable, uncertain and transitory, and incapable of filling the aching void in the human breast; that riches (the god of this lower world) take to themselves wings and fly away; that they are unsatisfying in their nature, and transient in their duration; that even friendship has its sorrows as well as its joys; friends prove treacherous and false; are separated from us, or torn away by the hand of Death! That fame, and honour, and renown; are empty and evanescent, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Speaking of the fleeting and transitory nature of all things, he arose to an impassioned eloquence, that hushed his audience into a solemn stillness. "Look but a little forward," he exclaimed, "and where are all who now hear my voice? Merciful God! I shudder at the thought! but a few years and you will all rest in the silent grave! To you the sun will rise and set in vain; the incense breathing morn, the gay delights of day, or the busy hum of business, will not awaken you from your lowly bed! already I see you food for worms. Gracious Heaven! what a sight do you present to my imagination! It requires no great effort of the imagination to conceive an event so near, has already taken place, for the silent lapse of a few years will make it reality."

Some parts of his discourse, this in particular, recalled vividly to my mind the sermon of my deceased friend, whom I have so often mentioned to you, and over whose memory I even now shed tears of regret and affection. There certainly was some resemblance, except that to ideas and language more glowing, elevated and pathetic, he added a manner the most striking and impressive. He would have touched this subject with a sublime and impressive eloquence that would have thrilled every heart and melted every eye. After painting the vanity of all earthly good, the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, judgment, and eternity, in a manner to chill the soul, he would in a strain of the most pathetic and sublime eloquence; have raised, and elevated and called off the mind, from all the false deceitful and lying vanities of life, to those durable joys that are large as our desires

and lasting as our immortal spirits: he would have breathed that holy enthusiasm into every heart, no matter how cold and languid, with which he himself was inspired. The world and all its mighty affairs would have disappeared and vanished from our sight, in the view of that endless duration which is to succeed the few fleeting hours of existence. Upon a similar subject I once heard him; and although many years are elapsed I well recollect, with what thrilling emotion, his whole immense audience were agitated, when with an eloquence that seemed to rive every heart, he painted those dark abodes of woe and pain, "where peace and rest never dwell"—"where hope that comes to all never comes," and on the other hand, when with a voice of mild, serene yet lofty eloquence, he drew a picture of those blissful mansions "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," where with the blessed inhabitants above, the spirit released from all the disquietudes of life "quaffs immortality and joy," and from the effulgence of the almighty Father receives "beatitude past utterance." I said the discourse to day recalled some of those long lost feelings of sacred rapture, which have been awakened by no one since, and of which no one has served even to remind me. But do not suppose I mean to say there was any thing like equality. The difference might be estimated by the very different effects produced upon the audience. The orator to day, addressed, I have no doubt, a christian audience: yet though I observed a solemn stillness, I saw no eye suffused with tears; I heard no sigh; they even criticised his manner, though they allowed the excellence of the matter.

My departed friend, addressed a gay, profligate, and in a great part infidel audience, in one of our most dissipated and dissolute cities; yet while he was addressing them you could observe no distinction; they were like one body informed by one soul; all was hushed into the most deep and awful attention! No one presumed to criticise; no one could criticise. Their feelings bore testimony to that fervid, powerful, overwhelming eloquence, which sometimes struck every heart with terror, and sometimes dissolved every eye in tears. In saying thus much, upon a subject very foreign to my pursuits, and the usual range of my ideas

I have been led to call up past times, and buried feelings, and I am inclined, upon reflection, to think, that the lively emotions to day excited, were principally owing, to its reviving those recollections. My mind, during the whole sermon, and indeed for some time afterwards, was busily occupied in tracing the past scenes, intercourse, and conversation, which I saw and experienced with the friend I have lost forever! My whole soul was agonized with the recollection. In him I lost my last, my only friend! To him I could express every wish of my heart, and pour out every feeling of my soul; for he sympathised with them. I know that I was dearer to him than a brother, and he held the same place in my affections. This loss has never been supplied. In the cold, stupid, unfeeling, uninteresting and selfish world, I have found no one since, whose sentiments and feelings were in unison with my own; and who like him united to a heart, of the utmost tenderness, and manners the most polished, delicate and refined; an understanding and genius of the highest order; improved and embellished by all the graces and elegancies of polite literature, an eloquence that might have influenced and guided senates; with a dignity and suavity of manners that might have polished courts. In bearing this testimony to the merits of a departed friend, I have done no more than justice, to one who while living was universally beloved, and whose early death was deeply and sincerely lamented.

Translated for the Port Folio.

HISTORICAL PANEGYRIC ON MRS. AND MISS DESHOULIERES.

Antoinette du Legier de la Garde, daughter of Melchoir du Legier, lord of la Garde, and gentleman usher to the king, by Claudine Gaultier, was born at Paris about the year 1633—1634. Mr. de la Garde, who possessed an ample fortune, had been steward to Mary of Medicis, and now acted in the same capacity to Anne of Austria. He had two sons, one of whom was named

de Fontaine, and the other abbe de la Garde, and four brothers advanced in the service.

Mrs. de la Garde was niece of Mr. de Videville, financier in the reign of Henry III, and president of the chamber of accounts.

Nature had united in Miss de la Garde, superior graces of form and of mind : she was uncommonly beautiful ; somewhat tall ; her deportment free and dignified ; her manners were noble and prepossessing ; sometimes she was full of vivacity ; sometimes inclined to that sweet-tempered reserve not incompatible with contentment or recreation ; she danced well, rode well, and was graceful in all her words and actions.

When she entered the world, Romance was considered the school of wit and politeness. She yielded to established custom, but she did not confine her application to what was merely fashionable. Eager for instruction, she resolved, though very young, to study Latin, Italian, and Spanish. This project, for her, was not a mere desire ; and in the sequel, she became familiar with the most esteemed authors in these three languages.

Her predilection for poetry first appeared in the pleasure she took in reading verse. Hesnault convinced her that she possessed poetical talents, and taught her the rules of French poetry. But, whoever will compare their style, their thoughts, and the structure of their verses, will easily perceive that the pupil at least equals her master.

She was married in 1651, to Guillaume de la Fon de Boisguérin, lord of Haulieres, gentleman of Poitou, and grand nephew of Mr. de Boisguérin, governor of Ludon, who refused the staff of marshal of France, offered him by Henry IV, on condition that he would abandon the pretended reformed religion.

Mr. Deshoulières was born in 1621 ; he entered the service in 1642, and had given, on several occasions, proofs of valour and knowledge in the art of war. As an officer of infantry and a skillful engineer, he acquired the esteem of the duke of Enghuën, who, when he became prince of Condé and high steward of France, appointed him king's steward, and gentleman ordinary in his suite, gave him apartments in his palace, and the command of a company in one of his regiments of infantry : wherefore he was called

the little Condé. Mr. Deshoulières afterwards became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and was made field sergeant-major, a rank then in use. Soon after his marriage he was obliged to leave his wife in order to join the prince in Guienne. The opposition in this province to the ministry, produced a civil war; the flame of which spread over the whole kingdom; and the prince, who would not make any offer of conciliation, was constrained, in the close of the year 1652, to withdraw his troops to the frontiers of Champagne, and thence to Flanders, where he was appointed generalissimo of the Spanish army. His quitting the kingdom drew Mr. Deshoulières also into the service of the enemy of the state; and Mrs. Deshoulières retired to her parents to wait until she should see her husband in a more tranquil situation.

The serious thoughts which now occupied her mind, led her to the study of philosophy. Descartes and Gassendi, whose works were just published, invited to this kind of study. As a knowledge of geometry was necessary to understand Descartes, as Gassendi was more within her reach, and swayed too by the advice of her friends, she determined in favour of studying the works of the latter.

The prince having taken Roervi, the 29th September, 1653, in the name of the king of Spain, after a siege of 25 days, promoted Mr. Deshoulières to the rank of major. He was now settled; and his wife rejoined him. She remained with him two years, when she went to Brussels. This was a stage on which she appeared with lustre. The general esteem for her husband procured her a welcome reception. Her excellent understanding and accurate knowledge of the Spanish and Italian languages gained her admission into the mansion of the marquis de Caracène, whose house was the resort of the best company. She became a great favourite at their parties. Among her admirers was the prince of Condé himself. Mrs. Deshoulières might have vaunted that her charms had captivated so distinguished a personage; but devoted to her duty, she preferred meriting the esteem of the prince to countenancing his love; and by continual repulse extinguished the flame she had kindled.

Although amid gayety and pleasure, her mind was the prey of unpleasant foreboding. All the property of Mr. Deshoulières had

be seized; remittances from Spain came very slowly; and he was obliged to be at considerable expense. To solicit payment of the arrears due her husband, was in part the reason of Mrs. D's visit to Brussels. She made a variety of requests, which were not listened to; she made complaints which were not regarded; and her situation forcing her to reiterate them, fears were entertained that the example might become pernicious. According to the principles of the court of Spain, her conduct was deemed a crime. She was arrested at Brussels in the month of February, 1657, and conducted as prisoner of state to the castle of Vilvorden, two leagues distant on the road to Malines, on the bank of the canal.

Treated very rudely by the Spaniards, she feared her life was in danger. They spoke of leaving her to perish. She was obliged to summon all her courage to avoid sinking under her misfortunes. Her innocence sustained her. Reading the holy scriptures, and the father of the church, were her only consolation during eight months' captivity.

Mr. Deshoulières was absent when this event occurred. He went immediately to Brussels to procure the liberation of his wife. In vain did he show the injustice of the procedure; his long services, which ought to be entitled to some respect, in vain did he apply to don Juan, to the prince of Condé, and to the marquis of Caracène. He could obtain nothing. Seeing his exertions were useless, he resolved to dissimulate, until he should have an opportunity to act with effect. He continued to perform his duty with his usual exactness: but in the month of October following, tired of fruitlessly waiting for justice, he formed a resolution, which, in case of failure, would have ruined him. He retired secretly from the army with a few soldiers who were particularly attached to him; and, transporting themselves to Vilvorden, he introduced himself into the fortress under pretext of having an order from the prince. His wife was instantly given up; and he proceeded with her to France.

Before he undertook this bold enterprize, he had concerted measures with Mr. le Tellier, the secretary at war, and apprized him of his design of abandoning the prince of Condé, and his wish to avail himself of the amnesty offered by the king.

Mr. Le Telliér presented Mr. and Mrs. Deshoulières to his majesty, the queen, and the cardinal Mazarin. Mr. D. was appointed field-mareschal, and received the government of Certe in Languedoc. The presence of Mrs. D. justified the celebrity of her beauty when at Brussels.

It was fashionable to give portraits, or describe the figure or character, of the principal persons of the court and the city; the romances of Cyrus, and Clelia, of Miss de Scudéri, gave rise to this practice. The ladies, de la Suze, and de la Brégy, followed with applause.

Mrs. Deshoulières, who, from the moment of her arrival, had a great many admirers, soon saw herself in the rank. The first portrait of her was composed in verse and prose, by the chevalier de Grammont, from a letter written him by the prince. He did not put his name to it, but published it under the name of Amarylhis. This pastoral name was a long time the favourite of Mrs. Deshoulières, until he substituted that of Célimene.

Her second portrait was given in verse by Liniers, which was followed by two others by the same writer. Mrs. D. pretended not to know the author of the first, and did not reply. She was sensible of the impropriety of such a proceeding. But she thought she could return the civilities of the poet Liniers without apprehension. She accordingly gave his portrait in verse, as well as that of Miss Villene, their intimate friend, who was also fond of poetry. Mrs. Deshoulières did not write as correctly then as afterwards; but we perceive in these pieces something natural, with a carelessness perhaps suitable to the subject.

Meanwhile the state of her affairs seriously affected her mind. They were in so deplorable a condition, that she despaired of being ever able to retrieve them. This was the cause of the numerous complaints against fortune, diffused through the most of her writings. In order to avoid the pursuit of creditors, by whom she and her husband had been oppressed from the time of their quitting the kingdom, she was obliged to separate property with him in the year 1658; and Mr. Deshoulières gave up all his to his creditors. Mrs. D. took several journeys into Poitou and Saintonge, where her property was situated.

Mr. D. now sought a military situation which might enable him to support his family; and Mrs. D. on her part, quitting her dalliance with the Muses vigorously exercised her poetical talent upon every subject which offered; and her beauty causing a great number of gallant pieces to be addressed to her, she answered them in a manner which received the approbation of the critics. She was careless of her first poems, and they are chiefly lost: a few are preserved which had great reputation at the time they were written: they are the Sonnet on Gold, and two epistles to her dog, with his apotheosis; she made him the Cerberus of Parnassus. Three pieces were published in the first volume of *le Mercure Galant*,* in 1672.

About this time, a project was formed to receive her, and several other ladies, into the club of literati, who met at the mansion of Matignon, belonging to the abbé d'Aubignac. The assembly went by the name of the Academy; but on the death of the abbé, the establishment broke up. Mrs. D. had originally resided in Paris, which she often quitted for an inconsiderable time, to visit her husband at Lille, Tournay, or Dourlens. She was frequently among her friends in the country.

In one of her excursions a circumstance occurred which, though foolish, deserves to be noticed, and serves to show her courage and strength of mind. Being twenty leagues from Paris, she was told that one of the rooms of the castle was haunted by a ghost, which walked about the chamber the whole night, and that no person dared to sleep in it. As she was neither superstitious nor credulous, she had the curiosity, though gross in those times, to convince herself, and would absolutely sleep in that apartment. The enterprize, besides the peculiar circumstances of the case, was apparently rash and dangerous for a lady young and handsome. About midnight, she heard the door open. She spoke; but the ghost made no answer. It walked heavily, and advanced groaning. A table at the foot of the bed was overturned; and the curtains rustled. To all this she lent an attentive ear. A moment after, the stand at the bedside was knocked over, and the ghost approached her. She, unalarmed,

* The *Polite Mercury*.

reached out her hands to ascertain whether it had a palpable form. Thus groping, she caught the two ears, without experiencing any great opposition. They were long and hairy, and created a multitude of conjectures. She dared not let go, to feel the rest of the body, lest it should escape; and, that she might not lose the fruit of her labours, she persisted to hold fast in that painful attitude till daylight, when, lo! the author of so much alarm proved to be a large harmless dog! which, not liking to sleep in the air, was accustomed to seek shelter in this room, the locks of which was not fastened. She laughed at the fears of her host, whom her bravery amazed.

Her longest journeys were into Dauphiny; during the residence of Mr. Deshoulières at Guienne. She was invited there by the marchioness de la Charce, by the misses de la Charce* and d'Urtis her daughter, who were her intimate friends.

She went with them in the spring of 1672 to Lyons. They stayed awhile among their friends in le Hores. The happiness which reigned in this society, and the proximity of the country, induced them to take a jaunt to the borders of Lignon, into those delightful vallies rendered famous by Mr. D'Urfé; and Mrs. Deshoulières visited the tomb of Astrea and Celadon, to indulge those tender and delicate feelings which she had long before experienced in the recital of their amour.

They afterwards passed the Rhône, and having travelled

* Miss de la Charce is the celebrated Phillis of la Tour du Pin, who, at the irruption of the duke of Savoy into Dauphiny, in the year 1692, mounted her horse, urged the villages of the canton to arm under the orders of Mr. de la Catinat, put herself at their head, fought several battles in the defiles of the mountains, and by her bravery contributed more than any other person to drive the enemy out of the country; while her mother exhorted the inhabitants of the plains to fulfil their duty; and miss d'Urtis, her sister, ordered the painters of the boats in the Durance to be cut, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Piedmontese. The distinguished conduct of Miss de la Charce, was rewarded by the king with a pension and the right of depositing her sword, pistols, and the blazon of her arms in the treasury of St. Denis, where they remained till the death of Louis XIV. The history of this young lady has been worked into a romance, in which there is a feigned amour with the count de Caprara; but the reader will easily perceive that the facts we here just related are the only veritable.

through Dauphiny arrived at the manor of the mansion of La Charce, situated near the city of Nyons. Mrs. Deshoulières returned to Paris in the month of September 1674, to the great joy of her friends, who were numerous and eminent in literature; among them were, Conrart, Pelison, Bonserade, Charpentiere, Perrault, the two Corneille, Fléchier, Mascarón, the two Fallemant, Quinault, Ménage, abbé de Lavau, Mr. de la Monnoie, &c.

We might add to these choice spirits, a number of lords and illustrious persons, fond of letters, who admired the works of her pen, as, the duke de la Rochefoucault, author of "Moral Reflections;" the duke of Montausia; the duke of St. Aignon; the mareschals of Vivonne, and of Vauban; the duke of Nevers; count Bussy, celebrated for his talents and his misfortunes; Mr. Le Pelletier of Souzi; and a great many others with whom she corresponded.

Yet, however agreeable Paris should have been to her, where she was so highly esteemed, she continued to have a singular attachment for the solitudes of Dauphiny, the very idea of which, she said, was pleasing to her mind. This was apparently the reason of her choosing this place for the residence of two of her daughters, who were nuns at Nyons; she had another known as Miss Deshoulières, and a son.

On her return she found the wits engaged in two important contests.

The design of raising a triumphal arch to the glory of the king (which was never executed) gave rise to one of them. The project was hardly formed. when the inscription became a subject of serious dispute: the question was, whether it ought to be written in Latin or French. The abbé de Bourgeois and father Lucas, a learned jesuit, were in favour of the former. Charpentier and the abbé Tallemant the younger, jealous of the reputation of the French language, undertook its defence, and contended that in point of beauty it was not inferior to the Latin, the use of which, on these occasions, nothing but custom had established.

Workmen were at this time employed at the gallery of Versailles, and had begun to put the inscriptions in Latin. The king ordered them to be erased to substitute French, which was re-

garded as a decision. Mrs. Deshoulières, zealous for the progress of her vernacular language, expressed her joy by writing a song in honour of Mr. Charpentier.

The second question interested Mrs. Deshoulières still more. It was a comparison of Corneille and Racine. Accustomed from her youth to consider Corneille as inimitable, she felt hurt when (this great poet having ceased to write for the theatre in 1675) the friends of Racine thought they should not sufficiently praise him if they did not give the preference to his works. Mrs. Deshoulières raised her voice against the decision, and loudly declared that Corneille had no equal. She said that Racine had perfectly succeeded in the tender and pathetic; but not finding in his style that sublime and romantic genius which characterises Corneille, she maintained, that he had pursued a different course, and even in that was inferior to his rival.

Her determination to support her opinion was so strong, that she resolved to write down the first piece Racine might produce. He was then writing his *Phædra*; and Pradon was also writing a play with the same title. This author, who no otherwise resembled Corneille than in being jealous of the reputation of Racine (if it is true that Corneille was so) availed himself of the interest Mrs. Deshoulières took in the success of Corneille. She was disposed to aid him, and promised her suffrage, which would bring along with it many others.

The two *Phædre* appeared at the same time upon different theatres, in the beginning of the year 1677. By a fatality, which ought to impress the best writers with fear, Pradon's success was complete, and Racine's equivocal. But Mrs. Deshoulières, who knew the force of truth, thought the cabal did not suffice; and as it is easy to ridicule the best performances, she circulated a sonnet burlesquing the *Phædra* of Racine. The author was unknown for some time. The mistakes of Racine and his friends on this subject created a good deal of uneasiness. Nevertheless, the cloud of prejudice soon dissipated. The tragedy of Racine ranks among the most perfect theatrical pieces, and that of Pradon has sunk into forgetfulness.

Besides these disputes, which continued a good while, the smallest subjects gave employment to her Muse. She had

a cat called Grisette, which according to *The Polite Mercury*, published at that time, "deserved to be distinguished among those of her species; for, though she did not reason, she gave so many proofs of discernment, that every body admired her. The compliments passed in joking about this marvellous cat, and Tata, a cat belonging to the marquis of Montglass, furnished her with subjects for several poetical pieces." A number of poets wrote upon the same subject. We do not now read these bagatelles with as much pleasure as they gave when they were written: yet, they made a part of the amusement of the court and the city during the autumn of 1678; and the names of Grisette and Tata will, perhaps, descend to posterity, as that of the sparrow of Lesbia, of the parrot of Corinna, and other animals celebrated by the poets of antiquity.

She was urged to print her works, which had become considerable enough to form a volume. She declined it, as much on account of the trouble of collecting the fugitive pieces, as through fear that, relating chiefly to events already forgotten by the public, they would not be received as favourably as at first.

Her friends, to force her to do it, obtained a privilege the 19th June, 1678, without her knowledge. At length she resolved to prepare her verses for the press; but she wished to defer their impression for reasons which were approved. She wished to make a selection. She intended to write in praise of the king, who, after his campaign in Holland, became a subject for almost all the poets; and she expected thus to render her works more interesting. Moreover, she had resolved to write for the theatre, which, since Corneille and Racine were condemned to silence, was engrossed by authors scarcely of mediocrity.

We are often led away by natural inclination, or seduced by self-love. We abandon things in which we succeeded best, to apply to others to which our talents are disproportioned. Mrs. Deshouliers, who had succeeded in small detached pieces, would undertake one more longwinded. She began with an opera of *Zoroaster and Semiramis*, and afterwards undertook to write a comedy under the title of the *Waters of Bourbon*. But not being satisfied with the plots she had devised, she abandoned them; and they remained among her papers in a very unfinished state.

She finally yielded to her inclination for theatrical fame, and wrote two pieces, the first entitled *Genseric*, king of the Vandals, from the romance of *Astrea*. It was performed in the theatre of Bourgogne, the 20th January, 1680. The famous Baron assures us that it was exhibited forty times. *Genseric* is not faultless. There are too many personages, some confusion in the plot, and the catastrophe is not very happy. Though it contains some good things, yet it is far from the grandeur of *Corneille* to which the authoress aspired. The piece was criticised; and the writer being unknown was treated as she had treated Racine. An anonymous writer published the following sonnet;

La jeune Eudoxe est une bonne enfant,
La vieille Eudoxe une grande diablesse;
Genseric est un roi fourbe est méchant,
Digne héros d'une méchant pièce.

Pour Thrasimond, c'est un grand innocent,
Et Sophronie en vain pour lui s'empresse.
Huneric est un homme indifférent,
Qui, comme on vent, et la prend et la laisse.

Sen tout cela le sujet est traité,
Dieu sait comment auteur de qualité
Vous vous cachez en donnant cet ouvrage.

C'est fort bien fait de se cacher ainsi;
Mais, pour agir en personne bien sage,
Il nous falloit cacher la pièce aussi.

The second tragedy of Mrs. D. was called *Jule Antoine*; the subject taken from the romance of *Cleopatra* and *Calprenède*. Nearly the same faults were in this, as in *Genseric*, and one may perceive in both, that, accustomed to short verses, she found difficulty in filling up the Alexandrines and supporting the grandeur they require.

She was a rigid judge of her own performances: therefore her remarks at the representation disgusted her. She was of opinion this kind of writing contributed nothing to her reputation; and thinking no more of *Jule Antoine*, she confined herself to her ordinary walk.

The birth of the duke of Burgogne, grandson of Louis XIV, was the first public event which appeared to her worthy of being celebrated. She wrote an Idyl upon the subject, which was well received at court particularly by the Dauphine, mother of the young prince, who, having poetical as well as musical talents, highly respected those of Mrs. Deshoulières. But it is impossible always to avoid giving occasion for satire: an author wrote the subjoined epigram:

Pour immortaliser l'enfant qui vient de naître,
Et qui gouvernera dans soixante ans peut-être,
La Deshoulière a fait cent vers, tant mal que bien.
Que lui donnerait-on pour un si long ouvrage!

Si j'étais cru, ma foi, rien.

Pour immortaliser sa chatte et son chien;
Elle en a fait bien davantage.

The pleasantry succeeded, though misplaced, because it is the privilege of malignity. But the Idyl lost none of its favour. The *Furetieriana* attributes this epigram to Hesnault, apparently with some colour of truth.

She wrote a ballad in 1684, on the change of the court in point of gallantry, which she addressed with an epistle to the duke of Montausier: it made a great deal of noise. The opera of *Amadis* appeared about this time; and awakening the remembrance of romantic passions, which existed only in books of chivalry, it excited the bile of Mrs. Deshoulières against the age in which she lived. The opposite side did not lack defenders.—There appeared answers from La Fontaine, de Losme, de Monchesnai, de Pavillon, attributed to the marquis of La Fare, and especially the duke of St. Aignan, against whom Mrs. D. maintained a poetic warfare, until this gentleman avowed he was vanquished. She received the same year, the laurels due to her reputation. The academy of Ricovrati, of Padua, deliberately elected her the 14th September; and the learned Charles Patin, one of the members, was deputed to inform her of it.

If it had been customary to admit illustrious women into the French academy, or if its regulations could have been infringed in her favour, her country would have envied the Italians the glo-

ry of alone decreeing her honours. Several of her works were read in public assemblies, which was a kind of adoption, and a homage rendered her talents. The academy of Arles was less scrupulous; the members thought themselves honoured in choosing her the 24th March, 1689, to fill one of the places.

She composed a dialogue between Love and Ambition, in the manner of a prologue. It was intended to serve as an overture to entertainments which the king intended to give during the winter, to the court of England, exiled at St. Germaine; but as they were not given, the piece did not appear.

The king granted her a pension of two thousand livres, in gratitude for the praise she gave him on all occasions. In 1689 she published a collection of her poetry. She inserted an ode on the foundation of St. Cyr, and the establishment of the Cadets, which obtained the prize in the French Academy. This ode was composed by Miss Deshoulières, who now began to tread in the steps of her mother. As the ode was much admired and many suspected Mrs. D. had written the major part of it, she deemed proper publicly to declare, that she did no more than as a friend whom one may consult. Those who knew her sincerity, and the talents of Miss D. were convinced.

Thus sharing her glory, and the loss of her fortune being in some measure repaired by the liberality of the king, she seemed to have nothing more to desire. But her health was in a perilous situation. She had been troubled from the year 1682, with a cancer in her breast, which alarmed her and her family. She had recourse to a variety of remedies, which only augmented her sufferings. It appears by her verses, that from the year 1686, the pain she endured was almost intolerable. Yet her firmness was unshaken; her piety, which was always sound, revived; she visited her friends; and continued to celebrate them, and the memorable occurrences. At this period she produced a part of the most beautiful of her works. Her natural gaiety was scarcely diminished; the same brilliant touches were still found in her poetry. When she felt less inclined to gaiety than usual, she composed those tender and languishing Idyls which seem to describe her painful situation. If her suffering, in spite of her, produced dull impressions and serious thoughts, it produced

also those moral reflections, in which the soul, refined by anguish, is elevated to the most sublime objects.

Mr. D. had returned from Guienne, and was employed anew in Flanders. His business rendered a journey to Paris frequently necessary. Besides that she had his two brothers with her, who were strongly attached to her; so that she had all the consolation it was possible for her to receive.

She lost the abbé de la Garde, and then Mr. Deshoulières, who died at Paris the 3d Jan. 1693, in the 72d year of his age. He was a man of honour, mild and amiable in his deportment. He was 42 at the time of their union. Though younger, she did not expect to survive him. The children renounced the succession of their father, and she saw but a gloomy prospect before her. Very little of her fortune remained, and her pension would cease at her death. These thoughts occasioned the allegorical verses to her sheep, which she recommended to the care of the king, under the name of the god Pan.

Amid these distresses, and considering her age, which may be called advanced, that she should retain any part of her charms, seems almost incredible, yet that she did, admits of no doubt.—Mrs. le Hay, her friend, better known by the name of Miss Chéron, took her likeness in November 1693, from which all the engravings have been made. This induced her to compose reflections on the ardent desire of passing her name to posterity. We think this piece exhibits her own feelings, which she endeavours to overcome by sound argument. Furnishing so much matter for panegyric, she could hardly be entirely exempt from the impulse of vanity.

Near the close of the same year, she paraphrased three psalms, this was her last work.

Her afflictions were so considerably increased in 1694, that her death was currently reported, until the editor of *The Polite Mercury* undeceived the public. But her disorder was incurable. She felt that she was gradually dying, showed her usual firmness and resignation, and when she saw death at her bedside, sought with fervour all the succour of the church. She expired with these sentiments the 17th February, 1694, having languished eleven years and six months. She was buried the 19th of the same month in the church of St. Roch.

According to the statement of those who take an interest in her memory, she was upwards of sixty years of age.

Her mind was delicate, her memory prodigious, her penetration quick, her taste refined, and her genius extensive.

Her works might be cited as models of the natural and pathetic: they are ranked with the most remarkable for elegance and genius in the reign of Louis XIV. "We admire" said the author of *Parnasse Français*, "the beauty of the thoughts, the grace of expression, and the harmony and disposition of the rhymes. No person ever spoke better of love and noble gallantry; nor treated better of morals, nor made more just reflections on the human mind. She is called, like Sappho, the tenth Muse, and the French Calliope."

To these titles she justly joined those of generous friend, faithful consort, best of sisters, and, above all, most tender mother. To counterbalance so many excellent qualities, she might be reproached, in a few instances (rare indeed) with giving too full scope to her pleasantry, which perhaps slightly blemishes her glory.

Her son died in the month of August following, in the 27th year of his age. He was named Jean Alexander de la Fon de Boisguérin Deshoulières. His conduct at first gave much pain to his family; but as the principle of it was spirit and vivacity, application succeeded his early aberrations.

Miss Deshoulières was left sole heiress of the name and talents of her mother.

Antoinette Theresa de la Fon de Boisguérin Deshoulières, was born at Paris in 1662, and was nurtured in the very bosom of Poesy. It would have been singular, if, with natural talents, she had not succeeded; for, besides her mother, she had Corneille, Charpentier, Benserade, and all the men of talents who visited Mrs. D. as instructors.

Her capacity was first discovered in her letters; and Mr. de Pontis having dedicated to her in 1683, a narrative of the bombardment of Algiers, *The Polite Mercury*, which mentioned the circumstance, adds that she wrote as well in prose as Mrs. D. wrote in verse: the preface she wrote to her mother's works is a proof of it.

She derived as much honour from her first attempt, as would gratify many poets at the end of their career; and the prize she obtained at the academy was still more glorious, because Fontenelle had written upon the same subject. Animated by the praises she received on this occasion, she made poetry her chief study. In 1688, she composed a short piece on the death of Cochon, the mareschal of Vivonne's dog; a humorous piece which was well received.

Her mind was peculiarly adapted to works which required more delicacy than elevation; she succeeded perfectly in detached pieces and in depicting nature. She was very small, and by no means possessed the perfections of her mother; but her eyes were lively and gracious. She pleased without being handsome. She was remarkable for vivacity. There was no constraint in her manners; and by virtue and genius she made ample amends for the austerity of her exterior.

Her excellent character procured her numerous friends, illustrious and faithful. The friendship of some was changed into love, among them was Mr. Caze, to whom she was not indifferent. Judging from the verses written by him and joined by Miss D. to hers, he was considered, in regard to mind, worthy of so fine a conquest. Whether he was so by birth and fortune, is what we have not been able to discover. We know only that he was in the army, and was killed in 1692.

From the time of his death, the Muse of Miss D. which before delighted in song, poured out lamentations on the fate of Thirsis, which name she gave him, choosing for herself that of Tris. Her love which was founded on virtue, she did not conceal, nor her regret, which at once proved her candour and sensibility.

The year following she lost her father, mother, brother, and uncle. So many reiterated losses overwhelmed her with grief, as appears by several pieces which she wrote upon the subject.

Thus having survived all that was dear to her, she reaped the sorrows as well as the laurels with which Parnassus abounded on the death of her mother. The king gave her a pension the fifth of March, 1694, of three hundred livres; and an equal sum in August following. Perhaps she owed these to the memory

of her mother. But undoubtedly her own merit alone procured that which she required in 1714, twenty years afterward, equal to both.

Her pension was soon the only property she possessed. She thought herself obliged to pay the debts of her family, and gave up all the estates; though the resolution must have been painful to her at that juncture.

In 1695 she published the rest of the works of Mrs. D. with her own annexed, which she acknowledged to be very inferior. She procured the beautiful engraving of her mother by Van Schupen from the original by Miss Chéron.

She presented the works of her mother by the hand of Mr. d'Audiffret to the Academy at Ricovrate. The literati were of opinion they were the best substitute they could have for the loss of her mother.

Mr. d'Audiffret was a Provençal gentleman, who possessed much will but little property, and who had been under great obligations to Mrs. Deshoulières. He accompanied the prince of Conti when king of Poland; and was sent ambassador to the court of Lorrain. On his return the friends of both proposed his marrying Miss D. with whose merit he appeared to be touched before he set out on his travels. The negociation succeeded, and the parties were congratulated; but afterwards, whether Mr. d'Audiffret changed his mind with regard to her, or whether owing to some reflection of her own on the state of her health, is not known, they preferred continuing merely friends, and the marriage never took place.

Miss D. wrote stanzas on the peace in 1697; and a hymn on the same subject when the war was hottest in 1703. She addressed an epistle to the king in 1714. She corresponded with a great many celebrated persons.

The most considerable work of her undertaking was an opera of Callirhoé, of which she wrote the two first acts. She might have succeeded in this kind of writing if she had bent her mind to it. She discontinued her piece on hearing that another person was writing on the same subject. The opera of Callirhoé, by Mr. Roi, appeared in 1712.

Miss D. composed towards the close of her life, an Invocation to

Apollo on the regency of the duke of Orleans, and an Adieu to the Muses on account of the bad state of her health.

Her temperament, which was always extremely delicate, frequently interrupted her studies. She was early attacked with the same disorder which afflicted her mother. But she was devoid of the same patient submission. After suffering twenty years, she died at Paris, the eighth of August 1718, aged fifty-six years, and was buried in the church of St. Roch by the side of her mother, of whom she was, if we may so speak, a diminutive; for it appeared as if Nature designed by her to exhibit to the succeeding generation a faint idea of her mother.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The book of NATURE is open to thy view.

Explore the wondrous work

And read the dictates of the *Almighty mind*

By his own hand expressed in characters

Through the whole fair creation legible.

To search with the scrutinising eye of Philosophy into the secrets of Nature, and attempt the solution of her most intricate phenomena, to investigate the hidden properties of the minutest works of the Creator, and the laws of their reciprocal dependance on each other, is certainly an amusement the noblest and most pregnant with importance and utility, the human mind divested of prejudice, and unshackled by superstition, is capable of enjoying. To the unbelieving atheist and the superstitious bigot the study of nature affords an equally useful, and impressive lesson. To the view of the first it presents not only the works of God, but their mutual relation to and dependance on each other, for increase and existence; the progress of one part of the creation accelerated or retarded by its coöperation with others. The lines

of distinction and the real difference in qualities and properties between the animal and vegetable worlds, and the consequences that in certain cases ensue from their combination and subsequent separation and the decomposition of each, the effects resulting from the separation of the animal and spiritual parts of our being, and the wonderful peculiarities of our system in general; the boundary that God hath placed between man and the brute creation, and the astonishing difference in point of form and reason between each; the regularity constantly observed in the revolutions of the seasons, and the omnipotent skill displayed in the formation and regulation of the bodies composing the planetary system, altogether forming a ray of light so powerfully resplendent and of such penetrating radiance as to break through the dark clouds enveloping the shrine of atheism and shed conviction on the unbeliever's soul.

The votary of superstition eager on attributing the cause of every phenomenon to his powers of scrutiny, circumscribed by the terrors of a monastic education, cannot discover to the agency of supernatural beings, when he perceives the simple causes, that produce effects so capable of bewildering his feeble understanding in the mazes of error, when he finds from experience that perseverance will always enable him to succeed in discovering a path, the pursuit of which may lead him to a satisfactory solution of every phenomenon. When he reflects that the great Author of our being will never interfere in the regular operations of nature unless the great importance of the occasion absolutely demands it, and that whenever such is the case the manner of his interference will be accompanied with so many unequivocal proofs of supernatural agency as not to leave a doubt on the mind of man as to its true cause, will smile at his former ridiculous credulity, he will perceive the difference between the mild doctrines of true religion and the despotic tenets of superstitious bigotry; and while he admires the laws that regulate the universe will look up with reverence and adoration to their omniscient projector.

Those are some among the many good effects that may be enumerated as produced by the study of Natural Philosophy upon the mind of man; with regard to the many evident advan-

tages that have resulted to the world from the labours of the learned in this fruitful field of science, and of which as regards the sources of our riches, luxuries, and happiness, we may be deemed externally sensible, I consider a particular enumeration of them, as perfectly unnecessary, conscious as I am that no individual of common information can possibly be ignorant of the many useful inventions and brilliant discoveries with which the labours of NEWTON, HALLEY, FRANKLIN, RITTENHOUSE, PRIESTLEY and FERGUSON have enriched the world. The celebrity of these philosophers combined with that of a host of others, to enumerate the names of whom would alone constitute a laborious task, is sufficient evidence of the utility and importance of the study that constitutes the subject of the present essay. I will therefore proceed to examine cursorily the nature of the different branches of the science, in doing which my object is to point out what I consider the best course to pursue in the study of them.

Natural Philosophy has been defined to be that science which teaches the method of investigating or examining into the qualities and properties of matter, and of determining the laws, ordained by the Almighty for their regulation and preservation. The creation of those properties and the infusing of them into the different bodies composing the universe, being at the creation of the world entirely arbitrary with the Almighty, it is consequently impossible for us to know "a priori" what they are, and therefore the only method we can pursue in order to obtain this desirable object is by *analytical research*, and for this reason the science has been also termed *Experimental Philosophy*.

Now as bodies are of different kinds, and being so, require different methods of research to discover their numerous qualities and properties, it has been judged conducive to facility in investigation to divide the science into several branches or compartments, each containing the different methods of inquiry into the nature of the several similar subjects it comprises. In pursuance of this arrangement Natural Philosophy has been divided into a number of parts, each of which, although in some measure dependant on, yet distinct and different from, the preceding one. Of those several divisions, the doctrine of *Forces*

constitutes the first and by no means the least important part of mechanical philosophy.

This part of the subject, although on a transient view it presents obstacles apparently of considerable difficulty, to the comprehension of the beginner, will, as he progresses, if assisted by perseverance and application, afford a field of amusement and instruction sufficiently extensive amply to compensate the student for all the difficulty and trouble he has incurred in his endeavours to attain it.

The investigation of the grand principles of attraction and repulsion, and the effects of those powerful agents on the different bodies of the universe, the manner in which they conduce to the retention of the planets in their orbits, and also the rendering compact or fluid the particles of which matter is composed, usually constitute the subject of an introductory lecture, and require the particular attention of the student, as they enable him to comprehend with greater promptitude the nature and use of the branches that follow.

To determine the ratio of different forces, and their comparative power when acting on each other in different directions, and by these means arrive at a discovery of the most advantageous method of assisting by artificial aid the physical powers of man in their application to the raising of, or conveyance from place to place, of bodies whose ponderosity would render ineffectual every attempt of man, unaided by art, to move them, constitute generally the subjects comprised in that part of the science called MECHANICS.

This part of the study I consider the most proper to commence with, for as the propositions and principles it comprises are more general than those in any other division of the science, it admits the intellectual eye to a clearer view of the nature of the subject than perhaps it is possible for a knowledge of any other to afford, and serves by exhibiting at first view the grandeur and sublimity of the study, to fix the admiration of the pupil and determine him in its pursuit.

The next branch that is commonly read by students is Hydrostatics. This amusing division of the science treats of the properties of *nonelastic* fluids, and from its peculiar nature, af-

fords a fund of amusement and useful instruction, fully capable of answering both the purposes of recreation combined with utility, and of allowing a more extensive view of the importance that ought to be attached to the science of which it constitutes a part.

Hydrostatics and hydraulics are usually combined in a course of philosophical study; for as the first treats of the properties appertaining to a certain description of fluids, so the latter teaches the method of applying those qualities to the working of useful machines.

To obtain a determinate method of discovering with facility the *specific gravities* of different fluids is the principal end of hydrostatics. For this purpose *water* is taken for the *standard of gravity*, and its specific weight arbitrarily denominated ("1"), and the relative ponderosity of any other fluid is determined by a comparison of any quantity of it of a certain bulk, with an equal bulk of water, and observing their difference in weight.

Descriptions and examinations into the nature of all kinds of water engines, with investigations into the best methods of applying the power of water to keeping them in action, mills of every kind, pumps and their nature, steam engines, syphons, hydrometers, and instruments of a like kind, come under the head of hydraulics.

The experiments for the illustration of this branch of the subject, are numerous and amusing, and from their peculiar nature, go farther in evincing the practical utility of, and the advantages to be derived from a regular course of philosophical study, than perhaps any other division of mechanical philosophy: the instruments, machines, &c. used in the experiments are in general such as a boy of tolerable ingenuity and perseverance can readily make, and from this capability of beholding through his own labour the truth of what he reads, the student is generally better acquainted with the subjects comprised under the heads of hydrostatics and hydraulics than any other branch of the science.

Having now detailed the several subjects of consequence contained in the three first branches of experimental philosophy, we

will proceed to examine the nature of the fourth, which is generally that called Pneumatics.

As hydrostatics treats of the properties of such fluids as are in their nature incompressible, so pneumatics investigates the qualities and effects of such as possess the properties of *expansion* and *compression*; so that examinations into the nature of the different kinds of the elastic fluid called air, constitute the principal part of this division of natural philosophy.

Although the *atmosphere* is usually termed a fluid, yet from several peculiarities observable in its nature, some philosophers appear to have entertained doubts upon this subject; Mr. *B. Martin* in his lectures calls it a fluid "*sui generis*." Air is observed to differ from other fluids, first in not possessing the property of *congelation*, and secondly, from its not being uniformly *dense* throughout. It may perhaps be urged in objection to the truth of the assertion that air does not possess the qualities of fixation; that whenever it becomes one of the component parts of a natural body, it is in that situation found to be in a fixed state; this objection is frivolous; and to obviate it we have only to recollect that when air becomes a part of any body, it does [*not*] in so doing take a material form, but is, while so situated, merely in a state of *confinement*.

The objects most worthy of attention in this part of the subject, are the astonishing pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of every body, and the powerful effects resulting from its elasticity. The pressure of air upon a middle sized man has been computed to amount to nearly *fourteen tons*: this great weight would quickly annihilate us if its effects were not counteracted by the spring of the air within us, and if it were possible to exhaust the system or deplete it of every particle of air it contains, the certain consequence would be instantaneous destruction.

The many valuable discoveries and acquisitions that have resulted from a knowledge of the properties of air, are so well known as to render almost unnecessary, any attempt to particularise them; but, a cursory examination into the nature of such of them as are deemed the most important may conduce to demonstrate the absurdity and folly of considering the study

of natural philosophy as an useless waste of talent and of time. I will endeavour to convey some idea of them to the reader.— And first of the *barometer*.

For the invention of the first barometer we are indebted to the happy genius of *Torricelli*, a native of Italy, and a disciple of the celebrated *Galileo*; it was at first nothing but a tube of glass, thirty-four inches in length and one fourth of an inch in diameter, hermetically sealed at one end, and completely filled with quicksilver, so that on stopping the other end with the finger not a particle of air remains in the tube, then immersing the tube thus filled and held by the finger into a basin of mercury, and fixing it in that situation. Since the time of *Torricelli* many important improvements have been made in his invention. Mr. *Moreland* invented one of a different construction, which he called the diagonal barometer. *M. Amontons* in 1695 invented the pendent barometer of a single tube and no basin; this, although very simple, was subject to many inconveniences. Dr. *Hooke* invented the wheel barometer, for a description of which, together with those above mentioned, see writers on natural philosophy.

It would be a tedious and difficult task to enumerate the many improvements, additions and new inventions that have succeeded the discovery of *Torricelli* since the time of *Hooke*. I will therefore, after having shown the use of the barometer, proceed to exhibit the nature of *thermometers*, and the other instruments and machines appertaining to this branch of the science.

The principal use of the barometer is in ascertaining the gravity of the atmosphere; but as its gravity decreases, that is, the pressure of the air upon the mercury in the basin becomes less, as in ascending into the atmosphere it by degrees becomes more rarefied; we are also enabled, with it to determine with astonishing accuracy the heights of mountains and other elevated objects.

The thermometer is intended to determine the various degrees of temperature of the atmosphere, by the action of heat upon the expansive powers of bodies of a fluid kind. Different fluids were successively tried and made use of in thermometers

by different persons. Air was first used, but proved wholly inaccurate, owing to its being affected by the pressure or weight of the atmosphere. It was afterwards attempted to make spirits of wine subservient to this purpose, but, as it was afterwards discovered that cold of tolerable intensity is sufficient to congeal the spirit, and also that great heat will cause it to break the glass, it was disused, and linseed oil was next tried by philosophers for thermometrical purposes, but for several reasons this liquid was also laid aside.

M. *Fahrenheit*, of Amsterdam, was the first that used quick-silver in thermometers, and from his time until the present day, mercurial thermometers have been held in equal estimation and of equal utility.

The *hygrometer* and the *air-pump* are the last instruments of any consequence used in lecturing on pneumatics, the use of the first of these is in estimating the quantity of moisture or siccidity at any time in the atmosphere; and that of the latter lies in an exhibition of the different effects that result from the two great properties of air, expansion and compressibility.

The experiments of which this curious machine is susceptible, are extremely amusing, and serve to demonstrate the truth of many things that some time since were considered in the light of mere philosophical hypothesis. Many improvements have been made in the construction of both these instruments by different persons. The best hygrometer is by the celebrated American philosopher, *Rittenhouse*, and the latest and most improved air-pump is now selling by *Adams*, London.

As these machines are too well known to require a particular description, I will no longer trespass upon the reader's patience by introducing into the present essay, matter in some respects foreign to my original design, but will proceed to notice another important branch of this division of the science called acoustics. Sound has been defined by some philosophers to consist in the propagation of the tremors and vibrations of the sounding body, impressed on the air, to the *tympanum* of the ear, whence through the natural channels they are conveyed to the "*meatus auditorius*" which excites the sensation of sound in the habitation of the senses, the *brain*.

Explanations of the nature and theory of echos, of otacoustic instruments, such as speaking trumpets, &c. for the augmentation of sound, together with the theory of music, form the different subjects comprised in this part of pneumatics.

There is perhaps no part of natural philosophy more abstruse and intricate, or in which discoveries have not been made with greater rapidity than acoustics, which, from the many difficulties and intricacies it presents to his perseverance and application is seldom much attended to by the student, although in reality, I should think that in consequence of its peculiar nature, it would attract his attention more strongly than any other, for young men of genius are always prone to catch with eagerness and avidity at any subject; which either from the neglect or inability of their predecessors has, *in their opinion*, been left open as a field for the exercise of their ingenuity and talents. As it is my intention in some future essay to enter more particularly into an investigation of this intricate subject, I will refrain from further remarks upon its nature, but will now call the reader's attention to the fifth branch of experimental philosophy, which is usually that termed *Optics*.

Walker defines optics to be that part of natural philosophy which investigates the nature of *light*, and the several consequences and effects that result from its approach to and passage through different mediums. Others make optics, to consist alone in examinations into the causes of *vision* and the various phenomena of visible objects, and make the nature of light and heat the subject of a separate lecture; and a plan of this kind I consider as the most proper for a student to pursue, for, as a knowledge of the qualities of light and the manner in which it acts upon the particles of matter in the production of heat is principally hypothetical, and as a combination of theoretical principles with mathematical truths, will inevitably tend to produce perplexity, and to lead the understanding of the student into error, I consider the selection and attentive perusal of some good essay upon this subject as a necessary preface to the entrance of the pupils upon the extensive field of science, this vast and noble branch of philosophy presents to his view.

Although philosophers have attempted to explain the cause of vision, and have succeeded in discovering that the rays of light striking upon the eye are reflected to the visible object, the figure of which is carried back and painted distinctly on the *retina*; yet to show how the *sensation of sight* is conveyed from the *retina* through the optic nerve to the brain is entirely beyond the efforts of the understanding. To human reason the Almighty has assigned a certain limit, beyond which it never can advance; how intelligence of the animal sensations of our *system* is conveyed to the spiritual part of being, and how the pains and pleasures of the mind can possibly affect the body, are questions never to be solved, except by the abstruse and fine spun theories of the metaphysician, or the wild and extravagant conjectures of the visionary. To the philosopher these will ever be impenetrable mysteries, for, tied down to mathematical precision in the demonstration of every proposition and principle he advances, by the rules that regulate his researches, metaphysical hypothesis will ever be by him, instead of explanations, considered only as the suggestions of a warm and fervid imagination, and will consequently be thrown aside, as wholly inadmissible in philosophical reasoning.

Not to fatigue the reader with unnecessary and inutile prolixity, I will at present refrain from commenting farther on the minuteness of human perceptibility, but will in general terms remark, that man need never search for the *primary causes of things*, for these being entirely *arbitrary* with the Almighty at the time they originated, none but a being of equal omniscience can possibly discover them. I will now proceed in my examination.

Nothing can be more satisfactorily demonstrative of the sublimity of natural philosophy than a recollection of the many surprising phenomena of which its different branches teach the several explanations. The causes of *parhelia*, of the rainbow and other solar phenomena are investigated by optics; and to this important division of the science we are indebted for those wonderful instruments that by a kind of philosophical magic bring within the reach of our visual powers, objects that but for them would have remained forever invisible.

Next to the *telescope*, the *microscope* is the most important and curious instrument of the optical kind. This little machine is susceptible of an endless variety of amusing experiments. Its principal use is in rendering visible those works of the Creator, the minuteness of which, would have precluded any attempt to arrive at a knowledge of their figure, and internal construction with the naked eye unassisted by art. In the vegetable world it has been the promoter of numberless discoveries, and like the air pump has corroborated many things that before were merely hypothetical.

Of this instrument there are various kinds, among which the solar microscope deserves particular attention. This machine was invented by a Prussian gentleman of the name of *Libukbun*, and is of such a nature as to render perfectly transparent the body upon which the observations are to be made; its great utility in ascertaining with accuracy the internal movements and construction of small bodies, and in determining the velocity with which the blood circulates in animals, &c. &c. &c. is too obvious to require comment.

Two other instruments for optical experiments, the *camera obscura* and the *magic lantern* are the last of any consequence appertaining to this part of the subject, both of which are too well known to demand a particular description: the use of the first is in drawings from nature of remarkable places, and the second is commonly used for the purposes of amusement. This last is, I believe, a Chinese invention.

Having now taken a general and comprehensive view of the nature and objects of experimental philosophy, and also of the different subjects comprised in its several branches or divisions, I propose making one or two observations upon the science of astronomy, which is usually studied at the same time with natural philosophy.

In this extensive department of science the student will find ample cause for the adoration of his Almighty creator, and an inexhaustible fund of useful instruction. The wonderful power that retains the planets in their orbits and which mere accident discovered to sir *Isaac Newton*, the ability of philosophers to measure those bodies that with unequalled and unimpeded regu-

larity, perform their respective courses round the sun, the speculations of philosophers on the nature and use of the *cometary system* and the classification of the fixed stars by astronomers, altogether create a never failing source of amusement to the superficial votary of science, and of important discoveries to the man of real genius, whose aim is to acquire celebrity, and to reflect the beams of knowledge from himself to that portion of the community, whose means will not admit them to the benefits of education.

Of the many advantages that have resulted from a knowledge of astronomy few are ignorant, but of the source whence those good effects have sprung, how little is there known by the mass of the community. Thus a knowledge of astronomy is almost essentially necessary to the preservation of the fearless navigator, who, heedless of the dangers of an unknown ocean, seeks to immortalise himself by discovery. Yet how seldom are mariners acquainted with even the elementary principles of the science. A sailor will with his quadrant determine with comparative accuracy the latitude of his ship, but ask him for an explanation of the reason why the manner in which he uses the quadrant conduces to this discovery, and he is totally incapable of giving one, and most probably he has never spent a thought upon the subject.

In this branch of human knowledge the student must be cautious in separating those parts that are demonstrably true, from such as are only theoretical. Almost all the knowledge we possess of the nature of the bodies called comets is purely hypothetical; for the laws that regulate their courses in the excentric orbits they have been discovered to move in, have never yet been ascertained with that degree of certainty, as to enable philosophers to calculate with accuracy the times of their periodic revolutions. From the observations that astronomers have been enabled to make on them, it is evident they must be entirely different in their nature, from all the other bodies composing the planetary system; and from this and a variety of other circumstances, whether or not they are habitable has become a question, that has given birth to numberless theories of their nature. Some have contended, that owing to the astonishing heat they

pass through in their *perihelia*, they must necessarily be uninhabited. Others again have attempted to prove that they will not acquire greater heat in that part of their orbits in which they approach very near to the sun, than the planets. The first opinion is, I think, much more consistent with common sense, and the knowledge we possess of the effects the sun's rays produce on the particles of matter, than the last; for if heat is produced by the combination of the rays of light with the terrene or earthly particles of matter, we must allow that according to the intensity of those rays, and the density of the matter they act upon, the heat must be proportionably great; consequently, a comet, if in reality it ever approaches as near to the sun as philosophers have calculated, will, in its *perihelion* be heated to an almost incredible degree, for the rays of light which strike upon it must necessarily be millions of times more intense than those that reach the earth.

The study of astronomy ought always to be entered on or commenced immediately after that of *mechanics*, for as the first treats of the motions of the heavenly bodies and the latter those of such as are earthly, I consider the junction of the two in a course of study, as conducive in a great measure to the perfect understanding of the various branches that follow.

I will now proceed to make some general observations upon the science of electricity, which considered as a branch of natural philosophy is deserving of particular attention.

Electricity as a science was certainly unknown to the ancients, although we find they were not ignorant of those peculiar properties of particular bodies from the knowledge of which its discovery resulted. The certainty of there being substances, which from mere rubbing acquired the properties of attraction was sufficient to rouse the spirit of research in the philosopher, and from animated endeavours to discover the cause of this curious phenomenon sprung the science of electricity, which from the labours of the learned, has grown of considerable importance in the scientific world, although considered as an agent of nature it is as yet but little known.

Open then to the exertions of genius this is the proper field for exercising the talents with which nature hath gifted the

young philosopher, this the study in which to attain celebrity, and this the source, whence the student may draw many valuable advantages to himself and society. In order to be enabled to "cull the sweets," of this inexhaustible fund of useful information with facility and promptitude, the student should commence his operations by tracing the several successive attempts of contemporary philosophers to determine the laws by which it acts. For this purpose the History of Electricity by Priestley is of all other books, the most proper to begin with. In this elaborately learned work, the student will find an account of the different progressive steps by which electricity advanced into importance, of the several successive discoveries of different men of learning, of the methods that were used in the application of the properties of the electric fluid to medical purposes, of the means devised by FRANKLIN, for avoiding the dangers that would otherwise result from the atmospheric phenomena of thunderstorms, and a number of other interesting particulars of which the perusal of the work itself will supersede the necessity of an enumeration.

It would be a tedious and unnecessary task to enter upon a particular examination of this department of science; to attempt a development of the different methods philosophers have pursued in bringing it to perfection in the narrow limits of an essay would be vain and nugatory, and therefore I must refer the reader, for further information, to the writers upon this subject. In the works of *Cavallo, Adams, Valli, Nicholson, Walker, Wilkinson*, and others, the pupil will find sufficient instruction to enable him to choose with judgment the path of discovery most proper for him to pursue, and with a knowledge of the foregoing branches of natural philosophy; combined with a tolerable portion of perseverance, he will be enabled in time to acquire a state of pre-eminence and celebrity sufficiently elevated to recompense him in the most ample manner for every inconvenience he may have encountered in its attainment.

Having now carried the reader through the vast and extensive range of study it will be necessary to traverse, in order to acquire that *quantum* of philosophical knowledge which must ever be considered as an essential ingredient in the literary acquirements of the scholar and the gentleman. I will conclude

the essay by some few general observations for the farther instruction of the pupil in its pursuit.

A knowledge of some particular branches of the mathematics being so intimately blended with that of many kinds of philosophical investigations, as to have been judged essentially requisite to the perfect comprehension of them; it has been considered an indispensable qualification in the student, to be acquainted with such of them as will render him capable of overcoming the many obstacles and difficulties the Newtonian philosophy presents. This must be the more obvious when we reflect upon the propriety of selecting this kind of philosophical learning to commence with; for if it be necessary to begin the study by taking up that part which is purely mathematical, it is evident that the previous acquirement of such knowledge as will enable the student to do this with satisfaction and facility must not only be proper but requisite. Allowing then that some degree of mathematical knowledge, is necessary in studying the elementary principles of natural philosophy and such parts as are capable of and demand geometrical demonstration, it may not be deemed superfluous to inquire into the precise quantity of this kind of knowledge, that is really essential.

In that part of mechanical philosophy which investigates the doctrine of forces, a knowledge of geometry and algebra is obviously necessary, for as experimental demonstrations of its various propositions are practically impossible, or attended with so many evident inconveniences as to be entirely out of the question, recourse must be had to the assistance of the analytic science. It is the same in hydrostatics and hydraulics in investigating and ascertaining the various forces, powers, &c. of fluids, in their application to various purposes of life; also, in some parts of pneumatics, with regard to the compressive powers of the atmosphere, its weight and elasticity, and also in ærostatic experiments, and the intricate subject of acoustics. Before however we proceed farther in our enumeration, it must be observed that geometry and algebra are not the only branches of the mathematics, an acquaintance with which is useful in natural philosophy; beside those a knowledge of fluxions will frequently be found requisite, for when the former fail in their application to

the investigating of any subject, the latter must be substituted. Thus in discovering the laws of the planetary system, the dimensions of its different bodies and the times of their periodic revolutions, the higher geometry can alone be successfully applied. Now if those three divisions of the mathematical department of science are allowed to constitute a component part of philosophical knowledge, and it would evidently be nugatory to commence the study of any one of them without beginning at the first and lowest branches of the science, and proceeding with regularity and method through the whole, it follows that the mathematics, generally, ought always to be studied previous to the entrance of the student on natural philosophy. The mind is fitted then for philosophical inquiry only when replete with mathematical knowledge; if thus prepared a young man enters upon the above course of study he will seldom be liable to those frequent impositions of the understanding, that result from the implicit credence that students too often give to the theories of the learned, when perhaps only covered with the veil of plausibility. This feeble covering can never resist the keen inquiring eye of the mathematical philosopher, habituated to receive as truths notions unsupported by the clearest demonstration, he will penetrate into the foundation of the theory and will examine the strength of the arguments brought forward to support it, then from the circumstantial evidence derived from the facts really existing he will quickly be enabled to decide upon its comparative probability.

Every *hypothesis* must necessarily be founded upon certain propositions or principles, on the apparent probability or falsity of which rests in a great measure, the truth of the whole; in order then to ascertain with accuracy, the degree of belief we ought to place on the credibility of any theory, it is necessary that we should commence by discovering the grounds of its invention, or the primary facts upon which it is founded. If those are found to all appearance correct or probable, we are to pursue our examination by observing the manner in which the hypothesis has been constructed, and noting the several defects or inconsistencies, which several imperfections are so many proofs of its intuitivity to answer the desired end, whether it be the explanation of

some natural phenomenon or the resolution of a metaphysical inquiry.

The truth of any theory may also be sometimes estimated from its general appearance; for according as its invention has been made in concordance with the long established rules of nature, or as it bears on its face the stamp of improbability we can judge with *some accuracy*, whether it be such as may be received and credited without hesitation. I however would not recommend this method to the student, until he has acquired a portion of philosophical knowledge sufficient to render him *competent* to judge, in many cases without the trouble of investigation.

Men of genius that spend their whole life in the acquisition of learning, can frequently determine with readiness, and without the trouble of a formal examination, the comparative truth or probability we ought to attach to any theory; but most young men are so apt to take plausibility for truth, and this is so often made by the ingenuity of the inventor, a veil to cover numberless substantial defects, that they ought in no case, trust to the nature of the impressions excited by the first view of the theory, but to enter immediately upon such an examination of its nature, as experience has proved to be the most proper.

There is a difference between mere *philosophical conjectures*, and credible hypothesis, that the student ought particularly to recollect. The first are built merely on the imagination of the maker, and result solely from that spirit of curiosity, which as a principle of the human breast, is constantly exciting him to useful or speculative inquiries, either as futile attempts to satisfy this desire, or as endeavours to explain the subject of inquiry to others. Many suppositious absurdities of the ancients and even of some modern philosophers, although dignified with the title of hypothesis are purely of the former species. The nature of the latter, I have just explained, and to point out the several circumstances of difference between each, I judge unnecessary.

Most young men in the study of natural philosophy, are so eager in desiring to commence the experimental part, as frequently to fly from the elementary principles of the science, the only proper foundation, on which to build a knowledge of the stu-

dy, to those in which amusement is blended with utility, and where learning is conveyed through the medium of the external senses. Although this is a very natural wish, yet that it is not only improper, but may lead to many difficulties and impediments to the progress of the pupil, must be obvious when we reflect upon the considerations just mentioned. If a knowledge of the mathematics be essential in the study of natural philosophy, and it has been judged proper to commence this study by such parts as are purely mathematical, it is evident that a contrary method must lead to perplexity and intricacy, and consequently ought to be avoided.

I have now to the best of my abilities given a general view of the advantages, that must necessarily result from the cultivating a taste for, and promoting the knowledge of experimental philosophy. If one reader be induced to commence the study from the perusal of this essay, I shall be fully and satisfactorily compensated for any little trouble it has cost me, and cherishing this hope, I leave him with the sincerest wishes for the most elevated success and celebrity in his undertaking and its end.

H. Y.

Baltimore, Sept. 3, 1810.

CRITICISM.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Borough, a poem, by the Rev. George Crabbe, LL. B.

WE are very glad to meet with Mr. Crabbe so soon again; and particularly glad to find, that his early return has been occasioned, in part, by the encouragement he received on his last appearance. This late spring of public favour, we hope, he will yet live to see ripen into mature fame. We scarcely know any poet who deserves it better; and are quite certain there is none who is more secure of keeping with posterity whatever he may win from his contemporaries.

The present poem is precisely of the character of the Village and the Parish Register. It has the same peculiarities, and the same faults and beauties; though a severe critic might perhaps add, that its peculiarities are more obtrusive, its faults greater, and its beauties less. However that be, both faults and beauties are so plainly produced by the peculiarity, that it may be worth while, before giving any more particular account of it, to try if we can ascertain in what that consists.

And here we shall very speedily discover, that Mr. Crabbe is distinguished, from all other poets, both by the choice of his subjects and by his manner of treating them. All his persons are taken from the lower ranks of life; and all his scenery from the most ordinary and familiar objects of nature or art. His characters and incidents, too, are as common as the elements out of which they are compounded are humble; and not only has he nothing prodigious or astonishing in any of his representations, but he has not even attempted to impart any of the ordinary colours of poetry to those vulgar materials. He has no moralizing swains or sentimental tradesmen; and scarcely ever seeks to charm us by the artless manners or lowly virtues of his personages. On the contrary, he has represented his villagers and humble burghers as altogether as dissipated, and more dishonest and discontented, than the profligates of higher life; and, instead of conducting us through blooming groves and pastoral meadows, has led us along filthy lanes and crowded wharfs, to hospitals, almshouses, and gin-shops. In some of these delineations, he may be

considered as the satirist of low life,—an occupation sufficiently arduous, and in a great degree new and original in our language. But by far the greater part of his poetry is of a different and a higher character; and aims at moving or delighting us by lively, touching, and finely contrasted representations of the dispositions, sufferings, and occupations of those ordinary persons who form the far greater part of our fellow-creatures. This, too, he has sought to effect, merely by placing before us the clearest, most brief, and most striking sketches of their external condition,—the most sagacious and unexpected strokes of character,—and the truest and most pathetic pictures of natural feeling and commonsuffering. By the mere force of his art, and the novelty of his style, he forces us to attend to objects that are usually neglected, and to enter into feelings from which we are in general but too eager to escape;—and then trusts to nature for the effect of the representation.

It is obvious, at first sight, that this is not a task for an ordinary hand; and that many ingenious writers, who make a very good figure with battles, nymphs, and moonlight landscapes, would find themselves quite helpless if set down among streets, harbours, and taverns. The difficulty of such subjects, in short, is sufficiently visible—and some of the causes of that difficulty: but they have their advantages also;—and of these, and their hazards, it seems natural to say a few words, before entering more minutely into the merits of the work before us.

The first great advantage of such familiar subjects is, that every one is necessarily perfectly well acquainted with the originals; and is therefore sure to feel all that pleasure, from a faithful representation of them, which results from the perception of a perfect and successful imitation. In the kindred art of painting, we find that this single consideration has been sufficient to stamp a very high value upon accurate and lively delineations of objects, in themselves the most uninteresting, and even disagreeable; and no very inconsiderable part of the pleasure which may be derived from Mr. Crabbe's poetry, may be referred to its mere truth and fidelity, and to the brevity and clearness with which he sets before his readers, objects and characters with which they have been all their days familiar.

In his happier passages, however, he has a higher merit, and

imparts a far higher gratification. The chief delight of poetry consists, not so much in what it directly supplies to the imagination, as in what it enables it to supply to itself;—not in warming the heart with its passing brightness, but in kindling its own lasting stores of light and heat;—not in hurrying the fancy along by a foreign and accidental impulse, but in setting it agoing, by touching its internal springs and principles of activity. Now, this highest and most delightful effect can only be produced by the poet's striking a note to which the heart and the affections naturally vibrate in unison;—by his rousing one of a large family of kindred impressions; by his dropping the rich seed of his fancy upon the fertile and sheltered places of the imagination. But it is evident, that the emotions connected with common and familiar objects,—which fill every man's memory, and are necessarily associated with all that he has felt or fancied, are of all others the most likely to answer this description, and to produce, where they can be raised to a sufficient height, this great effect in its utmost perfection. It is for this reason that the images and affections that belong to our *universal* nature, are always, if tolerably represented, infinitely more captivating, in spite of their apparent commonness and simplicity, than those that are peculiar to certain situations, however they may come recommended by novelty or grandeur. The familiar feeling of maternal tenderness and anxiety, which is every day before our eyes, even in the brute creation,—and the enchantment of youthful love, which is nearly the same in all characters, ranks and situations,—still contribute more to the beauty and interest of poetry than all the misfortunes of princes, the jealousies of heroes, and the feats of giants, magicians or ladies in armour. Every one can enter into the former set of feelings; and but a few into the latter. The one calls up a thousand familiar and long remembered emotions,—and are answered and reflected on every side by the kindred impressions which experience or observation have traced upon every memory; while the other lights up but a transient and unfruitful blaze, and passes away without perpetuating itself in any corresponding sensation.

Now, the delineation of all that concerns the lower and most numerous classes of society, is, in this respect, on a footing with the pictures of our primary affections,—that their originals are

necessarily familiar to all men, and are inseparably associated with a multitude of their most interesting impressions. Whatever may be our own condition, we all live surrounded with the poor from infancy to age;—we hear daily of their sufferings and misfortunes;—and their toils, their crimes, or their pastimes, are our hourly spectacle. Many diligent readers of poetry know little, by their own experience, of palaces, castles or camps; and still less of princes, warriors and banditti;—but every one thoroughly understands every thing about cottages, streets and villages; and conceives, pretty correctly, the character and condition of sailors, ploughmen and artificers. If the poet can contrive, therefore, to create a sufficient interest in subjects like these, they will infallibly sink deeper into the mind, and be more prolific of kindred trains of emotion, than subjects of greater dignity. Nor is the difficulty of exciting such an interest by any means so great as is generally imagined. It is human nature, and human feelings, after all, that form the true source of interest in poetry of every description;—and the splendour and the marvels by which it is sometimes surrounded, serve no other purpose than to fix our attention on those workings of the heart, and those energies of the understanding, which alone command all the genuine sympathies of human beings,—and which may be found as abundantly in the breasts of cottagers as of kings. Wherever there are human beings, therefore, with feelings and characters to be represented, our attention may be fixed by the art of the poet,—by his judicious selection of circumstances,—by the force and vivacity of his style, and the clearness and brevity of his representations. In point of fact, we are all touched more deeply, as well as more frequently, in real life, with the sufferings of peasants than of princes; and sympathize much oftener, and more heartily, with the successes of the poor, than of the rich and distinguished. The occasions of such feelings are indeed so many, and so common, that they do not often leave any very permanent traces behind them, but pass away, and are effaced by the very rapidity of their succession. The business and the cares, and the pride of the world, obstruct the development of the emotions to which they would naturally give rise, and press so close and thick upon the mind, as to shut it, at most seasons, against the reflections that are perpetually seeking for admission.

When we have leisure, however, to look quietly into our hearts, we shall find in them an infinite multitude of little fragments of sympathy with our brethren in humble life,—abortive movements of compassion, and embryos of kindness and concern, which had once fairly begun to live and germinate within them, though withered and broken off by the selfish bustle and fever of our daily occupations. Now, all these may be revived and carried on to maturity by the art of the poet;—and, therefore, a powerful effort to interest us in the feelings of the humble and obscure, will usually call forth more deep, more numerous, and more permanent emotions, than can ever be excited by the fate of princesses and heroes. Independent of the circumstances to which we have already alluded, there are causes which make us at all times more ready to enter into the feelings of the humble, than of the exalted part of our species. Our sympathy with their enjoyments is enhanced by a certain mixture of pity for their general condition, which, by purifying it from that taint of envy which almost always adheres to our admiration of the great, renders it more welcome and satisfactory to our bosoms; while our concern for their sufferings is at once softened and endeared to us by the recollection of our own exemption from them, and by the feeling, that we frequently have it in our power to relieve them.

From these and from other causes, it appears to us to be certain, that where subjects taken from humble life can be made sufficiently interesting to overcome the distaste and the prejudices with which the usages of polished society too generally lead us to regard them, the interest which they excite will commonly be more profound and more lasting than any that can be raised upon loftier themes; and the poet of the Village and the Borough be oftener, and longer read, than the poet of the Court or the Camp. The most popular passages of Shakspeare and Cowper, we think, are of this description: and there is much, both in the volume before us, and in Mr. Crabbe's former publications, to which we might now venture to refer, as proofs of the same doctrine. When such representations have once made an impression on the imagination, they are remembered daily, and forever. We can neither look around, nor within us, without

being reminded of their truth and their importance; and, while the more brilliant effusions of romantic fancy are recalled only at long intervals, and in rare situations, we feel that we cannot walk a step from our own doors, nor cast a glance back on our departed years, without being indebted to the poet of vulgar life for some striking image or touching reflection, of which the occasions were always before us; but,—till he taught us how to improve them,—were almost always allowed to escape.

Such, we conceive, are some of the advantages of the subjects which Mr. Crabbe has in a great measure introduced into modern poetry;—and such the grounds upon which we venture to predict the durability of the reputation which he has acquired. That they have their disadvantages also, is obvious; and it is no less obvious, that it is to these we must ascribe the greater part of the faults and deformities with which this author is fairly chargeable. The two great errors into which he has fallen, are—that he has described many things not worth describing;—and that he has frequently excited disgust, instead of pity or indignation, in the breasts of his readers. These faults are obvious,—and, we believe, are popularly laid to his charge: yet there is, in so far as we have observed, a degree of misconception as to the true grounds and limits of the charge, which we think it worth while to take this opportunity of correcting.

The poet of humble life *must* describe a great deal,—and must even describe, minutely, many things which possess in themselves no beauty or grandeur. The reader's fancy must be awaked,—and the power of his own pencil displayed;—a distant locality and imaginary reality must be given to his characters and agents; and the ground colour of their common condition must be laid in, before his peculiar and selected groups can be presented with any effect or advantage. In the same way, he must study characters with a minute and anatomical precision; and must make both himself and his readers familiar with the ordinary traits and general family features of the beings among whom they are to move, before they can either understand, or take much interest in the individuals who are to engross their attention. Thus far, there is no excess or unnecessary minuteness.

But this faculty of observation, and this power of description, hold out great temptations to go further. There is a pride and a delight in the exercise of all peculiar power; and the poet, who has learned to describe external objects exquisitely with a view to heighten the effect of his moral designs, and to draw characters with accuracy to help forward the interest or the pathos of the picture, will be in great danger of describing scenes, and drawing characters, for no other purpose, but to indulge his taste, and to display his talents. It cannot be denied, we think, that Mr. Crabbe has, on many occasions, proved unequal to this temptation. He is led away, every now and then, by his lively conception of external objects, and by his nice and sagacious observation of human character; and wantons and luxuriates in descriptions and moral portrait-painting, while his readers are left to wonder to what end so much industry has been exerted.

His chief fault, however, is his frequent lapse into disgusting representations; and this, we will confess, is an error for which we find it far more difficult either to account or to apologize. We are not, however, of the opinion which we have often heard stated, that he has represented human nature under too unfavourable an aspect, or that the distaste which his poetry sometimes produces, is owing merely to the painful nature of the scenes and subjects with which it abounds. On the contrary, we think he has given a juster, as well as a more striking picture, of the true character and situation of the lower orders of this country, than any other writer, whether in verse or in prose; and that he has made no more use of painful emotions than was necessary to the production of a pathetic effect.

All powerful and pathetic poetry, it is obvious, abounds in images of distress. The delight which it bestows partakes strongly of pain; and, by a sort of contradiction, which has long engaged the attention of the reflecting, the compositions that attract us most powerfully, and detain us the longest, are those that produce in us most of the effects of actual suffering and wretchedness. The solution of this paradox is to be found, we think, in the simple fact, that pain is a far stronger sensation than pleasure in human existence; and that the cardinal virtue of all

things that are intended to delight the mind, is to produce a strong sensation. Life itself appears to consist in sensation; and the universal passion of all beings that have life, seems to be, that they should be made intensely conscious of it, by a succession of powerful and engrossing emotions. All the mere gratifications or natural pleasures that are in the power even of the most fortunate, are quite insufficient to fill this vast craving for sensation: and a more violent stimulus is sought for by those who have attained the vulgar heights of life, in the pains and dangers of war,—the agonies of gaming,—or the feverish toils of ambition. To those who have tasted of these potent cups, where the bitter however so obviously predominates, the security, the comforts, and what are called the enjoyments of common life, are intolerably insipid and disgusting. Nay, we think we have observed, that even those who without any effort or exertion, have experienced unusual misery, frequently appear, in like manner, to acquire a taste for it, and come to look on the tranquillity of ordinary life with a kind of indifference not unmingled with contempt. It is certain, at least, that they dwell with most apparent satisfaction on the memory of those days, which have been marked by the deepest and most agonizing sorrows, and derive a certain delight from the recollections of those overwhelming sensations which once occasioned so fierce a throb in the languishing pulse of their existence.

If any thing of this kind, however, can be traced in real life,—if the passion for emotion be so strong, as to carry us, not in imagination, but in reality, over the rough edge of present pain,—it will not be difficult to explain, why it should be so attractive in the copies and fictions of poetry. There, as in real life, the great demand is for emotion; while the pain with which it may be attended, can scarcely, by any possibility, exceed the limits of endurance. The recollection, that it is but a copy and a fiction, is quite sufficient to keep it down to a moderate temperature, and to make it welcome as the sign or the harbinger of that agitation of which the soul is avaricious. It is not, then, from any peculiar quality in painful emotions that they become capable of affording the delight which attends them in tragic or pathetic

poetry,—but merely from the circumstance of their being more intense and powerful than any other emotions of which the mind is susceptible. If it was the constitution of our nature to feel joy as keenly, or to sympathize with it as heartily as we do with sorrow, we have no doubt that no other sensation would ever be intentionally excited by the artists that minister to delight. But the fact is, that the pleasures of which we are capable, are slight and feeble, compared with the pains that we may endure; and that, feeble as they are, the sympathy which they excite falls much more short of the original emotion. When the object, therefore, is to obtain sensation, there can be no doubt to which of the fountains we shall repair; and if there be but few pains in real life which are not, in some measure, endeared to us by the emotions with which they are attended, we may be pretty sure, that the more distress we introduce into poetry, the more we shall rivet the attention and attract the admiration of the reader.

There is but one exception to this rule,—and it brings us back from the apology of Mr. Crabbe, to his condemnation. Every form of distress, whether it proceed from passion or from fortune, and whether it fall upon vice or virtue, adds to the interest and the charm of poetry—except only that which is connected with ideas of *disgust*,—the least taint of which disenchant the whole scene, and puts an end both to delight and sympathy. But what is it, it may be asked, that is the proper object of disgust? and what is the precise description of things which we think Mr. Crabbe so inexcusable for admitting? It is not easy to define a term at once so simple and so significant; but it may not be without its use, to indicate in a general way, our conception of its force and comprehension.

It is needless, we suppose, to explain what are the objects of disgust in physical or external existences. These are sufficiently plain and unequivocal; and it is universally admitted, that all mention of them must be carefully excluded from every poetical description. With regard, again, to human character, action, and feeling, we should be inclined to term every thing disgusting, which represented misery, without making any appeal to our love or

our admiration. If the suffering person be amiable, the delightful feeling of love and affection tempers the pain which the contemplation of suffering has a tendency to excite, and enhances it into the stronger, and therefore more attractive sensation of pity. If there be great power or energy, however united to guilt or wretchedness, the mixture of admiration exalts the emotion into something that is sublime and pleasing. Even in cases of mean and atrocious guilt, our sympathy with the victims upon whom it is practised, and our active indignation and desire of vengeance, reconcile us to the humiliating display, and make a compound that, upon the whole, is productive of pleasure.

The only sufferers, then, upon whom we cannot bear to look, are those that excite pain by their wretchedness, while they are too depraved to be the objects of affection, and too weak and insignificant to be the causes of misery to others, or, consequently, of indignation to the spectators. Such are the depraved, abject, diseased and neglected poor,—creatures in whom every thing amiable or respectable has been extinguished by sordid passions or brutal debauchery,—who have no means of doing the mischief of which they are capable,—whom every one despises, and no one can either love or fear. On the characters, the miseries, and the vices of such beings, we look with *disgust* merely: and, though it may perhaps serve some *moral* purpose, occasionally to set before us this humiliating spectacle of human nature sunk to utter worthlessness and insignificance, it is altogether in vain to think of exciting either pity or horror, by the truest and most forcible representations of their sufferings or of their enormities. They have no hold upon any of the feelings that lead us to take an interest in our fellow creatures: we turn away from them, therefore, with loathing and dispassionate aversion;—we feel our imaginations polluted by the intrusion of any images connected with them; and are offended and disgusted when we are forced to look closely upon those festering heaps of moral filth and corruption. It is with concern we add, that we know no writer who has sinned so deeply in this respect as Mr. Crabbe,—who has so often presented us with spectacles which it is purely painful and degrading to contemplate, and bestowed such powers of conception and expression in giving us distinct ideas of what we

must abhor to remember. If Mr. Crabbe had been a person of ordinary talents we might have accounted for his error, in some degree, by supposing, that his frequent success in treating of subjects which had been usually rejected by other poets, had at length led him to disregard, altogether, the common impressions of mankind as to what was allowable and what inadmissible in poetry, and to reckon the unalterable laws by which nature has regulated our sympathies, among the prejudices by which they were shackled and impaired. It is difficult, however, to conceive how a writer of his quick and exact observation should have failed to perceive, that there is not a single instance of a serious interest being excited by an object of disgust; and that Shakspeare himself, who has ventured every thing, has never ventured to shock our feelings with the crimes or the sufferings of beings absolutely without power or principle. Independent of universal practice, too, it is still more difficult to conceive how he should have overlooked the reason on which this practice is founded; for though it be generally true, that poetical representations of suffering and of guilt produce emotion, and consequently delight, yet it certainly did not require the penetration of Mr. Crabbe to discover, that there is a degree of depravity which counteracts our sympathy with suffering, and a degree of insignificance which extinguishes our interest in guilt. We abstain from giving any extracts in support of this accusation: but those who have perused the volume before us, will have already recollected the story of Frederic Thompson, of Abel Keene, of Blaney, of Benbow, and a good part of those of Grimes and Ellen Orford,—besides many shorter passages. It is now time, however, to give the reader a more particular account of the work which contains them.

The Borough of Mr. Crabbe, then, is a detailed and minute account of an ancient English sea-port town, of the middling order; containing a series of pictures of its scenery, and of the different classes and occupations of its inhabitants. It is thrown into the form of letters, though without any attempt at the epistolary character; and treats of the vicar and curate—the sectaries—the attorneys—the apothecaries; and the inns, clubs, and strolling-players, that make a figure in the place:—but more particularly

of the poor, and their characters and treatment; and of almshouses, prisons, and schools. There is, of course, no unity or method in the poem,—which consists altogether of a succession of unconnected descriptions, and is still more miscellaneous in reality, than would be conjectured from the titles of its twenty-four separate compartments. As it does not admit of analysis, therefore, or even of a much more particular description, we can only give our readers a just idea of its execution, by extracting a few of the passages that appear to us most characteristic in each of the many styles it exhibits.

One of the first that strikes us, is the following very touching and beautiful picture of innocent love, misfortune, and resignation—all of them taking a tinge of additional sweetness and tenderness from the humble condition of the parties, and affording a striking illustration of the remarks we have ventured to make on the advantages of such subjects. The passage occurs in the second letter, where the author has been surveying, with a glance half pensive and half sarcastical, the monuments erected in the churchyard. He then proceeds—

‘ Yes! there are real mourners—I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claim’d,
And to be useful as resign’d she aim’d;
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem’d t’ expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep;
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past display’d,
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow’s aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion’d truth;
In ev’ry place she wander’d, where they’d been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting-scene
Where last for sea he took his leave;—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace,’ &c.
‘ Happy he sail’d; and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;

And every comfort men at sea can know,
 Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow;
 For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
 How he should guard against the climate's cold;
 Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
 Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
 His messmates smil'd at flushings in his cheek,
 And he too smil'd, but seldom would he speak;
 For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
 With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He call'd his friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
 A Lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
 "Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
 "My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
 "And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
 "And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
 "Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
 "Give me one look, before my life be gone,
 "Oh! give me that! and let me not despair,—
 "One last fond look!—and now repeat the prayer."
 He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
 The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
 With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
 Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew.
 He tried to smile; and, half succeeding, said,
 "Yes! I must die"—and Hope forever fled.
 Still long she nurs'd him; tender thoughts meantime
 Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.
 To her he came to die, and every day
 She took some portion of the dread away;
 With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
 Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head:
 She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
 Apart she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
 One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot:
 They spoke with cheerfulness and seem'd to think,
 Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink."
 A sudden brightness in his look appear'd;
 A sudden vigour in his voice was heard:—

She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
 And led him forth, and plac'd him in his chair;
 Lively he seem'd and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many, and the favourite few;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasur'd, and she loves them all;
 When in her way she meets them, they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He nam'd his friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest."
 "I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
 Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past!—

She plac'd a decent stone his grave above,
 Neatly engrav'd—an offering of her love;
 For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
 Awake alike to duty and the dead;
 She would have griev'd, had friends presum'd to spare
 The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
 Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
 But if observer pass, will take her round,
 And careless seem, for she would not be found;
 Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
 While visions please her, and while woes destroy.'

There is a passage in the same tone, in the letter on Prisons. It describes the dream of a felon under sentence of death; and though the exquisite accuracy and beauty of the landscape painting are such, as must have recommended it to notice in poetry of any order, it seems to us to derive an unspeakable charm from the lowly simplicity and humble content of the characters—at least we cannot conceive any walk of *ladies and gentlemen* that should furnish out so sweet a picture as terminates the following extract. It is only doing Mr. Crabbe justice to present it with a part of the dark foreground which he has drawn, in the waking existence of the poor dreamer.

'When first I came
 Within his view, I fancied there was shame,

I judg'd Resentment; I mistook the air,—
These fainter passions live not with Despair
Or but exist and die:—Hope, Fear and Love,
Joy, Doubt and Hate, may other spirits move,
But touch not his, who every waking hour
Has one fix'd dread, and always feels its power.
He takes his tasteless food; and, when 'tis done,
Counts up his meals, now lessen'd by that one;
For Expectation is on time intent,
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.

Yes! e'en in sleep th' impressions all remain;
He hears the sentence, and he feels the chain;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be:
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight—
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber, where he once array'd
His youthful person; where he knelt and pray'd:
Then too the comforts he enjoy'd at home,
The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;—
The hours of innocence;—the timid look
Of his lov'd maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forc'd reserve, and his retreating fears.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his *Funny* smile:
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield;—No! never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind.
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and pleasure on the tongue.
Pierc'd by no crime, and urg'd by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane,—then linger in the mead,—
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum;
'Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,

Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
 And the lamb brouzes by the linnet's bed;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
 O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay!—
 The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
 The waves that faintly fall and slowly run—
 The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
 And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
 Counting the number, and what kind they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea:
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
 The glitt'ring waters on the shingles roll'd:
 The timid girls, half dreading their design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
 With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
 And those live lucid jellies which the eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glitt'ring by:
 Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
 And will arrange above the parlour fire,—
 Tokens of bliss!—

If these extracts do not make the reader feel how deep and peculiar an interest may be excited by humble subjects, we should almost despair of bringing him over to our opinion, even by Mr. Crabbe's inimitable description and pathetic pledging for the parish poor. The subject is one of those, which to many will appear repulsive, and, to some fastidious natures, perhaps disgusting. Yet, if the most admirable painting of external objects,—the most minute and thorough knowledge of human character,—and that warm glow of active and rational benevolence which lends a guiding light to observation, and an enchanting colour to eloquence, can entitle a poet to praise—as they do entitle him to more substantial rewards—we are persuaded that the following passage will not be speedily forgotten:

' Your plan I love not:—with a number you
 Have plac'd your poor, your pitiable few;
 There, in one house, for all their lives to be,
 The patper-palace which they hate to see:

That giant building, that high bounding wall,
 Those bare worn walks, that lofty thund'ring hall!
 That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour,
 Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power;
 It is a prison, with a milder name,
 Which few inhabit without dread or shame.—

‘ Alas! their sorrows in their bosoms dwell,
 They’ve much to suffer, but have nought to tell;
 They have no evil in the place to state,
 And dare not say, it is the house they hate:
 They own there’s granted all such place can give,
 But live repining, for ’tis there they live.

Grandsires are there, who now no more must see,
 No more must nurse upon the trembling knee
 The lost lov’d daughter’s infant progeny:
 Like Death’s dread mansion, this allows not place
 For joyful meetings of a kindred race.

Is not the martron there, to whom the son
 Was wont at each declining day to run;
 He (when his toil was over) gave delight,
 By lifting up the latch, and one “Good night!”
 Yes, she is here; but nightly to her door,
 The son, still lab’ring, can return no more.

Widows are here, who in their huts were left,
 Of husbands, children, plenty, ease bereft;
 Yet all that grief within the humble shed
 Was soften’d, soften’d in the humble bed:
 But here in all its force, remains the grief,
 And not one soft’ning object for relief.

Who can, when here, the social neighbour meet?
 Who learn the story current in the street?
 Who to the long-known intimate impart
 Facts they have learn’d, or feelings of the heart?—
 They talk, indeed; but who can choose a friend,
 Or seek companions at their journey’s end?”—

‘ What, if no grievous fears their lives annoy;
 Is it not worse, no prospects to enjoy?
 ’Tis cheerless living in such bounded view,
 With nothing dreadful, but with nothing new;
 Nothing to bring them joy, to make them weep,—
 The day itself is, like the night, asleep;

Or oh the sameness, if a break be made,
 ’Tis by some pauper to his grave convey’d;

By smuggled news from neighb'ring village told,
 News never true, or truth a twelvemonth old;
 By some new inmate doom'd with them to dwell,
 Or justice come to see that all goes well:
 Or change of room; or hour of leave to crawl
 On the black footway winding with the wall,
 'Till the stern bell forbids, or master's sterner call.

Here too the mother sees her children train'd,
 Her voice excluded and her feelings pain'd:
 Who govern here, by general rules must move,
 Where ruthless custom rends the bond of love.
 Nations, we know, have nature's law transgress'd,
 And snatch'd the infant from the parent's breast;
 But still for public good the boy was train'd;
 The mother suffer'd, but the matron gain'd:
 Here Nature's outrage serves no cause to aid;
 The pang is felt, but not the *Spartan* made.

Here the good pauper, losing all the praise
 By worthy deeds acquir'd in better days,
 Breathes a few months; then, to his chamber led,
 Expires,—while strangers prattle round his bed.

These we take to be specimens of Mr. Crabbe's best style;—but he has great variety;—and some readers may be better pleased with his satirical vein,—which is both copious and original. The Vicar is an admirable sketch of what must be very difficult to draw;—a good, easy man, with no character at all;—his little, humble vanity;—his constant care to offend no one;—his mawkish and feeble gallantry—indolent good nature, and love of gossiping and trifling—are all very exactly, and very pleasingly delineated. We can only make room for the conclusion:

' But let applause be dealt in all we may,
 Our priest was cheerful, and in season gay;
 His frequent visits seldom fail'd to please;
 Easy himself, he sought his neighbour's ease;
 To a small garden with delight he came,
 And gave successive flowers a summer's fame;
 These he presented, with a grace his own,
 To his fair friends, and made their beauties known,
 Not without moral compliment; how they,
 "Like flowers were sweet, and must like flowers decay:"

Fiddling and fishing were his arts; at times
 He alter'd sermons, and he aimed at rhymes;
 And his fair friends, not yet intent on cards,
 Oft he amus'd with riddless and charades.'—
 'The rich approv'd—of them in awe he stood;
 The poor admir'd—they all believ'd him good;
 The old and serious of his habits spoke;
 The frank and youthful lov'd his pleasant joke;
 Mamma approv'd a safe contented guest,
 And miss a friend to back a small request;
 In him his flock found nothing to condemn;
 Him sectaries lik'd—he never troubled them;
 No trifles fail'd his yielding mind to please;
 And all his passions sunk in early ease.
 Nor one so old has left this world of sin,
 More like the being that he enter'd in.'

Sir Denys Brand, the proud, ostentatious, cold-hearted patron and benefactor of the Borough,—who planned the life-boat,—built the jail and the town-house,—and subscribed to all public charities, is also painted with very great spirit. The enumeration of his splendid benefactions, is closed with these lines—

'All these were great, but still our hearts approve
 Some simpler tokens of the Christian love.
 'Twould give me joy some gracious deed to meet,
 That has not call'd for glory through the street;
 Who felt for many, could not always shun,
 In some soft moment, to be kind to one:
 And yet they tell us, when *Sir Denys* died,
 That not a widow in the borough sigh'd:
 Great were his gifts; his mighty heart I own;
 But why describe what all the world has known?'

To the character of Blaney we have already objected, as offensive, from its extreme and impotent depravity. The first part of his history, however, is sketched with a masterly hand; and affords a good specimen of that sententious and antithetical manner by which Mr. Crabbe sometimes reminds us of the style and versification of Pope.

' *Blaney*, a wealthy heir at twenty-one,
 At twenty-five was ruin'd and undone;
 These years with grievous crimes we need not load,
 He found his ruin in the common road;
 Gam'd without skill, without inquiry bought,
 Lent without love, and borrow'd without thought.
 But, gay and handsome, he had soon the dower
 Of a kind, wealthy widow in his power;
 Then he aspir'd to loftier flights of vice,
 To singing harlots of enormous price:
 He took a jockey in his gig to buy
 A horse, so valued, that a duke was shy:
 To gain the plaudits of the knowing few,
 Gamblers and grooms, what would not *Blaney* do?—
 ' Cruel he was not—If he left his wife,
 He left her to her own pursuits in life;
 Deaf to reports, to all expenses blind,
 Profuse not just, and careless but not kind.'

Clelia is another worthless character that is drawn with infinite spirit, and a thorough knowledge of human nature. She began life as a sprightly, talking, flirting girl, who passed for a wit and a beauty in the half-bred circles of the Borough, and who, in laying herself out to entrap a youth of distinction, unfortunately fell a victim to his superior art, and forfeited her place in society. She then became the smart mistress of a dashing attorney—then tried to teach a school—lived as the favourite of an innkeeper—let lodgings—wrote novels—set up a toyshop—and, finally, was admitted into the almshouse. There is nothing very interesting, perhaps, in such a story; but the details of it show the wonderful accuracy of the author's observation of character, and give it, and many of his other pieces, a value of the same kind that some pictures are thought to derive from the truth and minuteness of the *anatomy* which they display. There is something original, too, and well conceived, in the tenacity with which he represents this frivolous person, as adhering to her paltry characteristics under every change of circumstances. The concluding view is as follows:

' Now friendless, sick and old, and wanting bread,
 The first-born tears of fallen pride were shed—

True, bitter tears; and yet that wounded pride,
 Among the poor, for poor distinctions sigh'd.
 Though now her tales were to her audience fit;
 Though loud her tones, and vulgar grown her wit;
 Though now her dress—(but let me not explain
 The piteous patch-work of the needy-vain,
 The flirtish form to coarse materials lent,
 And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent;)
 Though all within was sad, without was mean,—
 Still 'twas her wish, her comfort to be seen:
 She would to plays on lowest terms resort,
 Where once her box was to the beaux a court;
 And strange delight! to that same house, where she
 Join'd in the dance, all gayety and glee,
 Now with the menials crowding to the wall,
 She'd see, not share, the pleasures of the ball;
 And with degraded vanity unfold,
 How she too triumph'd in the years of old.
 Not quite correct in what she now relates,
 She alters persons, and she forges dates;
 And finding Memory's weaker help decay'd,
 She boldly calls Invention to her aid.'

The graphic powers of Mr. Crabbe, indeed, are too frequently wasted on unworthy subjects. There is not, perhaps, in all English poetry a more complete and highly finished piece of painting, than the following description of a vast old boarded room or ware-house, which was let out, it seems, in the Borough, as a kind of undivided lodging, for beggars and vagabonds of every description.—No Dutch painter ever presented an interior more distinctly to the eye, or ever gave half such a group to the imagination.

'That window view!—oil'd paper and old glass
 Stain the strong rays, which, though impeded, pass,
 And give a dusty warmth to that huge room,
 The conquer'd sunshine's melancholy gloom;
 When all those western rays, without so bright,
 Within become a ghastly glimmering light,
 As pale and faint upon the floor they fall,
 Or feebly gleam on the opposing wall:

'That floor, once oak, now piec'd with fir unplan'd,
Or, where not piec'd, in places bor'd and stain'd;
That wall once whiten'd, now an odious sight,
Stain'd with all hues, except its ancient white.

'Where'er the floor allows an even space,
Chalking and marks of various games have place;
Boys without foresight, pleas'd in halters swing;
On a fix'd hook men cast a flying ring;
While gin and snuff their female neighbours share,
And the black beverage in the fractur'd ware.

'On swinging shelf are things incongruous stor'd—
Scraps of their food,—the cards and cribbage-board,—
With pipes and pouches; while on peg below,
Hang a lost member's fiddle and its bow:
That still reminds them how he'd dance and play,
Ere sent untimely to the Convict's Bay.

'Here by a curtain, by a blanket there,
Are various beds conceal'd, but none with care;
Where some by day and some by night, as best
Suit their employments, seek uncertain rest;
The drowsy children at their pleasure creep
To the known crib, and there securely sleep.

'Each end contains a grate, and these beside
Are hung utensils for their boil'd and fry'd—
All us'd at any hour, by night, by day,
As suit the purse, the person, or the prey.

'Above the fire, the mantel-shelf contains
Of china-ware some poor unmatch'd remains;
There many a tea-cup's gaudy fragment stands,
All plac'd by Vanity's unwearied hands;
For here she lives, e'en here she looks about;
To find some small consoling objects out.

'High hung at either end, and next the wall,
Two ancient mirrors, show the forms of all.'

The following picture of a calm sea fog is by the same powerful hand:

'When all you see through densest fog is seen;
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or half-conceal'd some figure at the stern;

Boys who, on shore, to see the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern boatman grows his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.

'Tis pleasant then to view the nets float past,
Net after net till you have seen the last:
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
A boat comes gliding from an anchor'd ship,
Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
And their own tones, as labouring for the shore;
Those measur'd tones with which the scene agree,
And give a sadness to serenity.'

We add one other sketch of a similar character; which, though it be introduced as the haunt and accompaniment of a desponding spirit, is yet chiefly remarkable for the singular clearness and accuracy with which it represents the dull scenery of a common tide river. The author is speaking of a solitary and abandoned fisherman, who was compelled

At the same times the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low the mud half-covered and half-dry;
The sun burn'd tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks:
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

'When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below,
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, *Peter* chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace
How side-long crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race;
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull or clanging golden eye;

He nurst the feelings these dull scenes produce,
 And lov'd to stop beside the opening sluice;
 Where the small stream, confin'd in narrow bound,
 Ran with a dull, unvaried, sad'ning sound;
 Where all presented to the eye or ear,
 Oppress'd the soul! with misery, grief and fear.'

Under the head of Amusements, we have a spirited account of the danger and escape of a party of pleasure, who landed, in a fine evening, on a low sandy island, which was covered with the tide at high water, and were left upon it by the drifting away of their boat.

' On the bright sand they trod with nimble feet,
 Dry shelly sand that made the summer-seat;
 The wondering mews flew fluttering o'er their head,
 And waves ran softly up their shining bed.'

While engaged in their sports, they discover their boat floating at a distance, and are struck with instant terror.

Alas! no shout the distant land can reach,
 Nor eye behold them from the foggy beach;
 Again they join in one loud powerful cry,
 Then cease, and eager listen for reply,
 None came—the rising wind blew sadly by.
 They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
 To see how quickly flow'd the coming tide:
 Between each cry they find the waters steal
 On their strange prison, and new horrors feel:
 Foot after foot on the contracted ground
 The billows fall and dreadful is the sound;
 Less and yet less the sinking isle became,
 And there was wailing, weeping, wrath and blame.
 Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
 Who could observe, as he prepar'd to die,
 He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
 And trac'd the movement of each different mind:
 He might have seen that not the gentle maid
 Was more than stern and haughty man afraid,' &c.

' Now rose the water through the lessening sand,
 And they seem'd sinking while they yet could stand;
 The sun went down, they look'd from side to side,
 Nor aught except the gathering sea descri'd;

Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew,
 And the most lively bade to hope adieu:
 Children by love, then lifted from the seas,
 Felt not the water at the parents' knees,
 But wept aloud; the wind increas'd the sound,
 And the cold billows as they broke around.

—But hark! an oar,
 That sound of bliss! comes dashing to their shore;
 Still, still the water rises, "Haste!" they cry,
 "Oh hurry, seamen, in delay we die!"
 (Seamen were these who in their ship perceiv'd
 The drifted boat, and thus her crew reliev'd.)
 And now the keel just cuts the cover'd sand,
 Now to the gunwale stretches every hand;
 With trembling pleasure all confus'd embark,
 And kiss the tackling of their welcome ark;
 While the most giddy, as they reach the shore,
 Think of their danger, and their God adore.'

In the letter on Education, there are some fine descriptions of boarding schools for both sexes, and of the irksome and useless restraints which they impose on the bounding spirits and open affections of early youth. This is followed by some excellent remarks on the *ennui* which so often falls to the lot of the learned,—or that description at least of the learned that are bred in English universities. Mr. Crabbe takes a view of this envid character, in the only two stations in which he is likely to be placed,—either settled in a country living, or residing with honour as a fellow. In the first, he says, he is sure to be oppressed with his duties and his solitude, or unsuitable society.

' And though awhile his flock and dairy please,
 He soon reverts to former joys and ease,
 Glad when a friend shall come to break his rest,
 And speak of all the pleasures they possess,—
 Of masters, fellows, tutors, all with whom
 They shar'd those pleasures, never more to come;
 Till both conceive the times by bliss endear'd,
 Which once so dismal and so dull appear'd.
 ' But fix our scholar, and suppose him crown'd,
 With all the glory gain'd on classic ground;
 Suppose the world without a sigh resign'd,
 And to his college all his care confin'd;

- Give him all honours that such states allow,
 • • The freshman's terror and the tradesman's bow;
 Let his apartments with his taste agree,
 And all his views be those he loves to see;
 Let him each day behold the savoury treat,
 For which he pays not, but is paid to eat;
 These joys and glories soon delight no more,
 Although withheld, the mind is vex'd and sore.
 Unlike the prophet's is the scholar's case,
 His honour all is in his dwelling-place:
 And there such honours are familiar things,
 What is a monarch in a crowd of kings?
 Like other sovereigns he's by forms address,
 By statutes govern'd, and with rules oppress.
 When all these forms and duties die away,
 And the day passes like the former day,
 Then of exterior things at once bereft,
 He's to himself and one attendant left;
 Nay, John too goes: when nought of service more
 Remains for him, he gladly quits the door;
 And, as he whistles to the college-gate,
 He kindly pities his poor master's fate.
 ' Books cannot always please, however good;
 Minds are not ever craving for their food;
 But sleep will soon the weary soul prepare
 For cares to-morrow that were this day's care;
 For forms, for feasts, that sundry times have past,
 And formal feasts that will forever last.'

We have no longer left room for any considerable extracts: though we should have wished to lay before our readers some part of the picture of the sectaries,—the description of the inns,—the strolling players, and the clubs. The poor man's club, which partakes of the nature of a friendly society, is described with that good hearted indulgence, which marks all Mr. Crabbe's writings.

- ' The printed rules he guards in painted frame,
 And shows his children where to read his name,' &c.

In Ellen Orford, too, though the story partakes too much of those horrors which produce such an effect in his former poem of the Gipsy Woman, there is much genuine pathos, and much

fine observation of human character. This patient woman was seduced in early youth, and thus describes her desolation:

“ Ah! sad it was my burthen to sustain,
 “ When the least misery was the dread of pain;
 “ When I have grieving told him my disgrace,
 “ And plainly mark’d indifference in his face.
 “ Hard, with these fears and terrors to behold
 “ The cause of all, the faithless lover cold;
 “ Impatient grown at every wish denied,
 “ And barely civil; sooth’d and gratified;
 “ Peevish when urg’d to think of vows so strong,
 “ And angry when I spake of crime and wrong.”

We have now alluded, we believe, to what is best and most striking in this poem: and though we do not mean to quote any part of what we consider as less successful, we must say, that there are large portions of it which appear to us considerably inferior to most of the author's former productions. The letter on the *Election*, we look on as a complete failure, or at least as containing scarcely any thing of what it ought to have contained. The letters on Law and Physic, too, are tedious; and the general heads of Trades, Amusements, and Hospital Government, by no means amusing. The Parish Clerk, too, we find dull, and without effect; and have already given our opinion of Peter Grimes, Abel Keene, and Benbow. We are struck, also, with several omissions in the picture of a maritime borough. Mr. Crabbe might have made a great deal of a pressgang; and at all events, should have given us some wounded veteran sailors, and some voyages with tales of wonder from foreign lands.

The style of this poem is distinguished, like all Mr. Crabbe's other performances, by great force and compression of diction—a sort of sententious brevity, once thought essential to poetical composition, but of which he is now the only living example. But though this is almost an unvarying characteristic of his style, it appears to us that there is great variety, and even some degree of unsteadiness and inconsistency in the tone of his expression and versification. His taste seems scarcely to be sufficiently fixed and settled as to these essential particulars: and, along with a

certain quaint, broken, and harsh manner of his own, we think we can trace very frequent imitations of poets of the most opposite character. The following antithetical and half-punning lines of Pope, for instance:

‘Sleepless himself, to give his readers sleep;’

and—

‘Whose trifling pleases, and whom trifles please;’—

have evidently been copied by Mr. Crabbe in the following, and many others,—

‘And, in the restless ocean, seek for rest.’
 ‘Denying her who taught thee to deny.’
 ‘Scraping they liv’d, but not a scrap they gave.’
 ‘Bound for a friend, whom honour could not bind.’
 ‘Among the poor, for poor distinctions sigh’d.’

In the same way, the common, nicely balanced line of two members, which is so characteristic of the same author, has obviously been the model of our author in the following—

‘That we could wish, or vanity devise.’
 ‘Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope.’
 ‘Gloom to the night, and pressure to the chain,’

—and a great multitude of others.

On the other hand, he appears to us to be frequently misled by Darwin into a sort of mock-heroic magnificence, upon ordinary occasions. The poet of the Garden, for instance, makes his nymphs

‘Present the fragrant quintessence of tea.’

And the poet of the Dock-yards makes his carpenters

‘Spread the warm pungence of o’erboiling tar.’

Mr. Crabbe, indeed, does not scruple, on some occasions, to adopt the mock-heroic in good earnest. When the landlord of the Griffin becomes bankrupt, he says—

‘Th’ insolvent Griffin struck her wings sublime.’

and introduces a very serious lamentation over the learned poverty of the curate, with this most misplaced piece of buffoonery—

‘ Oh! had he learn’d to make the wig he wears!’

One of his letters, too, begins with this wretched quibble—

‘ From Law to Physic stepping at our ease,
We find a way to finish—by *degrees*.

There are many imitations of the peculiar rhythm of Goldsmith and Campbell, too, as our readers must have observed in some of our longer specimens; but these, though they do not always make a very harmonious combination, are better, at all events, than the tame heaviness and vulgarity of such verses as the following:

————— ‘ As soon
Could he have thought gold issued from the moon.’
‘ A seaman’s body—*there ’ll be more to-night.*’
‘ Those who will not to any guide submit,
Nor find one creed to their conceptions fit—
True *Independents*: while they *Calvin* hate,
They heed as little what *Socinians* state.’
‘ Here pits of crag, with spongy, plashy base,
To some enrich th’ uncultivated space,’ &c. &c.

Of the sudden, harsh turns, and broken conciseness which we think peculiar to himself, the reader may take the following specimens—

‘ Has your wife’s brother or your uncle’s son,
Done ought amiss; or is he thought t’have done?’
‘ Stepping from post to post he reach’d the chair;
And there he now reposes:—that’s the Mayor.’

He has a sort of jingle, too, which we think is of his own invention; for instance:

‘ For forms and feasts that sundry times have past,
And formal feasts that will forever last.’
‘ We term it free and easy; and yet we
Find it no easy matter to be free.’

We had more remarks to make upon the taste and diction of this author; and had noted several other little blemishes, which we meant to have pointed out for his correction: but we have no longer room for such minute criticism,—from which, indeed, neither the author nor the reader would be likely to derive any great benefit. We take our leave of Mr. Crabbe, therefore, by expressing our hopes that, since it is proved that he *can* write fast, he will not allow his powers to languish for want of exercise; and that we shall soon see him again repaying the public approbation, by entitling himself to a still larger share of it. An author generally knows his own forte so much better than any of his readers, that it is commonly a very foolish kind of presumption to offer any advice as to the direction of his efforts; but we own we have a very strong desire to see Mr. Crabbe apply his great powers to the construction of some interesting and connected story. He has great talents for narration; and that unrivalled gift in the delineation of character which is now used only for the creation of detached portraits, might be turned to admirable account in maintaining the interest, and enhancing the probability of an extended train of adventures. At present, it is impossible not to regret, that so much genius should be wasted in making us perfectly acquainted with individuals, of whom we are to know nothing but the characters. In such a poem, however, Mr. Crabbe must entirely lay aside the sarcastic and jocose style to which he has rather too great a propensity; but which we know, from what he has done in *sir Eustace Grey*, that he can, when he pleases, entirely relinquish. That very powerful and original performance, indeed, the chief fault of which is, to be set too thick with images,—to be too strong and undiluted, in short, for the digestion of common readers,—makes us regret that its author should ever have stooped to be trifling and ingenious,—or condescended to tickle the imaginations of his readers, instead of touching the higher passions of their nature.

THE POLITE SCHOLAR.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHEN I was but a boy of eleven years, and had full permission to roam, at will, through an indulgent mother's well chosen library, I was, at that tender age, fascinated by the bewitching graces of Mr. Hume's historical composition. I never can forget the delight I experienced in perusing his narrative of the reign of Henry I of England, who, as every one knows, was surnamed Beauclerc, or the polite scholar. This circumstance produced, I hope, certain salutary associations. After reading, with intense pleasure, the life of this lettered prince, I fell into a train of reflections, of which the conclusion was, that though it was impossible to become a monarch, by any arts, or by any arms, which I could employ, yet nevertheless I might possibly, by zeal and diligence, in aid of a very moderate capacity, become, at first, a tolerable, and, in process of time, perhaps, a polite scholar. This freakish vagary aroused all my ambition. While my playmates were disporting themselves by the driving of hoops and the kicking of footballs; and while my school-fellows were gazing upon multiplication tables, and tracing the crampest characters in penmanship, my whole soul was engrossed by Spenser and Shakspear. I had a prodigious partiality for periodical papers; an eastern tale would detain me from my dinner, and the Arabian Nights robbed me of all my repose.

This idle humour, as my worldly friends denominate it, has become, at length, inveterate; and, at forty, I find myself more in love with the gayer muses than ever. These charmers, with a pleasing sorcery, detain me, most effectually, from all the pursuits of avarice or ambition. I never yet pulled off my hat to the populace for the sake of their suffrages to office, nor would I *run to the Indies*, like the merchant in Horace, even had I a moral assurance of acquiring, with ease and safety, a fortune sufficient to maintain the establishment of twenty nabobs. Content in my cloister, with a few favourite authors, and still fewer doits and ducats, I strive to make a liberal economy supply the want of riches, and explore *my* mines of treasure in the Bible, Milton and Cowper.

It is now my humour, sometimes, to impart a little of my stock to others. But I make no magnificent promises; and he who expects much from me, will inevitably be disappointed. The German *Illustriissimi run ye off*, as Ned Search says, a ponderous volume in a breath. But I have not their secret either of erudition or tediousness. What I shall, from time to time utter, will be brief enough; but my extracts from the most admirable authors shall satisfy every reasonable reader. For your polite scholar, especially in these degenerate days, is extremely prone to terrible fits of yawning and lassitude; which though they do not prevent him from turning over all sorts of pages, sadly interrupt the progress of his own pen.

As a professed lounge, therefore, I make no very positive engagements, because the small share of self-knowledge I possess convinces me that I shall be apt to break them. However, the friends to this humble undertaking, if, peradventure, I should have any, may be assured that I will endeavour not to forget the duties and decorum of my title; and that to the quantum of information I may impart I shall add all the urbanity in my power. I will not thrust an author into my reader's presence without the formality of an introduction. I will sometimes make a complimentary speech or two; and, although I have no dancing master's attitudes, yet I shall always salute the gentle and the courteous with my lowest bow and kindest greeting.

Charles Butler, who has distinguished himself by his profound researches among the more recondite tomes of jurisprudence, has lately published a very interesting biography of the amiable Fenelon. Of the correctness of our author's opinion respecting the most popular of the archbishop of Cambray's writings we cannot entertain a doubt. Telemachus has always appeared to us rather an insipid character, and in the epic, which bears his name, there is a great deal of wofully tedious stuff, like the drowsy prosing of some of Sam Richardson's immaculate heroines.

As a composition, Telemachus has received its full measure of praise. It is eminently defective in unity of design, abounds with unnecessary details, and is often prosaic. Its moral is oftener taught by long discourses than by action, the proper vehicle of moral in an epic poem; and it contains more of profane

love than might be expected from a man of prayer, always writing at the foot of the cross; but it abounds, with passages of exquisite beauty, and contains some of true sublimity. A soft tinge of poetic, and, it may be said, of religious melancholy, is shed over the whole, which seems to elevate it to real poetry, gives it an indescribable charm, and interests the reader both for the author and his hero. We find, by M. de Bausset, that Mentor's apology to Telemachus, for the faults of kings, was inserted in the manuscript, long after the first edition of the work, and, consequently long after

The haughty Bourbon's unrelenting hate,—DRYDEN.

had sealed the doom of the author.

It is a memorable and a curious circumstance that immediately on the appearance of this epic, it was supposed to contain an intentional and pointed satire of Lewis the fourteenth, his court, and his government. Calypso was supposed to be the marchioness of Montespan; Eucharis, Mademoiselle de Fontanges; Telemachus, the duke of Burgundy; Mentor, the duke of Beauvilliers; Antiopé, the duchess of Burgundy; Protesilaus, Louvois; Idomeneus, king James the second; and Sesostris, Lewis the fourteenth. It does not, however appear, and Fenelon himself always denied, that in the composition of the work he intended to portray these objects, or intended to lead the attention of his readers to them: but it is easy to suppose that, as he unavoidably wrote under a strong impression of what immediately passed under his eye, the work would contain a more striking resemblance of the scenes passing before him and of the principal actors, than it would have discovered, if the author had lived at a distance. Admitting, however, that no such individual resemblance was intended, or can be fairly traced in Telemachus, still it contained enough to excite the monarch's highest displeasure. The disrespectful mention, which is made, in every part of it, of ambition, of extensive conquests, of military fame, of magnificence, and of almost every thing else, which Lewis the fourteenth considered as the glory of his reign, could not but prejudice the monarch against the writer. When the former reflected that it was the production of one, on whom he had conferred splendid marks of his fa-

your, he could not but think the publication an act of ingratitude, when he recollected that the preceptor had probably instilled the principles of the work, into the heir of the throne, the preceptor would naturally become an object of personal hatred; and these feelings would be much aggravated by the reception which the work met with, in the countries whom Lewis viewed as his natural enemies, and who soon after confederated for the destruction of him and his family.

In the monarch's general dislike of the work, madame de Maintenon unavoidably shared, and as the king suspected her of a partiality to Fenelon, her interest required that she should take every opportunity of expressing her disapprobation of the author, and that she should be forward in condemning the offending work. This was soon perceived by the courtiers: they quickly saw that Telemachus was never to be mentioned. Fenelon was a member of the French Academy. When his successor was received into it, both his successor and the member who presided at that sitting of the academy, pronounced an eulogium on Fenelon, and praised his other works, but neither of them mentioned Telemachus.

Since we have detailed so many particulars respecting an illustrious prelate, it will not appear impertinent to the *polite* reader to notice some of the other works of Fenelon, and to exhibit a general view of his literary character.

All his writings show much grandeur and delicacy of sentiment, great fertility of genius, a correct taste, and exquisite sensibility. The poetical character appears in them all; but generally it is poetry descended from the heavens to converse familiarly with man, and lead him by her sweetest and simplest strains to virtue and happiness. By assiduous study, the works of the best writers of antiquity became familiar to him; he imbibed their spirit and his intimate acquaintance with their writings, was his resource in every vicissitude in his life, his ornament in prosperity, his solace in adverse fortune, and, in a memorable contest, in which every thing dear to him was involved, the charm which it spread over his writings enabled him to divide the world in his favour, against his potent adversary.

He appears to have formed himself more on the Greek than

on the Roman model. All the good writers of antiquity are far removed from the extremes of simplicity and refinement; but the Greek, by their greater simplicity, have an evident advantage over the Roman. The writings of Fenelon, when quietism did not entangle him in its refinements, are distinguished by simplicity both of sentiment and expression. Without appearing to be measured, his periods are mellifluous, and, by a profusion, sometimes perhaps carried to excess, of the little connective words, which the French language possesses much more than the English, but in no proportion to the Greek, each of his sentences always leads to the following; and harmonizes with it in both sense and sound. His *Telemachus* and his replies to Bossuet contain many passages of great splendour and pathos; but their greatest beauty is their tender simplicity. This attached every reader to him, and gave Bossuet those sleepless nights which he ingenuously owned. The greatest fault in his writings is, that they abound with what, in music, is called *Rosalia*, a repetition of the same idea in the next higher notes.

After *Telemachus*, the principal literary work of Fenelon is, his *Dialogues sur l'éloquence en general, et sur celle de la chaire en particulier*: it was published after his death. The chief aim of it is to show, that the real object of eloquence is to excite in the auditors virtuous and noble sentiments, and to impel them to generous and virtuous deeds; and that when eloquence falls short of this it fails of its end. He particularly applies this observation to the eloquence of the pulpit.

On popular oratory he observes, that the first thing to be required of a public speaker is that he should be a virtuous man; this, he pronounces to be indispensable to the success of his eloquence. He asks "how is a mercenary and ambitious orator to cure his country of corruption and ambition." If riches are his aim, how is he to correct the venality of his countrymen. "I know," says Fenelon, that a virtuous and disinterested orator should not be permitted to want the necessities of life; but let him put himself in the way of not wanting them; let his manners be simple, unpretending, frugal and laborious; if necessary let him work with his own hands for his subsistence. The public may confer honours on him, may invest him with authority: but

if he is master of his passions, if he is really disinterested, he will never make any use of his authority for his private advantage; he will always be ready to resign it, when he cannot preserve it without dissimulation and flattery. To persuade the people, an orator should be incorruptible: his eloquence and talents will otherwise ruin the state. Where a man has his fortune in view, he must please every one, and manage every one; how is such a man to obtain an ascendant over his countrymen? Does he seek riches? let him embrace some of the professions, by which riches are required, but let him not make his speeches in the public cause the means of acquiring them.

Fenelon observes of Cicero "that the speeches which he made, while he was young, rather amuse the mind than move the heart; that he seems rather occupied by a wish of exciting admiration, than by his client's cause; yet that even in the most flowing of these harrangues, he shows great talents of persuasion and of moving the passions. But it is in the harrangues, which he made in the cause of the republic, when he was advanced in life, that he appears to the greatest advantage. Then experience in affairs of magnitude, the love of liberty, and the view of the dangers which surrounded him, raised him to efforts worthy of a great orator. When he is to support the cause of dying Liberty; to animate the republic against Antony, you have no longer a play of words, no longer an antithesis; then he is negligent, and finds in nature all that is wanting to seize, to animate, to carry off his hearers.

Of antithesis, the bane of modern writings, our illustrious prelate observes:—"I do not absolutely proscribe antithesis, when the things to be expressed are naturally opposed to each other, it is proper to mark their opposition. There antithesis is the natural and simple form of expression, but to go out of the way to form batteries of words is puerile."

In the same work Fenelon observes, that to a perfect intelligence of the sacred scriptures, some previous acquaintance with the works of Homer, Plato, Xenophon, and other celebrated writers of antiquity is absolutely necessary. After this the scripture, he says, will no longer surprize. The same customs, the same mode of narrative, the same splendid imagery, the same

pathetic touches are found in each. Where they differ, the advantage is wholly on the side of scripture; it infinitely surpasses all the writers of antiquity, in simplicity, in spirit, in grandeur. Homer himself never approaches the sublimity of the canticles of Moses; of that canticle, in particular, which all the children of Israel were obliged to learn by heart. No Greek or Latin poetry is comparable to the psalms. That which begins "the God of Gods, the Lord hath spoken, and hath called up the earth," exceeds whatever human imagination has produced. Neither Homer, nor any other poet equals Isaiah, in describing the majesty of God, in whose presence empires are as a grain of sand, and the whole universe as a tent, which to-day is set up and removed to-morrow. Sometimes, as when he paints the charms of peace, Isaiah has the softness and sweetness of an eclogue; at others, he soars above mortal conception. But what is there in profane antiquity comparable to the wailings of Jeremiah, when he mourns over the calamities of his people? or to Nahum when he foresees, in spirit, the downfall of Nineveh, under the assault of an innumerable army. We almost behold the formidable host and hear the arms and the chariots. Read Daniel denouncing to Belshazzar the vengeance of God ready to fall upon him. Compare it with the most sublime passages of pagan antiquity; you will find nothing comparable to it. It must be added that, in the scriptures every thing sustains itself; whether we consider the historical, the legal, or the poetical part of it, the proper character appears in all.

On the writings of the ancient Fathers, he has the following judicious observations. Some well informed persons have not always done to the Fathers the justice due to them. They seem to have formed their opinion by a harsh metaphor of Tertullian, a swollen period of St. Cyprian, an obscure passage of St. Ambrose, a jingling antitheses of St. Augustin, or a quibble of St. Peter Chrysologus. But we ought to consider how much the Fathers were necessarily influenced by the generally depraved taste of the times in which they lived. Good taste began to decay at Rome soon after the Augustan age. Juvenal has less delicacy than Horace; both Seneca the tragedian, and Lucan, have a turgid and disagreeable style. In Greece, attic literature

had fallen into neglect, before St. Paul or St. Gregory Nazianzen wrote. A kind of minute scholastic subtlety had taken place of sound taste and judgment. The Fathers were generally educated by the wrangling rhetoricians of the day, and naturally fell into the general manner, though they seem continually to struggle against it. To speak in a simple and natural manner was then generally esteemed a fault: declamation, not eloquence, was the leading object. But if we bestow on the writings of the Fathers an impartial and patient perusal, we shall discover in them pearls of inestimable value. St. Cyprian possesses a greatness of spirit and a vehemence resembling those qualities in Demosthenes. We find in St. Chrysostom an exquisite judgment, noble images, a sensitive and amiable morality. St. Augustin is at once sublime and popular; he rises into dignity, by the most simple expressions. He converses, he interrogates, he answers. It is a colloquy between him and his hearers.—His similes illuminate his topics. In a barbarous age, St. Bernard was a prodigy. We find in him delicacy, elevation, sentiment, tenderness and vehemence. We shall be astonished at the beauty and grandeur which we meet in the fathers, if we take into consideration the times in which they wrote. We readily pardon the pompous diction of Montaigne, and the obsolete style of Marot; why not show the same indulgence to the Fathers? Why not ascribe their defects to the defects of the age in which they lived?

The *letters* of Fenelon have been generally admired; they appear to have been chiefly written on the impulse of the moment, without study, and without the least view to publication. The greater part of them are on subjects of piety; but many of them are addressed to persons in public situations, or engaged in the ordinary affairs of life, and abound with profound and delicate observations. "What you have most to fear," he writes to a young nobleman, "is idleness and dissipation. Idleness is as prejudicial in the world as it is criminal before God. An effeminate and indolent man must always be a contemptible creature. If in an elevated station, he is sure to disgrace it. If he has the most brilliant talents, idleness prevents his making any use of them. He cannot cultivate them, or acquire the information

wanted for the proper discharge of his duties, or make necessary exertions, or accommodate himself, for any length of time, to those whom it is his duty, or his interest to conciliate. For such a character what can be done? Business perplexes, and serious study wearies him. Military duty interrupts his pleasures, attendance on the great is in perfect warfare with his sluggishness. Pride alone should make such a being insupportable even to himself. Beware of a life so shameful. At court, with the king, in the army among the generals; in whatever situation you may be, exert yourself to behave with urbanity. Endeavour to acquire that politeness, which shows a respectful deference to every one. Away with all airs of dignity, of affectation, of bustle; learn to behave to every one according to his rank, his reputation, his merit, and his fame. Give to merit, esteem; to talents, attachment; to rank and titles, civility and ceremony. A seclusion from the world to indulge in idleness is dishonourable; but a retirement employed in acts of duty, or professional exertions, acquires general esteem. As to general acquaintance, consider them as a kind of imperfect friends, upon whom you should not rely; and whom except from urgent necessity, you should never trust; but you should serve them as opportunity offers, and endeavour to lay them under obligations to you.

“As to true friends, choose them with care. Their number must necessarily be small. Have no friend who does not fear God, and who is not wholly governed by the truths of religion. To friends like these open your heart without reserve, and keep nothing secret from them except the secrets of others.”

Soon after Fenelon was appointed preceptor of the royal princes, he was elected a member of the French academy.—Conformably to an established rule of that institution, he pronounced a discourse before the academy on his reception. Few discourses pronounced on these occasions, have survived the day of their delivery. Fenelon's was generally admired; the authors of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, (vol. 19, p. 54.) spoke of it in terms of great commendation. In one part of it, Fenelon illustrates by an ingenious comparison, what should be a great object of every writer, in the general ordonnance of his work: “The beauties of a literary composition,” he says, “should re-

semble those of architecture; the boldest works are not always the best. No part of an edifice should be constructed with a view to its own particular beauty; each should be constructed with a view to the strength and beauty of the whole."

When the academy projected their dictionary, they directed M. Dacier, their secretary, to communicate the plan of it to Fenelon, and to request his thoughts on the design, and the best mode of carrying it into execution. Fenelon replied by a letter, published after his decease with the title *Lettre à l'academie Française*. He does not confine himself to the particular point to which his attention was called by the academy, but throws out many general observations, replete with judgment and taste, on the actual state of literature in France. His remarks on French poetry are interesting, and show that, in a very advanced age, his soul was still wedded to immortal verse. He admits the imperfection of the heroic poetry of his countrymen. "Our versification," he says in this letter, "loses, if I am not deceived, much more than it gains by rhyme. It loses much of its vivacity, its harmony, and its ease. It frequently happens that the rhyme, which has cost the poet so much labour, reduces him to the necessity of extending and weakening his period. He is often forced to employ two or three superfluous verses, for the sake of one, which he particularly wishes to introduce. We are scrupulous in the choice of rhymes, and anxiously seek for those, which are thought to be rich; but we are not as scrupulous as we should be about solidity of thought and sentiment, clearness of expression, natural arrangement, and dignity of language. By rhyme we gain little, except an irksome uniformity of cadence, which is so far from being grateful to the ear, that we carefully avoid it in prose. The repetition of final syllables fatigues us in heroic verse. There is more harmony in those odes and stanzas, in which the rhymes are irregularly arranged; but our grand heroic strains, which require the most harmonious, the most varied, and the most majestic sound, frequently consist of verses, which have no pretence to perfection."

We cannot conclude this article, which has swelled almost to prolixity, without the transcription of an eulogium, which is as eloquent as that Genius whom it so nobly commends.

With the name of Fenelon the most pleasing ideas are associated. To singular elevation both of genius and sentiment, he united extreme modesty and simplicity; unconquerably firm in every thing which he considered a duty, he displayed, both on great and ordinary occasions a meekness, which nothing could discompose. In the midst of a voluptuous court, he practised the virtues of an anchorite; equally humble and elegant, severe to himself and indulgent to others; a mysterious holiness hangs on his character and attracts our veneration, while his misfortunes shed over him a tinge of distress, which excites our tenderest sympathy.

From many occurrences of Fenelon's life, it might be natural to expect that, in the administration of his diocese, he would err by excess of zeal; but from this defect, no one was ever more free. To perform every kind of liberal and generous service, to abstain from unnecessary acts of authority, to avoid every display of ostentation, to correct by meekness and moderation, what was culpable; to improve with prudence and sobriety what was good, and always to keep himself and his own exertions, from the public eye, was the uniform tenor of his conduct.—During the fifteen years in which he governed his diocese, his administration was uniformly wise and gentle; between him and his flock, his chapter and his clergy, there never was even the semblance of discord. He allowed himself a short time for sleep, rose at an early hour, gave some time to prayer and pious meditation, and then arranged with one of his grand vicars the employments of the day. Unless engaged in the offices of devotion, he was accessible at all hours. His only recreation was to walk in the garden or in the open country. His letters, like those of Cicero, often express the satisfaction which he felt in retiring after the agitation and hurry of business to the simple and interesting scenes of nature. By their stillness and calm, any ruffle of the day was quickly smoothed, and his mind, wearied by study or business, soon recovered its freshness and elasticity. There too his piety was often invigorated. "The country," he says in one of his letters, "delights me. In the midst of it I find God's holy peace." In his rural walks with his friends, his conversation was particularly instructive and pleasing. This cir-

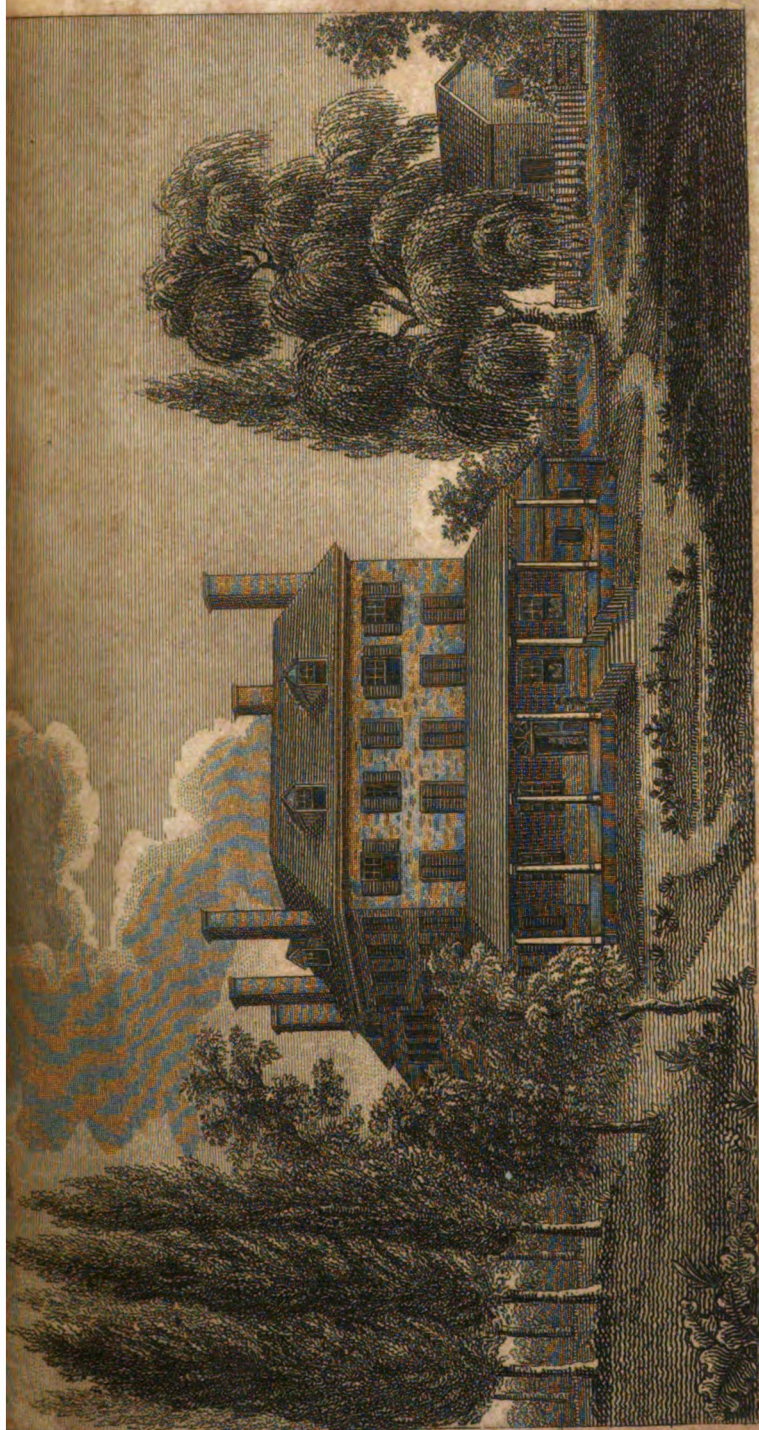
cumstance is frequently mentioned by his contemporaries. No person, says the duke de St. Simon, ever possessed in a higher degree the talent of gay and fascinating converse. It was perfectly enchanting. His mild piety troubled none, and was respected by all. No one felt his superiority; every one found him on his own level. If you quitted him for a moment, you instantly ran back to him. In fine, as the climax of his character, when he died, in a good old age, he was bewailed both by the romanist and the protestant, and left behind him a spotless reputation for the integrity of his life and the brilliancy of his genius.

CLERMONT SEMINARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DURING the atrocities of a sanguinary revolution, the ill-fated island of St. Domingo, was doomed to be deformed by all its horrors. Originally blest both by nature and fortune, and proud of her serene sky, her balmy air, and her golden fruitage, she might justly exclaim, I sit the QUEEN of the isles, and there is none beside me.

But in one day, in the pathetic language of the poet, the gold became dross, and the most fine gold was changed to rags. African Servitude, revolting against the oppressor, confounded innocence with Guilt, and destroyed every vestige of Utility, Liberty, and Grandeur.

In those mournful vicissitudes of evil, which ultimately cost the blood and treasure of thousands, two gentlemen of property and consideration, by the name of Carré, were the victims of persecution. They found an asylum in America. Here, with a courage, truly Roman, instead of bending before the blasts of adversity, instead of shrinking from the shadow of a chimney in the chimney corner of Indolence, they resolved to mitigate the malice of Fortune, by the more powerful efforts of mind. Endowed with learning and talents,



Clermont Seminary, near Philadelphia.

and perseverance, they began, as it were, life anew, and being thrown *naked into its amphitheatre*, they *wrestled* with the adversary, in the genuine *spirit* of gladiators.

Of all the pursuits in which men of liberal knowledge, but of limited property may engage, none is nobler than the instruction of youth, in those moral, religious, and literary principles, which adorn humanity. Here was a fair field open to our adventurers; nor did they hesitate to *thrust in the sickle*.

Patronized by a few gentlemen of spirit and fortune, who were moreover, solicitous for the welfare of the rising generation, Messieurs Carré opened a liberal seminary, in the immediate vicinity of this metropolis. The building, selected for this purpose, is airy and ample. It is delightfully situated on the Frankford road to Germantown, about four miles from Philadelphia. Its site is lofty, and it commands an extended and enchanting prospect. The salubrity of the air, the liberty of the pleasure grounds, and the charms of the landscape, all contribute to the health and comfort of the pupil.

Of this interesting academy we have attempted to impart an accurate idea, by the aid of our engraver. His delineation is spirited and faithful, and the annexed plate will convince the most incredulous, that Wisdom, Genius, and Application may be much worse lodged than in this elegant mansion.

The judicious plans of Messrs. Carré are so well known, that it might seem impertinent to expatiate upon their modes of instruction. It is sufficient to say, that these gentlemen are true disciples of Nature, Experience and Philosophy. Disdaining mountebank pretension, and all the artifices of braggart promise, they silently and modestly accomplish what others only *talk* of. Their mode of teaching, though, in some respects new, is perfectly regular and simple. The character and extent of each lesson is proportioned to the pupil's powers. Literary Enthusiasm is awakened, illiberal Envy is checked, and generous Emulation encouraged. In short, the success of Messrs. Carré's scheme is the true test of its utility. Their discipline is rigid without austerity, and their care, paternal without partialities. The rules of politeness and good breeding are inculcated, as well as the rules of grammar, and a just reliance may be confi-

dently placed upon the zeal and ability of enlightened instructors, who from Youth to Age have devoted their time to the culture of letters, and who, by the sweets of study and solitude, wisely console themselves for all the vindictiveness of Adversity.

Philadelphia, October 20, 1810.

J. D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The pages of our Journal have, in more than one instance, been enriched with the eloquent Charges which are annually delivered by the principal of the Philadelphia Academy. To these productions, though sometimes of a size not altogether adapted to our narrow limits, we have never hesitated to give a prompt and conspicuous insertion, because we were persuaded that such admirable specimens of an extremely difficult species of composition could not fail to be well received by our readers.

We cannot permit so very appropriate an occasion as the present to escape, without again inviting attention to the Institution over which Dr. Abercrombie presides, with so much credit to himself, and such decisive utility to the public. It is our deliberate opinion, and we speak from no slender intelligence, that as a school for the elementary branches of education, this seminary has no superior in the United States; whether we regard the liberality of its plan, the excellence of its discipline, or the rare and peculiar talents for the instruction and government of youth, which are united in its very accomplished Director.

A CHARGE

Containing hortatory observations on the value of time; delivered at a public commencement, July 26, 1810, to the senior class of the Philadelphia Academy, upon their having completed the course of study prescribed by that Institution.

BY JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

One of the Assistant Ministers of Christ-Church, St. Peter's, and St. James's, and Director of the Academy.

"Tempus ager meus." Cardan.

"On all important Time, through every age,
Though much and warn the wise have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour."

Young's N. T. & 2. l. 66.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

In the wide range of appropriate subjects which present themselves, on this occasion, as suited to a valedictory address,

I know of none which will admit of more condensation of practical precept and sentiment, within such prescribed limits as I have assigned myself, than that of the inestimable value of *Time*. And, I think, by stating to you the importance of some of those leading duties in the discharge of which your time should be uniformly employed, I shall the most effectually excite in your minds a just sense of its value. I have said, within such prescribed limits as I have assigned myself; for, on former similar occasions, my addresses have been thought to trespass too much upon the time and attention of the audience, after the various exercises in Elocution which had been exhibited by the class. Besides, as those addresses have always been published, the precepts and observations in each may be considered as equally applicable to you, with those which I propose now to offer upon a somewhat different, though not less interesting subject.

"It is recorded," says Dr. Johnson, "of a celebrated Italian philosopher, that he expressed in his motto, that *Time was his estate*; an estate, continues he, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation: but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use."

Were the brevity and uncertainty of human life duly considered, that invaluable talent *Time* would be cherished with the most assiduous care, and its silent and irrevocable lapse be uniformly marked with the most incontestable attestations of diligent exertion and unwearied improvement.

That you, my young friends, may avoid, while borne upon its rapid current, the dangerous rocks of indolence, of ignorance, and vice, on which so many have made shipwreck of their present and future happiness, I now raise my warning voice.

As rational beings we are accountable for our conduct to that great and good Creator, who hath not only given us existence, but free will; the faculty of distinguishing between moral good and evil; and a revelation how we should act in order to obtain his approbation, and a consequent future reward for our obedience. He hath limited our present mode of existence to a few

swiftly revolving years; and, during that short period, hath enjoined the diligent performance of certain duties, some of which are of *general* obligation, and others *peculiarly* attached to every different period of age, and every station of human life.

Of these various appointments, it is my present intention to point out the most important of those which appertain to *your* time of life, and relative situation in society.

The most obvious and imperious duty which you have hitherto been called upon to discharge, is a *uniform and implicit obedience to your parents*. Their natural affection for you, and consequent anxiety to promote your real welfare, and their experience in the manners, principles, and practices of the world, enable them not only to *know* what is best, but insure their fidelity to *chuse* what is best, for the promotion of your true interest, comfort, and reputation.

Inexpressible are the obligations you are under to them, for the solicitude with which they cherished and protected your helpless infancy; the assiduous tenderness and vigilance with which you were nurtured by them during the ignorance and imbecility of childhood, and the increasing anxiety and care which grew with your growth, and strengthened with your strength; and for that disinterested and affectionate attachment with which they now look forward to the completion of your education, and your establishment in general society, as useful and ornamental members.

Let an active and constant sense of these disinterested and inestimable benefits induce, on your parts, the most grateful, affectionate, and unremitted attention to them. Be ever ready not only to comply with, but if possible to anticipate their wishes; and uniformly endeavour, by implicit obedience and tender assiduity, to render yourselves a comfort and a blessing to them; the solace and support both of their meridian and declining life: during which *latter* period the infirmities of decaying nature may frequently require you not only to sacrifice your inclination, but, in many instances, your convenience, your interest, and your comfort. Gladly therefore embrace *such* occasions of testifying the sincerity and ardour of your filial affection; remembering not only the injunction and the promise contained in the fifth com-

mandment of the Decalogue, and those in the New Testament, but also that of Solomon, the wisest of men: "My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth; and if his understanding fail have patience with him, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength: for in the day of thine affliction it shall be remembered, and thy sins shall melt away as the ice in the fair warm weather. But he who forsaketh his father is as a blasphemer; and he who angereth his mother is cursed of God:"* remembering also, that should life be spared, in a few years, you yourselves must in turn experience the infirmities of age, and will look around for, and expect from your own children, that care and consolation which now perhaps,

"With hard reluctance, faint, ye give."

The next important duty, which calls upon you for vigilance and activity, is *diligence in acquiring knowledge*. As every period of human life has its peculiar duties annexed to it, it has also certain advantages resulting from the performance of them. Youth is the season for obtaining the elementary principles of science; manhood and maturity for applying and expanding them in the exercise of some useful profession. The deeper, therefore, and broader the foundation is, the more splendid, accommodating, and useful, will be the edifice which it consolidates and supports. He who loiters and wastes his youthful hours in indolence, in folly, or in vice, will assuredly not only remain ignorant of the true enjoyment of life, but render himself, when arrived to manhood, burdensome and offensive to society; and find the remnant of his days embittered by the pangs of remorse, the excruciating consciousness of murdered, misspent time, and the just apprehension of merited punishment in a future state, for the wilful neglect and abuse of so inestimable a talent. And these "compunctious visitings of nature" will be accompanied by the contempt of the industrious, the censure of the virtuous, the ridicule of the profligate, and the execrations of the profane.

* Ecclus. 3 c. 12 v.

Suffer not therefore the passing hour, like an undulation of the river's current, to roll onward into the ocean of eternity, without bearing upon its bosom a testimony of your serious and active attention to its rapid and eventful course. Resolutely determine, and use every exertion, to render each hour a messenger of peace; and, in imitation of the patriarch Jacob, strive to

"Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee."

Remember that to the leisure and hilarity of youth, unburdened by solicitude, will succeed the cares, the anxieties, the disappointments, and vexations of business, and social intercourse; when the mind will be too much engaged in the acquisition of worldly wealth, or the means of obtaining corporal subsistence and luxurious ease, to attend to intellectual attainments with that unfettered earnestness, which the native ardour and unoccupied freedom of *early* life inspire.

Be assured that wisdom is the truest wealth. The youth who diligently improves his time, and enriches his mind with useful knowledge, provides for himself an impenetrable shield against the arrows of adversity; for, besides the means which it always supplies of obtaining a competent and honourable subsistence, it naturally expands the mind and invigorates by exercise its powers; thereby qualifying it to sustain with composure the pressure of misfortune, to exhilarate and adorn prosperity, and to communicate instruction and entertainment to all around.

Riches may be dispersed by accident, or wasted by imprudence, extravagance, or folly; but Learning is an inexhaustible treasure, which, so long as the faculties of the mind remain unimpaired, cannot fail to sooth and to delight its possessor. Persevere then, I entreat you, in the course of industrious application which you have so long observed in this Institution, and which has this day enabled you to obtain the approbation and applause of this large, judicious, and respectable audience. The knowledge you have acquired of English Grammar, of the principles of Composition, of Elocution, Natural History, Geography, Logic, and the other branches of our established course, (of which you have given ample proof by your late public examination) will, if improved by future attention and expansion, qualify you to

become both useful and ornamental members of society, even if you do not pursue academical studies any further; and, if you continue them, in acquiring a knowledge of the learned languages, and in passing through a college or university, you will find that in such a course of English education, you have laid the most solid and useful foundation for what is called a liberal education: and you will enter upon the study of other languages, with the great advantage of having previously studied and become acquainted with your own. Unwearied attention, however, is yet necessary: for, if you remit your diligence in the pursuit of knowledge, and neglect to review and frequently to call to mind the principles here inculcated, you will observe their influence gradually lessen, and finally fade away, and become extinct in your minds. The habits of study you have here acquired must be supported and cherished, in a degree at least, after your emancipation from the discipline of this Institution. Beware of idleness, and resolutely resist her fascinating yet delusive charms: for, if once you submit to the paralyzing influence of her Circean cup, like the companions of Ulysses of old, you will assuredly be degraded to the level of irrational beings, directed by the grovelling impulse of blind instinct, instead of the ennobling and animating dictates of sound reason. If once you suffer yourselves to be ensnared within her toils, adieu to improvement,—adieu to respectability—adieu to self approbation!

To avoid this fatal infatuation, subject yourselves to the salutary discipline of asking at the close of every day—‘Have I during the silent yet rapid lapse of this valuable portion of my uncertain existence, availed myself of the offered opportunities of acquiring knowledge, by which alone I can be rendered useful and ornamental to society? or, have I squandered in folly or idleness that precious talent, which once elapsed can never be recalled? Let me remember that if my youth, that highly important period of my life, which is intended by providence for preparation, be permitted by me to glide away unimproved, I shall lose forever the golden opportunity, and possess only the existence and appearance, without the qualifications of a man, and bitterly lament my error when it is too late to be retrieved.’

The Roman emperor Titus, having accustomed himself to the scrutiny I have recommended to *you*, when a day passed without his having acquired some additional knowledge or performed some meritorious act, exclaimed with the deepest regret, and frequently with tears, "I've lost a day!" Hence, says the sublime and pious Dr. Young in his *Night Thoughts*;

On all important Time, thro' ev'ry age
Tho' much and warm the wise have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn, who *duly* weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day!" the prince, who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome!—say rather, lord of human race:
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should *all* speak: so *Reason* speaks in all.

To acquire this degree of self-government and observation, it will be useful to task yourselves with respect to employment, or to allot a certain portion of the day to serious study. The influence of method; in the economy of human life, is as wonderful in its effect as that of habit. And thus, what commenced under the impulse of duty, will soon be continued through that of inclination.

This reflection naturally leads me to suggest to you another essential branch of duty, viz, *Punctuality with respect to all appointed duties and engagements.*

Punctuality promotes despatch in the performance of business, and prevents an unjust trespass upon the time, the avocations, and the patience of the individual with whom the appointment is made; and also rescues from inactivity those hours, which would otherwise be wasted in the tedium of expectation, the insipidity of idleness, or the censures, perhaps the execrations, of the other party. Every breach of punctuality, besides being an infringement of moral obligation, is moreover, a gross violation of the laws of good breeding and politeness. Be, therefore, upon all occasions, scrupulously and rigidly attentive to the fulfilment of all your engagements, and endeavour always to be a little before, rather than one minute after, the time specified.

The regular and punctual return of the seasons, and of day and night, forcibly teach us punctuality and order.

Another essential duty in the formation of a correct and dignified character, is, *the uniform observance of politeness and affability of deportment.*

The natural and ardent desire which exists in every breast to be believed, respected, and esteemed, renders the indication, in our external deportment, of those sentiments always acceptable and soothing to those with whom we converse; whereas indifference, rudeness, or asperity of conduct is universally repulsive and disgusting. The man of bland and courteous manners, whose countenance beams with benevolence, whose smiles are the heralds of his philanthropy, and whose affability of address implies respect and esteem for his associates, will ever conciliate their approbation and their affection. Be uniformly solicitous, therefore, *thus* to procure the love and approbation of all: prefer the mildness and gentleness of the lamb, to the roughness of the bear, or the ferocity of the hyena. The observation of Solomon, the wisest of men, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," was no less indicative of his knowledge of human nature, than it was of the amiableness of his disposition, and the urbanity and suavity of his manners. And St. Paul, who unquestionably was a polished gentleman, as well as a zealous and pious christian, among many precepts upon this subject, particularly enjoins the Romans to "be kindly affectionate one towards another with brotherly love, in honour (or respect) preferring one another."

And, in order to render yourselves agreeable to others, next to urbanity of deportment, *attention to personal cleanliness and neatness of dress* are indispensably necessary. It is a prepossession founded in nature, to be pleased or disgusted with a stranger from his appearance; suavity of manners and cleanliness of person and attire being indicative of a desire to please and to render yourself agreeable to others; while roughness of deportment and a careless or squalid exterior are not only disagreeable to the senses, but imply an indifference about, or rather a contempt for the opinions of others, and therefore will always be offensive.

Besides, cleanliness of person is essentially necessary to the preservation of health. Physicians are unanimous upon this head, and numerous and elaborate have been the treatises which have been written to recommend it. "The want of

cleanliness," says the celebrated Dr. Buchan, "is a fault which admits of no excuse. The changing of apparel greatly promotes the secretion from the skin, so necessary for health. When that matter, which ought to be carried off by perspiration, is either retained in the body, or reabsorbed from dirty clothes, it must occasion disease. Cleanliness is certainly agreeable to our nature. It is an ornament to the highest as well as the lowest station, and cannot be dispensed with in either. Few virtues are of more importance to society than general cleanliness. It ought to be carefully cultivated everywhere; but in populous cities it should be almost revered."*

Another very important principle, which I would recommend to your observance, is a *patient acquiescence in the will of providence, with respect to unavoidable events*. Every thing terrestrial is subject to fluctuation and decay. Man is justly said "to be born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." Many of the adverse occurrences of human life, however, are the natural effects of our own imprudent conduct. Under such, it is unreasonable to repine. Many are the immediate infliction of Almighty God, which no foresight can avert, no prudence avoid, no exertion counteract.

Here then the great duty of quiet resignation to the unerring will of the Mighty Monarch of the Universe becomes indispensable: here we are called upon to prove the sincerity of our daily petition, "thy will be done:" and, in a voluntary submission to such unavoidable events,

"With inward stillness and a bowed mind,"

shall we evince the firmness of our faith, the ardour of our hope, and the solidity of our confidence in the promises of the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Governor of the world. And this faith, this hope, this confidence, will naturally excite and cherish those religious principles, and stimulate to the performance of those religious duties, which, a consciousness of the limited period and uncertain tenure of human life, (or, in other words, a conviction of the value of time in relation to eternity) will induce us justly

* Buchan's Dom. Med.

to appreciate, diligently to cultivate, and unweariedly to execute, during the fleeting moments of "our little life." These, with many other moral, religious, and relative duties, which reading and reflection will suggest, *must* be performed, in order to render us useful, respected, and beloved here, and eternally happy hereafter. "How much, then, is to be done!" and how short at best, and always how uncertain, is the period allowed us to perform it in! consequently, how valuable must *every hour* of that period be! Surely we have no time to spare for torpid indolence, or frivolous concerns:— for

"What moment's granted man without account?"

Again, when we consider, my young friends, that human life is a state of discipline or trial; that our happiness or misery in a future state will depend on the tenor of our conduct here; that we shall be judged, and rewarded or punished "according to the desires of the heart, and the deeds done in the body;" what an infinite, what an inexpressible degree of value does it give to every day, every hour, every moment of our present existence, since inevitable consequences of such immense importance are to result from them! For, as the Holy Scriptures assure us that, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the reward which God hath prepared for those who love him," and obey his precepts; so the punishment inflicted for neglecting thus to improve so important a talent as time, will most assuredly be proportionably severe.

O! then, endeavour duly to estimate its value, justly to improve the privilege it affords, and, by the uniform exercise of every moral and religious duty, strive to render yourselves useful and ornamental to society, and to employ the *present*, so as to lay up a good provision against the time *to come*, and thereby obtain eternal life, felicity, and glory.

I shall now conclude the exercises of this morning, and the duty which I owe to you, by presenting to each of you a public testimony of your merit.

THE BEEHIVE—No. III.

Was Sterne really a plagiarist?

EVERY thing sublunary is subject to revolution. The mightiest empires have their periods of youth, of manhood, of decrepitude, and final extinction. To this general law of nature the world of literature is obliged to yield. The names of many authors, regarded by their cotemporaries as highly illustrious, are now consigned to oblivion, with the Baviuses and Mæviuses of Horace. They are prized no more by their posterity, than if the persons they designated had never existed. Were this fate confined merely to writers of no merit, whose works deserved to fall "still-born from the press," it would excite no other emotion than satisfaction. But unfortunately this is by no means the case. Numberless works of very great merit and usefulness, published in the course of the last and preceding centuries, are now so very scarce as to be entirely unattainable, except in the libraries of the curious. This partly arises from the sickleness of public taste, and partly from the immense multitudes of works, (some new, but most part hashed up of former obsolete productions,) with which the world is constantly inundated. These modern works attract the attention of the mass of readers from those of ancient times.

To those whom the hope of reputation incites to "waste the midnight oil," and offer their lucubrations for the approbation and admiration not merely of their cotemporaries, but of posterity, this holds out a most gloomy prospect. Could they divest themselves of the blind partiality which almost every man entertains for his own productions—were they capable of forming a fair and impartial comparison between them and some of those to which I have alluded, it would chill their ardour, and diminish their very sanguine expectations of immortality. But in vain is this monitory lesson delivered to ambitious authors. They press forward in pursuit of the "bubble reputation" with unabated zeal, and only discover their mistake when it is too late. They "fret and fume upon the stage," with as much self-importance as if the instruction of the world absolutely depended upon the emanations of their wisdom. They mistake the meed of forced, or bought, or inte

rested applause for immortal honour, and, with Ovid, imagine they have erected a monument to their fame more durable than brass, which neither the thunders of Jupiter, nor fire, nor time, shall be able to destroy.

On a retrospection of those authors, on whose fame a few fleeting years have produced the most deleterious effects, I know of none more remarkable than Sterne. This humourous, witty, pathetic, elegant, but very licentious writer, was, during his life, and for a considerable period since his death, at the very pinnacle of celebrity. His writings were the standards of fashion. They were read with avidity and delight, as well in the "gorgeous palaces" of the great, as in the mud-walled huts of the sons and daughters of poverty. Few works, if any, were ever received with more unbounded applause, than the *Sentimental Journey*. Its circulation was immense. It produced a revolution in the public taste. No works carried so sure a passport to fame, and, what to many authors is of more importance, to "pelf and pudding," as those in the sentimental style, with which the literary world then actually swarmed.

To have calculated on probabilities, it might at that period have been fairly presumed, that this reputation could scarcely fail to be permanent, and would bid defiance to the united influence of malice, envy, and fluctuation of public taste. The motto for the fame of Sterne might be aptly chosen—"ære perennius." But alas! all these calculations have disappeared, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and left hardly "a trace behind." From the elevated niche which his bust occupied in the temple of Fame, it has been ignominiously hurled down. And he has now sunk, in the public estimation, into the disgraceful character of a petty thief, who, like the daw in the fable, decorated himself with borrowed plumage. He is regarded as a literary swindler, who has stolen a reputation to which his talents afforded him no claim. He is believed to have palmed upon the world as his own, writings, composed of fragments basely purloined from the most diversified range of writers, from Rabelais and Scarron, down to Burton, the anatomist of Melancholy. Infinite pains have been bestowed, and numberless works been ransacked, to collect together analogous passages from

various authors, and to deduce from them a full proof of the meanness of literary piracy. What appears most remarkable is, that there have been found in old books several passages, not merely parallel, but absolutely verbatim, with some in *Tristram Shandy*, the *Sentimental Journey*, and the *Sermons*. So complete has been the success of the gentlemen who have undertaken these investigations, that the accusation against Sterne has been universally regarded as completely and irrefragably proved. No defence, as far as I can learn, has ever been instituted by the admirers of the witty, but profane gowmsman, and judgment has gone against him by default. The *audi alteram partem*, so wise and so equitable a rule in every case of controversy, has been in this instance wholly overlooked. The accusers of Sterne have had an easy triumph, and are generally considered as having rendered an essential service to the interests of literature by the detection of his barefaced imposture. The negligence and remissness of his cotemporaries, who suffered him to escape from disgrace and infamy with impunity, is as much a subject of astonishment, as his effrontery in purloining from old books, some of which were by no means scarce. We pride ourselves upon the superior sagacity and more unwearied industry of our age, which have so completely stripped the mask off this literary plunderer.

It is about eleven years since Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, a gentleman of considerable talents and unwearied research, published his "Illustrations of Sterne," in which he made a most copious collection of the passages here referred to. This work has been universally esteemed as having ultimately decided the question, and incontestably established the guilt of the culprit. Although I freely acknowledge that the grounds of condemnation were plausible, yet not having been perfectly satisfied with the force of the evidence, I have not been able to subscribe the verdict. I believed from the first perusal of Ferriar's work, that Sterne was innocent. Nay more—I persuaded myself into the opinion, that in the very "Illustrations," notwithstanding their plausibility, there was abundant evidence, on a fair and candid examination, to repel the charge. Time, so far from having weakened my opinion on the subject, has fully and completely

convinced me that Sterne has been treated with extreme injustice, and that he was entirely innocent of the crime laid to his charge—a crime, of which, as I have observed, he is deemed most satisfactorily convicted. I have long proposed to myself to enter into a very full investigation of the subject, and to leave nothing unexamined that could shed light upon it. But

“Procrastination, that thief of time,”

and the pressure of private avocations, have put a veto on my intention. And despairing of ever being able to execute it upon the scale I proposed, I prefer undertaking it in the present slight and superficial manner, to the abandonment of it altogether. I shall barely touch the subject, and leave ample scope for those possessed of more talents, application and leisure, to complete the defence of the author of *Tristram Shandy*.

In this investigation, I repose with less diffidence on my conclusions, from the circumstance, that how highly soever I admire most of Sterne's writings, the author is by no means a favourite with me. Were I as enthusiastic an admirer of him as some of my friends, I should not feel so confident in the opinions I have formed. From the obvious and pernicious effects of partiality and prejudice, I should be apprehensive I was led astray; and that I was blind to the impropriety of the conduct of the object of my veneration. But from all suspicion of this undue bias I trust I am wholly free. I execrate the odious inconsistency between the station and the writings of Sterne. It is hard to conceive of a much more disgusting object than a man, who, pledged by his functions to preach “pure morality,” and “religion undefiled,” so far offers violence to his sacred duties as to sit down coolly and deliberately to pander for lust—to torture his imagination for the purpose of inflaming a passion, of whose ungovernable violence every day exhibits the most terrible proofs—to degrade and prostitute talents, which, had they been employed to combine improvement with entertainment, would have entitled him to immortal fame. “What punishment” says Dr. Johnson, justly, “can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitude for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it?” The charge here

advanced against Sterne's writings will by many be deemed too severe. But that the tendency of a considerable portion of Tristram Shandy is of the description here alluded to, must be obvious to every reader of discernment. But the prostitution of his talents, how gross soever it was, has not the most remote connexion with the crime charged on him by Dr. Ferriar. His writings might have been as vile and infamous as those of Rochester or Cleveland, and he be nevertheless wholly unstained with the guilt of plagiarism.

Plagiarism is a frequent topick of conversation and of writing; yet there are few subjects, on which loose and erroneous notions so generally prevail. There are many readers so extremely fastidious, that whenever they find the slightest resemblance between two passages in two different writers, they immediately, without hesitation, tax the more recent one with having stolen from the other. This has been carried to the most extravagant length, particularly of late, and writers, whose works bear the strongest marks of the *mens divinator*, the fervid stamp of the most brilliant talents, have not escaped the charge of plagiarism, adduced against them by men, whose sole characteristics were a good memory and a plodding disposition. The pomposity with which these discoveries are announced to the public, is perfectly farcical.*

In the "Illustrations," Dr. Ferriar relies upon two different kinds of proofs. The one consists of a number of passages in Sterne, which bear a very strong resemblance to passages to be found in Rabelais, Scarron, Bruscambille, D'Aubigne, Hall, Burton and others. The second is composed of passages, some of them very nearly, and others absolutely verbatim in his works as they are to be found in books previously published. On the latter class he places his chief reliance. They form his grand phalanx. The others are only adduced as auxiliaries. To enable the reader to form a correct opinion on the subject, and to de-

* In the next number of the Port Folio, I shall submit to the public a collection of parallelisms, which have been produced as evidences of plagiarism on the part of authors of high reputation, and a few of the instances adduced by Dr. Ferriar to support his allegations against Sterne.

cide upon the guilt or innocence of Sterne, I shall lay before him a few instances from Dr. Ferriar.*

I readily admit that the doctor's quotations appear, *prima facie*, to afford evidence of the guilt of Sterne. Many intelligent persons, whom I have heard discourse upon the subject, have believed it highly absurd and preposterous to entertain any doubt upon the validity of the accusation. They regard it as utterly impossible that these passages could have ever appeared in the writings of Sterne, in any other mode than by plagiarism. But it is no novelty for the same fact to afford to different minds diametrically opposite conclusions. This is precisely the case here. From the exact sameness, on which the author of the "Illustrations" relies so fully, principally arises my conviction of the innocence of Sterne. A little reflexion will remove the paradoxical appearance of this position.

In every age and in every country contempt has been the fate of the plagiarist. And in numberless instances even the charge of plagiarism, though but slightly supported, has utterly destroyed the usefulness of a man's writings, and his reputation as an author. Indeed, I have known cases in controversies, both religious and political, in which it was considered as a full and complete refutation of a well-written performance, to assert that it was all pilfered from some other writer.

The motives to write are—a desire to be useful—the pursuit of fame—or, a thirst for fortune. I can hardly conceive of any other. That Sterne's were probably the two last, will, I presume, be unhesitatingly admitted. Let us for a moment suppose that he was a plagiarist in the fullest sense of the word, can we reconcile it with reason, or common sense, or any of the inciting causes that operate upon mankind, that he should have exposed himself to so easy and palpable a detection as he must have been constantly liable to, had he made up his books of shreds and patches, stolen from the works of writers, with most of whom the literary world was familiar, and hardly any of whom were so scarce as to afford a tolerable probability of escape? A detection would have annihilated all his hopes of reputation and

* In the next number of the Port Folio.

all his chances of emolument. This consideration would undoubtedly have been sufficiently powerful to withhold him, however unprincipled he might have been.

The duke of Buckingham, for the purpose, it is said, of satirizing Dryden, introduced into the Rehearsal a complete plagiarist, whom he styled Bays. This literary pirate gives an account of all the details of his honourable profession, and candidly avows that he "beverages the prose, and beproses the verse," so adroitly, as to defy the recognition of the very authors with whom he takes these liberties. Those who are mean and base enough to plagiarise, will always pursue this or a similar plan. They will so totally change at least the form of expression, as to prevent detection. And surely a man must be as complete an idiot or lunatic as ever was entitled to a passport into bedlam, who would pursue the wretched plan charged upon Sterne. I would as soon believe that an artful, loose woman, who was desirous of standing fair with the world, would, in the glare of day, and in the very presence of her most valued friends, march into a brothel with a notorious debauchee, as suppose that Sterne, even admitting his guilt to the fullest extent, would have copied verbatim what he had stolen.

Further. What are those passages, said to be stolen? Do they bear such marks of sublimity or excellence, as could have induced Sterne to be guilty of theft for them? By no means. They are generally trite, and many of them not beyond the capacity of an author of very mediocre talents. Some are to the last degree trivial, and would hardly be noticed among the effusions of a ten years old child of premature talents, by an old gossiping grandmother.

Some of the readers of these lucubrations have by this time become impatient, and are ready with peevishness to ask—Can you believe it possible, that two men shall write ten or twenty lines exactly alike, without any communication with each other; and if not, how can you account for the sameness stated by Ferriar? I hasten to reply, and hope to convince every candid reader that I have not lightly adopted the opinions I advocate.

Every man, who has paid attention to the operations of the faculty of memory, must have observed, that when it is of a ri-

gorous character, it so completely possesses itself of the objects submitted to it in reading, as to render it, in many cases, hardly possible, at a remote period, to discriminate between sentiments, forms of expression, and images, thus acquired, and those which are the emanations of a man's own intellectual powers. Were it at all necessary, numberless instances might be produced, in support of this hypothesis. But I trust it is self-evident to every person of reflexion. Still further. As the doctrine of innate ideas has been long and justly exploded, it is obvious that the great mass of our knowledge must be acquired, and principally from books. And therefore when we write or converse, we must necessarily, and even to ourselves imperceptibly, derive a large portion of our lucubrations from others. On certain trite and common-place topics, we can lay claim to very little more as our own than the form and manner of expression. Two thousand years since, Terence pronounced the maxim, *nil dictum, quod non prius dictum*. If this had even the semblance of truth in his era, how much more forcibly and justly does it apply at present?

Let us refer all this to the case of Sterne. His memory must have been very powerful; and his reading, in his early days, when that faculty is in its highest perfection, must have been various and highly miscellaneous. In this course of reading, conformably with the excentricity of his character, he must have read and been delighted with those comic and satirical writers, whose works he is now charged with having laid so heavily and so unfairly under contribution. *Similis simili gaudet*. They naturally made a strong and inextinguishable impression on his mind. No wonder, therefore, when, at a subsequent period of his life, he began himself to write, that his productions should savour so highly of those works, with which his mind was so strongly imbued—no wonder that the images, ideas, and forms of expression, so familiar to him, should be constantly obtruding themselves on him—no wonder, in fine, that even whole passages should be presented by his recollection, which he mistook for a tribute offered by his imagination.

I shall hereafter show, by a quotation of some of the passages on which Dr. Ferriar places the greatest reliance, that

there is nothing in them to have induced any writer to plagiarise. Compared with his own acknowledged writings, which all the industry of the critics has not enabled them to ascribe to any former writer, they are as tunic ware compared with silver, or as pinchbeck compared with gold. I request the reader's attention to another point. After all the tedious hours employed in this research by Ferriar and others, the extent of the alleged theft is to the last degree insignificant. It would have been like Cræsus robbing a poor widow of her last mite, for so fertile a writer as Sterne to have stolen the passages in question.

Sterne's works are generally published in eight volumes, each averaging about 300 pages. Every page contains about 36 lines, amounting in the whole to above 80,000 lines. And, gentle reader, observe, that on a careful examination of the "Illustrations," I can venture to affirm, that the utmost extent of all the thefts adduced against this writer, is not 300 lines, of which there are not 50, that contain any thing very striking or remarkable.

Dr. Ferriar appears desirous to have himself the whole merit of destroying the claims of Sterne to originality; and therefore he zealously defends him from a charge preferred against him by some other writer, of having, in *Tristram Shandy*, pilfered largely from "*Friar Gerund*," a Spanish work written by father Isla. The accusation was supported precisely as the doctor supports his assertions, by producing many passages exactly parallel, from the two works. The doctor repels the charge on the strong ground, that *Friar Gerund* was published in Spain in the same year in which the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* appeared in London, and was not translated into English for several years afterwards. This very circumstance, had the doctor paid the necessary attention to it, ought to have inspired some doubts of his general theory. For had the Spanish work been as ancient as the *Comic Romance*, or the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, it would in all probability have swelled the list, adduced by Ferriar himself, of the victims of Sterne's rapacity. And on the subject of plagiarism generally, let it be observed, that no satisfactory reason can be given, why an author may not

write as exactly like another who flourished fifty or a hundred years before him, as like one of his cotemporaries, whose works he could not possibly have read.

There is an extraordinary singularity in the case of Sterne. He is now believed to have been indebted for a large portion of his works to former authors. And yet his writings, in as great a degree as those of any other man that ever lived, possess the most infallible stamp of sterling merit—they are almost imitable. During his life and since his death, there have been numberless attempts to imitate him, and some of them made by men of considerable talents; not one of which is acknowledged to have approached near to the original. They mostly fall below mediocrity. The *Sentimental Journey* is often disgraced by a pretended continuation, which has obviously cost the writer much time and pains. It serves as a foil to display the intrinsic merits of Sterne's work, precisely as a statue of Hecate placed in contrast with the *Venus de Medici*, would give additional charms to the countenance of the Cyprian goddess. The only works of the kind, that can be read with patience after the *Sentimental Journey*, are "Keate's Sketches from Nature," and "Fragments after the manner of Sterne." And even of these two a very large portion bears the evident stamp of great inferiority.

Dr. Ferriar admits Sterne to have possessed powerful talents, genuine humour, and great pathos. This admission, independent of any other consideration, would be almost sufficient to repel the charge of plagiarism. From what I have stated of the extent of the thefts ascribed to Sterne, it appears they are not equal to what a man not of "powerful talents," but merely above mediocrity, might readily write in a day or two, or at most in a week. It would, moreover, I am persuaded, cost a man like Sterne, less trouble and time to write three pages, than to seek for one, and interweave it in his own composition.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following poetical effusion is the production of a young man who paid the debt of nature a few weeks since, in W———. It is written in imitation of an ancient Spanish ballad, which may be found in Percy's Collection of Ancient Poetry, beginning with the following line:

"Rio verde, rio verde, &c."

The pathos and simplicity it contains, will, I doubt not, if you think proper to insert it, contribute to the gratification of your readers.

Yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

City of Washington, July 20th, 1810.

THE INDIAN.

MARK you, where yon streamlet glitters,
Gliding gently through the vale;
Mark you, where yon palm-tree murmurs,
Yielding to the transient gale.

There once stood a rustic village,
Long the boast of Indian pride,
Built by men now borne forever
Down old Time's oblivious tide.

There some traces still are ling'ring,
Traces that but serve to show,
Where peaceful Nature once resided,
Peaceful Nature doom'd to wo.

See beside yon whisp'ring cocoa
Murm'ring o'er while zyphers sigh,
Stands the poor despairing Rolla,
Whom his tyrants doom'd to die.

Reader, thou hast known those feelings,
Feelings sweetly sad forsooth,
Which remembrance oft produces,
When retracing scenes of youth.

Such are Rolla's, yon poor savage,
Who has fled to bear no more,
Fangs of unrelenting despots,
That delight in human gore.

Hark! he breathes in solemn murmurs,
To the gale that whispers by;
Now they strike my ear with sorrow,
Now in distant echo die.

Dear retreats of former pleasure,
Pleasure now forever past;
Well thy charms do I remember
Nipt by Sorrow's cheerless blast.

Yet my mem'ry loves to wander
O'er each scene, by thought refin'd;
Loves to trace each fond idea,
That once wanton'd in my mind.

There was plac'd my father's cottage,
Long since fled to yonder sky,
Light'nings blast the bloody monster
Who could cause the chief to die.

There in Youth's fair morn I sported
Cheerful, happy, wild and gay;
Ere the village train had risen,
To salute the god of day.

There I oft in peace have wander'd,
Lively as the wanton gale,
O'er the misty mountain's summit,
Through the silent pensive vale,

In yon stream that softly gurgles,
Oft in gambols wild, I play'd,
Long before the bloody Spaniard,
Had in waste our village laid.

Oh! my mind with phrenzy wanders,
When I think of that sad hour;
May thy God, oh christian! blast thee,
Christian, thou art in his power.

Rolla ceas'd; I soft approach'd him,
With a longing wish to know,
The sad cause of all his anguish,
The sad cause of all his wo.

Stranger—Rolla thus address'd me,
Stranger! hast thou ever known,
How to feel for ceaseless sorrows,
Ceaseless sorrows not thy own.

If thou hast, then thou canst pity,
What now wrings my heart with wo,
What will melt thy soul to anguish,
Make thy breast indignant glow.

A harmless race once here resided,
Nature's simple children all;
Social peace their moments gilded,
Social peace devoid of gall.

Each ambitious wish they banish'd,
Love alone their mind employ'd:
Wealth and power, for which you languish'd,
Ne'er their simple bliss annoy'd.

Long unknown to war and sorrow,
Soft they floated down life's stream;
Long their days were past in pleasure,
Days forever past I deem.

See where yonder spring now bubbles,
While the moon's mild pensive ray,
Dances o'er its dimpled bosom,
Seeming still to wish its stay.

There firm stood our Cazique's dwelling,
 Lov'd by all the village train;
 There to him as to a father,
 Oft would hie the Indian swain.

And when Evening spread her curtain,
 While the silent moon arose,
 You might see him sweetly smiling,
 Happy to diffuse repose.

There the village swains assembled,
 To beguile the dewy hour;
 And while mirth, and dance abounded,
 Softly breath'd Love's gentle power.

There no despot sway'd with iron,
 Draining oft his subjects' blood,
 Free from crime their hearts were tranquil,
 Pure and wholesome as the flood.

Envy, malice, nor ambition,
 There had power to rule the mind,
 All could boast of independence,
 All were gentle, all were kind.

No desires disturb'd their bosom,
 That simplicity denied,
 Nature bounded all their wishes,
 Nature every want supplied.

Stranger! christians talk of pleasure,
 Which from education flow,
 Trust me, they're ideal phantoms,
 That in Fancy's visions glow.

Art can never cope with Nature,
 Nature gives the sweetest joys,
 Art is fleeting, and produces
 Pleasures that she soon destroys.

Nature, ever kind, and gentle,
Throws her gifts with lavish hand;
Always lib'ral, always constant,
Pleas'd, she smiles on every land.

Man will e'er experience anguish,
When from Nature's path he strays,
When he scorns her humble dictate,
Lur'd by Folly's magic lays.

Twenty years I've spent in sorrow,
Twenty years my heart has bled,
Since I left this ruin'd village,
And was Slav'ry's victim led.

Stranger! dost thou mark yon palm tree,
Planted there long, long ago,
Sweetly plaintive is its murmur,
Plaintive as the note of wo.

It was there, in humble grandeur,
Rose lov'd Cora's lowly cot;
It was there she bloom'd in beauty,
Wretched, Cora! was thy lot.

Indian! why those tears of anguish,
Quickly speak that I may know,
I have felt for human sorrow,
I have felt for human wo.

I too know what 'tis to suffer,
Keen Misfortune's cruel stroke;
I, like you, have oft submitted,
To the tyrant's savage yoke.

Stranger! hast thou e'er remarked,
The orient sun's refulgent beams?
As he o'er the lake's pure bosom,
With resistless splendour gleams?

Thus my Cora's eye of azure,
Oft would beam, with rays of love,
Cora, beauteous as the dewdrop,
Cora milder than the dove.

Hast thou mark'd the wavy billow,
Rolling to the fretted shore?
Thus would heave my Cora's bosom;
Cora's bosom heaves no more.

Did'st thou e'er enraptur'd listen
To the mock-bird's magic tone,
When at starry silent midnight,
In dark groves he chaunts alone?

Thus would Cora's voice resistless,
Vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
When, with love's wild pulse, I listen'd,
Fill'd with rapture, fill'd with fear.

Dost thou see yon cocoa branches,
Waving graceful as the day?
Thus my Cora's locks so wanton,
Oft would wave in ringlets gay.

But why should I her charms recount,
She was Beauty's fairest child,
Lovely as the radiant morning,
As the balmy evening mild.

Long I strove to win the virgin,
She was modest, bashful, coy,
Yet at last my struggles prosper'd
And my hopes were crown'd with joy.

Oft we've stroll'd along yon streamlet,
Breathing vows of endless love,
And, with souls replete with fervour,
Kneel'd to the great power above.

Transient were those scenes of rapture,
Human bliss is but a dream;
Mis'ry blasts our fairest moments,
Clouding hope's refulgent beam.

'Twas an evening calm and solemn,
All was hush'd to sweet repose,
When a noise like distant thunder
Rous'd us to resist our foes.

Quick appear'd the bloody Spaniards,
Arm'd with weapons dip'd in gore,
Quick they made the darkness vanish,
And the distant mountains roar.

Soon I led the village warriors,
Round our Cazique's humble cot,
But alas! we vain resisted,
Fell destruction was our lot.

Quick I rush'd to Cora's mansion,
Wildly throb'd my heart with fear:
It was fill'd with cruel ruffians,
Who ne'er felt soft Pity's tear.

Calm they stab'd my Cora's father,
Reckless of her piercing cry;
Cool they murder'd Cora's mother,
Cora's self soon doom'd to die.

Wild I caught the hapless virgin,
Grasp'd her to my fev'rish breast;
But the monsters tore her from me,
Stranger! thou canst guess the rest.

Rolla paus'd, while tears of anguish,
Cours'd his pale and haggard cheek;
Sorrow wrung his soul to madness,
Sorrows that no comfort seek.

Indian! thou hast keenly suffered,
Yet be not by grief dismay'd;
We are all to misery destined,
Destiny must be obey'd.

Stranger! hast thou seen my Cora,
Pure as yon pale orb of night,
Ravish'd by a lawless ruffian,
Ravish'd in her Rolla's sight;

Thou would'st curse, with me, the monsters,
Smiling, calm, deceitful, smooth;
Who, while boasting christian mercy,
Raise the sorrow they should sooth.

Soon in flames I saw this village,
And to ruins hurl'd my cot;
Where I long had dwelt in pleasure,
Pleasure now no more my lot.

I was borne a hapless victim,
And to mines of gold confin'd,
Length of toil my body wasted,
Length of grief prey'd on my mind.

I've escap'd the despot's irons,
Which would oft my frame annoy,
And have come once more to visit
These lov'd scenes of former joy.

Rolla! hark, thou now art follow'd,
Quickly to yon mountain hie;
Take this sword, it may defend thee,
Rolla, haste, or thou wilt die.

Stranger, no, 'tis now all over,
I have reach'd my earthly goal;
Here I first existence tasted,
Here I'll join my Cora's soul.

Soon appear'd three bloody Spaniards,
Yield thee ! yield thee! stern they cry'd,
Rolla, cast a look to heaven,
And like Cato nobly died.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ROUGH SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. DESHOULIERES.

In some of the prior pages of this Port Folio, the reader will find an elaborate eulogy upon two French females of literary rank. As these ladies are perfect strangers here, it was the Editor's duty to introduce them with some ceremony and formalities. But either occupation or carelessness prevented this; and as we did not announce them at first, it is proper to state their pretensions now. The Editor must apologize for a very hasty delineation, whose colours are faint enough, but nevertheless whose features are faithful. Of the accuracy of the following miniature he is sufficiently confident. It may not be improper to add, that the genius of the younger of these two ladies has been decried with more rigour than gallantry, by some of the French critics. While, on the other hand, a courtly admirer with the politeness of Horace, might apply to the juvenile Poetess

O Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.

Mrs. Deshoulières, a renowned poetess was born at Paris in 1638. Literary ladies, it is often affirmed, are generally homely in person and repulsive in manners. Aphra Behn was a beauty; but Hannah More, Mrs. Cowley, Charlotte Smith, Maria Edgeworth, and Sidney Owenson are said to be exceedingly plain. To the usual remark Madame Deshoulières was a brilliant exception. The charms of her countenance and person were as captivating as the endowments of her mind. It appears that her poetical talent was first cultivated by a preceptor, and then consummated by her own exertions. At a very juvenile age, she married a young nobleman, who loved her to distraction. For some reason which does not appear, she was imprisoned by the Spanish government in the castle of Wilvorden at Brussels. Here her life was thought to be in jeopardy, and her affectionate husband, by a stratagem, which must be ever dear to conjugal love, effected her escape. She then came to Paris, and like another Elizabeth, was soon surrounded by flatterers and wits. Her choice among men of genius, as might be naturally expected, by one, who knows

accurately the female character, was not directed by the soundest judgment, or the purest taste. She patronized Pradon to the prejudice of Racine, and composed a lampoon at the expense of one of his tragedies. Racine and Boileau abundantly avenged themselves. The illustrious Condé was among her admirers, but to the ardency of his vows she was inexorable. In her widowhood she was distressed by the *res angusta domi*, and the penury of her circumstances compelled her to be lavish of poetical adulation, in the hope of obtaining a pension and a protector. This vision was but partially realized; and, under the gripe of adversity, she so-laced herself by the sweets of study and solitude, and acquired an acquaintance with the Latin, Italian and Spanish languages; the classical authors in which, she read with fluency. Under the tedious and tormenting diseases, which at length terminated her existence, she wisely invoked the powers of Religion and Philosophy. Voltaire judiciously concluded that she was the most fortunate of French poetesses, because so many of her verses are still remembered. Her poems, repeatedly collected, form two volumes, they consist of Pastorals, Odes, Epigrams, and a Tragedy. Her Idylls are the most popular, and have been pronounced the best compositions of that class in the French language. One of the most admired of her pastorals, entitled, with characteristical propriety, "*Les Moutons*," is said, by those, who delight in detecting literary larcenies, to be copied *verbatim* from an old poet, with only the modification, or change of certain obsolete expressions.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Cigarro" a fiery Spaniard with "a spirit speaking eye" has written a most elaborate defence of his habitual diversion; his language is that of our regretted friend "ITHACUS,"

Much do I admire the notion
Of the famous *Smokomar*,
Who prest, with such *sincere devotion*
His mistress' *lips* and his *gigar*.

To the beautiful and interesting representation of *Maternal Affection*, which adorned our last number might be aptly prefixed these impassioned lines from the peerless CAMPBELL;

Lo! at the couch where infant Beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the TENDER MOTHER keeps:
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child, with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy,
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last
Shall sooth this aching heart for all the past;
With many a smile, my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away;
And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear
And sooth my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo.*

MORTUARY.

IT has been often regarded as an incontrovertible maxim, that no character save those around which genius has poured its radiance, are entitled to an obituary notice. Dogmas of this kind receive a degree of sanction, not because they are just, but because they are suffered to pass without scrutiny. Without entering into a laboured discussion of the subject, it is sufficient

* Vide Pleasures of Hope.

to remark that modest, humble, and retiring virtue, is not less entitled to our love and reverence because it is modest, humble, and retiring. During life it is enveloped from observance by the shades of its own delicacy, and it is hard indeed if the cold and oblivious shadows of death must veil the memory forever.

JAMES ROBINSON, the subject of our present obituary, was the son of Capt. James Robinson of the city of Philadelphia. Deprived in early youth of the fostering care and superintendence of a father, on his mother devolved the delicate and arduous task of disciplining his young and ardent mind to the exercise of virtue. Fortunately she was herself an example of her own excellent precepts, which the blooming boy was proud to emulate. In early life he discovered glimpses of those endearing qualities that so adorned his riper years: judicious in the selection of his friends, he was admired for the brilliancy of his mind, and beloved for the mildness and urbanity of his manners, of which his frank and intelligent countenance was ever an infallible index. At the tender age of sixteen, that critical season, when the passions are headstrong and impetuous, and require all the vigilance of a parent to suppress, he was called upon to witness the death of this excellent mother, and thrown an unprotected orphan to the temptations and allurements of the world. Happily for him, his parent, though in the dust, still lived for his guidance, lived in the memory of her virtues, lived in her bright example, lived in the precepts, she had engraven on his heart. In the counting house of a reputable merchant of this city, he devoted himself, till manhood, with unabated zeal and fidelity to the acquisition of commercial knowledge in all its bearings and relations. The time that was hastily snatched from such avocations, was occupied in the study of science in its various branches, in which a rapid proficiency was made. A mind thus early trained to the love of virtue, thus occupied by business, and thus devoted to study, allowed of no leisure for the indulgence of vicious thoughts. The early bias of his education, led him to despise ostentation, to conceal his virtues, satisfied with the silent approbation of his own conscience. His proficiency in his occupation was so rapid, his knowledge so deep and extensive, that he visited various ports as a mercantile

agent, and discharged with inflexible fidelity his important trusts. He received in return a warm and unbounded confidence, and all his dealings were distinguished by probity and honour. Fortune, however, as if to put his integrity to a trial more severe, was reluctant and parsimonious in the distribution of her favours; but amidst all the prevalent licentiousness of different countries, amidst all the embarrassments of fortune, the precepts of his excellent mother still preserved their ascendancy in his heart. In the year 1808 he proceeded to New Orleans, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and such was the embarrassments of trade his residence was procrastinated in that country so long it proved the cause of his dissolution. The exhalations from a damp and unwholesome soil assailed the organs of life, and terminated in consumptive habits, which a residence afterwards in the island of St. Domingo rendered more inveterate. On his return to his native country, this desolating disease mocked all the skill of the physician, and put a period to his sufferings. His exemplary patience, his confidence in God, his resignation to his divine dispensations, all shone conspicuous at that awful moment, and with his dying lips he professed that on his Saviour alone, rested his hopes of salvation. We have been thus minute in the delineation of a character not marked by extraordinary incident, not arrayed in the splendor of bold and original genius, because we conceive that honesty, probity and integrity have a priority of claim to our reverence. In an age when immorality and vice are so prevalent, this sketch may not "be without its use." It will serve as an example to our young men to deter from vice, and to animate to virtue:

While fraud and sculptur'd obelisks proclaim,
To long posterity, the hero's fame;
Far richer blessings wait the peaceful sod,
Where slumbering virtue lies, *the smile of God.*

Died at Philadelphia, 20th June, 1810, **MRS. CATHERINE FITZSIMONS**, wife of Thomas Fitzsimons, merchant, and daughter of Robert Meade, Esquire, of the county of Limerick, Ireland, who settled in this city, in the year 1742.

If worth departed, claims the heart-felt tear,
Ah! stop, and let it stream unbounded here;
A soul, to tenderness and softness prone,
That kindly mourn'd for sorrows not its own.
In life's last stage, a blessing rarely found,
Pleasant as youth, with all its blossoms crown'd,
Through every period of this changeful state,
Unchang'd thyself; firm, good, affectionate,
Friendship may flatter, and if this should seem
O'ercharg'd with praises, on so dear a theme,
Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
Love shall be satisfied and veil the rest.

Died, on the eleventh of Oct. in the 40th year of her age, **Mrs. SARAH STILLE**, consort of Mr. John Stille. She was a woman of uncommon excellence. Possessing a mind highly cultivated, manners much refined, a sense of propriety very discriminating, a strict government over herself, and unfeigned piety; she moved in the circle of her friends and acquaintances, with gracefulness and dignity. The distinguishing qualities, concealed rather than displayed, could not escape the notice of those who were favoured with her conversation.

In her domestic relations, she conducted herself with exemplary fidelity, and managed the affairs of her house with skill, with judgment, and with taste.

She experienced in the course of her life, severe bodily pains, and in the loss of children, sore bereavements. But these trying dispensations of divine Providence, she bore with submissive patience, and under them exhibited great fortitude of mind. Her last illness was particularly distressing; the pains which she suffered were excruciating; yet she endured all with christian patience; not a murmur escaped from her lips; she bowed to the will of God, and adored his afflicting hand.

She is gone, not lost; gone from a world of sin and sorrow, to a world of purity and happiness: and now shines, we believe, with the lustre of an immaculate spirit, before the throne of God and the Lamb. Blest in her death with the hope of the gospel, she said to her husband, the day previous to her departure, "I know that I am accepted of God." From her lips were heard no professions of innocence, no talk about a well spent life.—She was better taught the truth, than to rest her hopes for eternity on such a foundation. She knew that like all our fallen race she was a sinner before God, destitute of any personal righteousness sufficient to recommend her to his favour; and impressed with this conviction, she built her hopes on the Rock of Ages, and merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. Having the witness of the Holy Spirit in herself, she knew that she possessed that faith which unites the soul to Christ, and purifies the heart; and therefore, she looked confidently for the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.

In her death, her husband, children and relatives, have experienced an irreparable loss. But under this afflictive dispensation of a righteous Providence, they may console themselves with the belief, that while her body moulders in the tomb, her immortal spirit lives in the presence of God.

The Tribute of a Friend

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, Esq.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

DECEMBER, 1810.

No. 6.

DOMESTIC BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

resumption of the suspended story of the eventful life of commodore
fords us an excellent opportunity of adverting to the duties and the
of biography. The duty, which it imposes upon the biographer, is
solemn, the delight it yields to the reader is, perhaps, of the very
of our literary pleasures. We are so enthralled ourselves by this
species of composition, and so thoroughly persuaded by *old Expe-*
biography is not less beautiful in the eyes of others than in our own,
determined to devote to her airs and graces a very liberal share of
mal. My lord Bolingbroke has remarked, with his accustomed felici-
ty and expression, that history is philosophy, teaching by examples.
one, who was himself an eloquent historian, describes with so much
d beauty, the perfections of the historical Muse, how rhetorically might
ods have flowed in praise of her seducing sister, at once a Muse, and a
whose fascinating power inflames the noblest passions, and excites all the
nergies of the soul? How ardently might his lordship have declaimed, and
onviction would have accompanied his harrangue, if he had pointed his
d hand to the Biographical Beauty, who delights, and instructs too, the
y of mankind? With Plutarch and Bayle before him, it is wonderful
e lordship did not insist more distinctly on the merits of that charmer,
ativated such philosophers. Lord Chatham once declared in the house
mons with that solemn energy, the leading characteristic of his elocu-

* Milton.

tion, that the most instructive book he ever read was Plutarch's lives. Theodore Beza has left on record a glorious testimony in favour of Plutarch; and it is remembered by the writer of this article that to Langhorne's translation, a gift to a celebrated university, the learned donor prefixed this sterling recommendation, that Plutarch was an author, whom he had studied at those hours, when he should have slept, and to whose illuminated genius, he was indebted for some of the finest dispositions of his mind. Rousseau, who has always a right to be heard upon such a topic, has depicted with all his *phosphoric* power, the lineaments of the accomplished Grecian, and is never more triumphantly eloquent, than when pronouncing the panegyric of Plutarch. What liberal scholar is ignorant of the *Biographia Britannica*? What philosophical student has not turned over the curious pages of Bayle? What loungee has not been amused by the literary gossiping of Boswell, and what lady who is not entertained by the gay vivacity of *Thrale*? Dr. Aikin delights us more by his biographies, modelled after the best manner of Addison and Goldsmith, than by any other class of his composition; and what judicious critic is ignorant that Johnson's lives are the most pleasing of all his productions?

With these vivid impressions of the beauty of biography, we are resolved *pro virili* to engage as liberally as possible in this pleasing department of our labours. It is our intention, with periodical punctuality, to publish according to the extent of our materials, a domestic and a foreign biography. The editor, though thankful for every aid from the information of his correspondents, proposes to rely much on his own limited strength in this behalf. He has already prepared many pages of this sort of composition, and hopes, not without reason, to exhibit at least one sketch, in every number of his Port Folio. His canvas may be ill chosen, his colours faint, and his pencil heavy; the picture may be unskilfully disposed, and its light and shade blended with all the awkwardness of a pupil; yet, nevertheless, from the public partiality for such designs, he is confident they will not be viewed with emotions of absolute indifference.

For the interesting pages, immediately ensuing, we are indebted to the researches and genius of a gentleman, who is most deservedly enrolled among the very first scholars of the country, and who by the wisdom of a learned university has recently been exalted to the loftiest and most dignified of her Academical distinctions. The composition of this beautiful biography is in full harmony with the tone of its amiable author's mind. It is like *the mild reflex of Cynthia's bow*; it shines temperately with a radiance soft and pleasing.

The venerated name of Preble is so illustrious in our maritime annals, that his life will be perused with equal delight, by the gallant tar, and the ardent patriot. With the rare union of phlegm and fire, he planned deliberately, and fought valiantly. Prudent, and yet adventurous, daring, but not despe-

* Shakespeare.

rate, with a sedate mind, and a generous enthusiasm, he waved spotless Honour's shining sword over the grim buccaneer, and Triumph and Fame and America still intertwist his laurels.

EDITOR.

THE LIFE OF COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE.

(Concluded from page 365 of vol. 3.)

THE commodore having nothing at present to fear from Morocco, was at liberty to direct his principal attention to Tripoli. The season, however, was too far advanced for active and permanent operations against the enemy. Yet this officer did not indulge himself in repose, or suffer his forces to be idle. In cruising, where they necessarily at this time of year encountered a rough sea and tempestuous weather, in supplying convoy, and in maintaining the blockade of Tripoli, when practicable, the squadron was fully and arduously employed. It was apparent that the commodore aimed to do all that was possible, and not merely what was convenient. The Philadelphia and Vixen had been ordered to the coast of Tripoli. The commodore now formally declared the blockade of that place, and sent notice of the fact to the ministers and consuls of the United States, to be communicated to the respective neutral powers.—He found it expedient to go to Cadiz, in order to make up his complement of men, and procure a few supplies not to be obtained at that time at Gibraltar. An unpleasant circumstance not expected, seldom before experienced by our public vessels, and afterwards remedied by orders of lord Nelson, made him willing to shorten his stay at the last mentioned port. Several commanders of British ships of war lying there, insisted on retaining those deserters from the commodore's squadron, who were believed to be British subjects. It was indispensable to the exercise of discipline, to be protected in his right to his own seamen. The refusal of this essential courtesy, in the present instance, was one reason of his fixing on Syracuse, instead of Malta, for his rendezvous.

Our officer returned from Cadiz on the sixth of November; and having allotted the Argus, captain Hull, to the Gibraltar station, and disposed of his other force, he proceeded to Algiers, where he was to leave colonel Lear, the consul general. On the 22d

he sailed from Algiers for Syracuse; and on his voyage was informed of the disastrous loss of the *Philadelphia*, captain William Bainbridge. On the 31st of October, after pursuing a Tripoline corsair till she came to seven fathoms water, in beating off, she ran on a rock, not laid down in any chart, about four and a half miles from the town. Every exertion to get her off proved ineffectual. Meanwhile she was attacked by numerous gun-boats, which she withstood for four hours, whilst the carcening of the ship made the guns totally useless. A reinforcement coming off, and no possible means of resisting them appearing, the captain submitted to the horrid necessity of striking to his barbarous enemy. They took possession of the ship, and made prisoners of the officers and men, in number three hundred, with robbery, violence, and insult. In forty-eight hours, the wind blowing in shore, the Tripolitans were able to get off the frigate, and having raised her guns, towed her into the harbour of Tripoli. The commodore apprehended the worst from this diminution of his force; a war with Tunis, and perhaps with Algiers; at least, a protraction of the present war. He could not but hope the government would repair this loss by another frigate in the spring, and also would furnish him with more small vessels or gun-boats. His idea of the amount and distribution of force to be desired, he mentions in a subsequent letter; observing, "we ought to have a brig and schooner to cruise between Cape Bon and Sicily; a brig or schooner off Cape Margaret, to the south of Tripoli; a brig on the coast of Calabria; two frigates, with one schooner and some gun and mortar boats, before Tripoli, and a brig and schooner to cruise from Deme to Bengaza. With such a force, so disposed, Tripoli might soon be brought to any terms we might please to dictate."

He proceeded to Syracuse, where he was received with much hospitality, and aided by the governor with the accommodations he needed for his squadron. He also found sir Alexander Ball at Malta, (which he soon visited,) disposed to show him every good office. December 14, he sailed with the *Enterprize* on a winter cruise, amidst boisterous weather; for many days it blew a gale. On the morning of the 23d, the *En-*

terprize captured a ketch in sight of Tripoli, which left that port in the night, bound to Bengaza. She was under Turkish colours, and navigated by Turks and Greeks; but had on board two Tripolitan officers of distinction, a son of one of the officers, a number of Tripoline soldiers, and forty or more blacks, men and women, slaves belonging to the Bashaw and his subjects. He at first determined to release the vessel and men claimed by the Turkish captain, and retain the Tripolines, about sixty in number, as prisoners; hoping they would afford an advantage in negociation, and perhaps be exchanged for some of our countrymen. Before this determination was executed, he ascertained that the captain had been active in taking the Philadelphia. Having received on board this very vessel one hundred Tripolitans, armed with swords and muskets, and substituted the colours of the enemy for his own, he assaulted the frigate, and when she was boarded, plundered the officers. He had no hesitation in retaining the vessel; because she was either a Tripoline, and then a prize, or a Turk, and then a pirate. She was not in a condition to be sent to the United States. He transmitted her papers to government, and some time after had her appraised, and took her into the service as the ketch Intrepid.

February 3d, 1804, lieutenant Stephen Decatur, with seventy volunteers in the Intrepid, and accompanied by the Syren, sailed for Tripoli, with a view to destroy, as they could not in any event expect to bring out the frigate Philadelphia. On the 16th, the service was accomplished in the most gallant manner. lieutenant Decatur entered the harbour of Tripoli in the night; and laying his vessel along side the frigate, boarded and carried her against all opposition. A large number of men were on board, of whom twenty or thirty were slain, and the remainder driven over the side, excepting one boat's crew, which escaped to the shore, and one person made prisoner. The assailants then set fire to her and left her. She was soon in a complete blaze, and was totally consumed. The frigate lay within half gun shot of the castle and the principal battery, with her guns

mounted and loaded, and two corsairs, full of men, were riding very near. We had none killed, and only one wounded.

From this time till the bombardment of Tripoli, the commodore was occupied in cruising, in keeping up the blockade of the Tripoline harbour, and in making preparations for an attack. He took the utmost pains to convey supplies and information to captain Bainbridge and his officers and men; and after a time, by means of the good offices of sir Alexander Ball, succeeded. He tried several times to negotiate for a ransom and treaty; but the demands of the regency were sometimes ridiculously extravagant, and when lowest, beyond what he thought himself permitted to accord. The designs of warfare he had entertained were checked by a solicitude for the release of his countrymen; though he may by some persons, perhaps, be thought to have indulged too far his aversion to the payment of a considerable ransom. He found himself able to make their situation as comfortable as the nature of it would admit; and he believed that the infliction of suffering and terror, when the time should come upon the enemy, would not produce, as it did not, any long continued aggravation of the evils of their condition, whilst it would essentially serve his country. Indeed after the destruction of the Philadelphia, the bashaw at first affected to avenge himself by a severer treatment of the captives; but this was not long persisted in. It was supposed that in case of a formidable attack on the town, the worst that would happen to them would be to be taken into the country for safe keeping.

It must, however, be confessed impossible for any one to have said to what lengths the fury and fanaticism of that people might go, if no concession was made to their pride or avarice, or the pressure of the war should drive them to desperation, our unfortunate countrymen must often have shuddered at the thought of their possible destiny. When the first consul of France, in March, at the instance of Mr. Livingston, directed his commissary at this regency to mediate for their release, Mr. Beausnier undertook the office; and announced to the commodore, that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with some usual gratuities, would probably effect the object, and that perhaps a cartel for the

exchange of prisoners might be negotiated, which would reduce the sum. The commodore did not think himself authorized to agree to these terms, and never would go beyond eighty thousand; not that the amount was important, except on principle, and as it might affect our relations to the other Barbary powers. In June the Russian court, through their minister at the Porte, interposed; but did not bring the regency to our conditions.—From first to last, it was a point of honour with his excellency the bashaw, not to give up the American captives for a less sum than had been usually received from most of the powers of Europe, in turn for the ransom of captures of like number and quality. Even after the bombardment in the ensuing summer, he was not ready to yield, though he was really sick of the war. In his view, he was conquered when he ceased to be amply paid for his prisoners. He finally accepted sixty thousand dollars, satisfied, no doubt, that our naval armament would be coeval at least with his hostility, if not at all times equally active and formidable; but especially at that moment apprehensive that his brother's general Eaton if not disarmed by negotiation, would reinstate Hamet in the sovereignty of Tripoli.

On the first of April, the commodore went to display force at Tunis; where he found a Tripoline polacre dismantled, having been blockaded for sixteen days by captain Decatur. The bey of Tunis had for some time been uneasy at his treaty with the United States. Why should he not, like Algiers, have an annual stipend? He insisted that the commodore should land and satisfy him for some property alleged to be unlawfully seized by the former squadron. The commodore made a short answer, that it was not his business, and that he must put to sea. He found it necessary to watch Tunis during the whole of his command. In the spring he took another prize, a Tripoline; and upon the presumption of her being condemned, she was estimated, equipped, and put in commission, called the Scourge.

Finding that force did not arrive from the United States, our officer resolved to endeavour to make some use of the friendship of Naples. Although he was without diplomatic authority, the minister, general Acton, from personal regard and good will to

the service, favoured his application to the king, and the commodore obtained as a friendly loan from the king to the United States, six gun-boats and two bomb vessels, completely fitted for service; also liberty to ship twelve or fifteen Neapolitans to serve under our flag in each boat.

With this addition to his armament, on the 21st July he joined the detachment off Tripoli. His force consisted of the

Frigate Constitution,	44 guns,	24lb.
Brig Argus,	18	24
Siren,	18	18
Scourge,		
Schooner Vixen,	16	6
Nautilus,	16	6
Enterprize,	14	6

Six gun-boats of one brass twenty-six pounder each; and two bombard ketches, each carrying a thirteen inch mortar; the whole number of men one thousand and sixty.

The enemy had on his castle and several batteries, one hundred and fifteen guns; fifty-five of which were heavy battering brass cannon; the others long eighteen and twelve pounders; nineteen gun-boats, with each a long brass eighteen or twenty-four pounder in the bow, and two howitzers abaft. He had two schooners of eight guns each, a brig of ten, and two gallies, having each four guns. In addition to the ordinary Turkish garrison, stationed upon the fortifications, and the crews of the boats and armed vessels, computed at about three thousand, the bashaw had called in to the defence of his city more than twenty thousand Arabs. These forces were arranged in the positions best adapted for repelling an attack, and also for seizing the occasion of falling upon any detachment of the invading force, which could be drawn from the main body.*

The weather prevented the squadron from approaching the enemy till the 28th, when after anchoring within $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of

* A detail of the operations of the American fleet in the Mediterranean, by W. Eaton, esq. compared with commodore Preble's despatches, journal, correspondence, and other letters from officers in the squadron, have supplied the facts in the following narrative.

his line of defence, the wind suddenly shifted and increased to a gale. They were compelled to weigh and gain an offing. On the first of August the gale subsided, and the squadron on the third (the weather being pleasant and the wind at east,) at noon were within two or three miles of the batteries, which were all closely manned.

The commodore observing that several of the enemy's boats had taken a station without the reef of rocks which covers the entrance of the harbour, about two miles from its bottom, resolved to take advantage of this circumstance, and made signal for the squadron to come within speaking distance, when he communicated to the several commanders his intention of attacking the shipping and batteries. The gun and mortar boats were immediately manned and prepared to cast off. The gun boats in two divisions of three each—the first division under captain Somers on board No. 1, with lieutenant James Decatur in No. 2, and lieutenant Blake in No. 3. The second division under captain Decatur in No. 4, with lieutenant Bainbridge in No. 5, and lieutenant Trippe in No. 6. The two bombards were commanded by lieutenant commandant Dent, and by Mr. Robinson, first lieutenant of the commodore's ship. At half past one o'clock the squadron stood for the batteries—at two cast off the gun boats; at half past two signal for the bombs and boats to advance and attack, and in fifteen minutes after, signal was given for general action. It was commenced by the bombs throwing shells into the town. In an instant the enemy's lines opened a tremendous fire from not less than two hundred guns, which was promptly returned by the whole squadron now within musket shot of the principal batteries.

At this moment captain Decatur with his three gun boats attacked the enemy's eastern division consisting of nine. He was soon in the centre of them, and the fire of grape, langrage and musketry was changed to a deadly personal combat with the bayonet, spear, sabre and tomahawk. Captain Decatur grappled one of the enemy's boats and boarded with but fifteen men. He parried the blows of five Turks, who fell upon him with scimeters, so as to receive no injury, till a blow from the boat's cap-

tain, a powerful Turk, cleft his blade in two. He instantly closed with the Turk, but overpowered by muscular strength, he fell under him across the gunnel of the boat. In this position he drew a side pistol and killed his antagonist. Meantime his sergeant and a marine soldier, seeing his danger, flew to his relief and engaged and slew the other four assailants. By this time the other thirteen men had vanquished the residue of the crew, thirty-one in number, and the boat's colours were hauled down. Captain Decatur left this boat in charge of an officer, and immediately with lieutenant M'Donough, and eight men beside himself, laid another boat on board, which he carried after a desperate and bloody encounter of a few minutes. The fierce desperation of the Arnout Turks, who value themselves on never yielding, made the slaughter of the enemy in these conflicts immense. The two prizes of captain Decatur had thirty-three officers and men killed, and twenty-seven made prisoners, nineteen of whom were severely wounded.

Lieutenant Trippe boarded one of the enemy's large boats with only a midshipman, Mr. Jonathan Henley, and nine men. His boat falling off before any more could join him, he was left to conquer or perish with the fearful odds of eleven to thirty-six. In a few minutes, however, though for a moment the victory seemed dubious, the enemy was subdued; fourteen of them lost their lives and twenty-two submitted to be prisoners; seven of whom were badly wounded. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, some of which were deep and dangerous. The blade of his sword also yielded. He closed with the enemy; both fell, but in the struggle, Trippe wrested the Turk's sword from him, and with it pierced his body. Mr. Henley in this rencounter displayed a valour joined to a coolness that would have honoured a veteran. Lieutenant Bainbridge had his lateen yard shot away, which baffled his utmost exertions to get along side the enemy's boats; but his active and well directed fire within musket shot was very effective. At one time he had in his ardour pushed forward so that his boat grounded within pistol shot of one of the enemy's formidable batteries, and where he was exposed to volleys of musketry. But by address and courage he extricated

himself from this situation, and so ill directed was the enemy's fire, without receiving any injury.

Captain Somers was not able to fetch far enough to windward to co-operate with Decatur. But he bore down upon the leeward division of the enemy, and with his single boat within pistol shot attacked five full manned boats, defeated and drove them in a shattered condition and with the loss of many lives under shelter of the rocks.

Lieutenant Decatur in No. 2, engaged with one of the enemy's largest boats, which struck after the loss of the greatest part of her men. At the moment this brave young officer was stepping on board his prize, he was shot through the head by the Turkish captain, who by this means escaped, whilst the Americans were recovering the body of their unfortunate commander.

The two bomb vessels kept their station, although often covered with the spray of the sea occasioned by the enemy's shot. They kept up a constant fire and threw a great number of shells into the town. Five of the enemy's gun boats and two galleys composing their centre division, stationed within the rocks, joined by the boats which had been driven in, and reinforced, twice attempted to row out and surround our gun boats, and prizes. They were as often foiled by the vigilance of the commodore, who gave signal to the brigs and schooners to cover them, which was properly attended to by these vessels, all of which were gallantly conducted and annoyed the enemy exceedingly. The fire of the Constitution had its ample share in this bombardment. It kept the enemy's flotilla in constant disorder and produced no inconsiderable effect on shore. The frigate was constantly in easy motion; and always found where danger threatened to defeat the arrangements of the day. Several times she was within two cables' length of the rocks and three of the batteries, every one of which were successively silenced as often as her broad-side could be brought to bear on them; but having no large vessels to secure these advantages, when circumstances compelled her to change her position, the silenced batteries were re-animated. We suffered most, says the commodore, when wearing or tacking. It was then I most sensibly felt the want of another frigate.

At half past four the wind inclining to the northward, and at the same time the enemy's flotilla having retreated behind coverts which shielded them from our shot, whilst our people were necessarily much exhausted by two hours and a half severe exertion, signal was given for the gun boats and bombs to retire from action; and immediately after to the brigs and schooners to take the gun boats and their prizes in tow, which was handsomely executed, the whole covered by a heavy fire from the Constitution. In fifteen minutes the squadron was out of reach of the enemy's shot and the commodore hauled off to give tow to the bomb-ketches.

The squadron were more than two hours within grape shot distance of the enemy's batteries, and under a constant fire.— But the damage received was in no proportion to the apparent danger; or to the effect produced by the assailants. The frigate took a thirty-two pound shot in her mainmast, about thirty feet from the deck, her sails and rigging were considerably cut; one of her quarter deck guns was injured by a round shot which burst in pieces and shattered a mariner's arm, but not a man was killed on board of her. The other vessels and boats suffered in their rigging and had sundry men wounded, but lost none except lieutenant Decatur, the brother of the captain Decatur, so conspicuous in this war. Several circumstances explain this impunity of our squadron. Where the engagement was close as with the boats the impetuosity of the attack as well as our more dexterous use of the weapons of destruction overpowered and appalled the enemy. The barbarians are unskilful gunners.— The shower of grape shot annoyed and discomposed them in the application of what little skill they possessed. The assailing party were so near as to be overshot by the batteries; especially as the managers of the guns were so fearful of exposing their heads above the parapets as easily to oversight their object.

Very different was the result of this conflict to the enemy. The American fire was not an empty peal, but a messenger of death in every direction. The three captured boats had one hundred and three men on board, forty-seven of whom were killed, twenty-six wounded, and thirty only fit for duty. Three other boats were sunk with their entire crews, and the decks of

their vessels in the harbour were swept of numbers. The effect on shore was not so great as in the shipping, but still such as to spread consternation. Several Turks were killed and wounded, and many guns of the forts dismounted, and the town was considerably damaged.

The American navy has seldom had opportunity to gain renown. It seems proper in recounting the lives of her commanders to indulge in more detail than would be tolerated in the biographical notices of naval men belonging to a nation long known in the annals of maritime warfare. We have dwelt on the particulars of this attack on Tripoli as a display of the penetration and energy of the commodore, and his power of infusing his own spirit of heroism into his officers and men. We value this achievement as a proof that our countrymen are equal to the highest kind of naval courage. As might be expected, it made a powerful impression on the mind of the enemy. The burning of the Philadelphia could not fail to make the bashaw and his people apprehend something serious from the present commander. When the squadron was seen standing in, however, he affected contempt, and surveying them from his palace, observed, "they will mark their distance for tacking; they are a sort of Jews, who have no notion of fighting." The palace and terraces of the houses were covered with spectators to see the chastisement the bashaw's boats would give the squadron, if they approached too near. This exultation was very transient. The battle was scarcely joined, when no one was seen on shore, except on the batteries. Many of the inhabitants fled into the country, and the bashaw, it is said, retreated with his priest to his bomb proof room. An intelligent officer of the Philadelphia then in captivity, observes that the Turks asked if those men that fought so were Americans or infernals in christian shape sent to destroy the sons of the prophet. The English, French and Spanish consuls, say they, have told us that they are a young nation, and got their independence by means of France; that they had a small navy and their officers were inexperienced, and that they were merely a nation of merchants, and that by taking their ships and men we should get great ransoms. Instead of this, their Preble pays us a coin of shot, shells, and hard blows, and sent a Decatur in a dark night with a

band of christian dogs fierce and cruel as the tyger, who killed our brothers and burnt our ships before our eyes.

On the 5th August the commodore prevailed on a French privateer which had left Tripoli that morning, to return with 14 wounded Tripolines whose wounds had been carefully dressed, and whom the commodore sent with a letter to the bashaw's minister. These prisoners it is said informed the prince that the Americans in battle were fiercer than lions, but in the treatment of their captives were even more kind than the mussulman. The barbarian at first misunderstood the motive of sending these men, but afterwards professed to be pleased with the act, and said if he took any wounded Americans they should be likewise returned; but he would not restore any of the Philadelphia's crew. On the 7th the privateer returned with a letter from the French consul signifying that the bashaw had very much lowered his tone; and would probably treat on reasonable terms. But nothing definite or satisfactory being proposed by the enemy, and the terms intimated being higher than the commander was willing or felt authorised to make, he prepared for a second attack. The bomb vessels under Lieutenants Crane and Thorn were to take a station in a small bay ~~front~~ of the town, whence they could distress the town, without being much exposed themselves; the gun boats were to be opposed to a seven gun battery, and the brigs and schooners to support them in case the enemy's flotilla should venture out. At half past two the assault was made. Within two hours six of the seven guns were silenced. Forty-eight shells and about five hundred round shot, twenty-four pounders, were thrown into the town and batteries, when between five and six P. M. the squadron retired from action. During the engagement, the enemy's gun boats and gallies manœuvred to gain a position to cut off the retreat of ours; but the larger vessels were so arranged as to defeat their design.

In this rencounter at about half past 3, one of the prize boats was blown up by a hot shot from the enemy's battery, which passed through her magazine. She had on board twenty-eight officers, scamen, and marines, ten of whom were killed and six wounded, among the former were Mr. James Caldwell first lieutenant of the Siren, and Mr. J. Dorsey, midshipman. Mr. Spence, midshipman and eleven men were taken up unhurt.—

This young officer, was superintending the loading of a gun when the explosion took place. He with the survivors finished the loading, and having discharged her, whilst the boat was sinking, jumped into the sea and were taken up by another boat.— The loss this day was twenty-two killed and six wounded, two of them mortally.

It was afterwards ascertained that the enemy suffered less at this time than on the third.

At eight in the evening the John Adams, capt. Chauncey, joined the squadron. By him the commodore had the first official notice that four frigates were on their passage to reinforce his detachment. At the same time also he learned that by the appointment of a senior officer to one of the frigates, he would be superseded in the command. The government were highly satisfied with the commodore, but they had not a sufficient number of captains, juniors to Preble, to supply all the frigates sent out; and they did not think the saving of his feelings would justify the creation of any others. Had they however known or anticipated his brilliant success at this time, they would probably have ventured upon promoting one or two of the gallant lieutenants in the Mediterranean in order to keep the commodore in the chief command.

As the frigates were to sail four days after the John Adams, further operations were suspended in expectation of their arrival. No assistance could be received from this frigate, as her guns had been stowed by the kelson and their carriages put away in the other frigates to make room for her cargo, she being sent out as a transport.

Captain Chauncey received orders to remain on the station, that commodore Preble might make use of his boats and men, should the delay of the expected reinforcement determine him to renew the attack. The squadron kept their station before the town, prepared to strike a decisive blow on the arrival of commodore Barron.

On the ninth, commodore Preble, in the brig Argus, reconnoitered the harbour. The next day a flag of truce was seen flying on the shore. The commodore sent a boat on shore, which was not permitted to land, but returned with a letter from the

French consul advising the commodore that the bashaw would accept five hundred dollars each for the ransom of the prisoners and terminate the war without any consideration or annuity for peace.

The amount of the demand was about 150,000 dollars, which the commodore rejected, but for the sake of the captives and to save the further effusion of blood, offered eighty thousand and ten thousand for presents. After beginning to treat with the French commissary general, the bashaw suspended the negotiation, saying he would wait the result of another attack. On the night of the twenty-third, the bomb vessels under protection of the gun-boats, were sent in to bombard the town. The bombardment commenced at two A. M. and continued till day light; but as it was subsequently ascertained without much effect.

On the twenty-seventh the weather proving favourable, the commodore stood in for Tripoli, and anchored his ship two miles N. by E. from fort English; the light vessels keeping under way. A number of his officers and many of the seamen being employed in the boats, captain Chauncey, and several of his officers with about 70 seamen, volunteered their services on board the Constitution.

The gun boats accompanied by the Siren, Argus, Vixen, Nautilus, Enterprize, and boats of the squadron anchored at three in the morning within pistol shot, of the enemy's lines, with springs on their cables, and commenced a brisk fire on their shipping, town, batteries, and castle, which was warmly returned. The ships' boats remained with the gun-boats to assist in boarding the flotilla in case it should come out, and the brigs and schooners were kept under way either to harass the enemy or to assist the gun boats. At day light, apprehensive that the ammunition in the gun boats, must be nearly exhausted, the commodore weighed anchor, and standing in, under the direct fire of fort English, the castle, crown and mole batteries, made signal for the gun boats to retire from action.—When arrived within a sure distance he opened his battery with round and grape shot, upon 13 gun boats and galleys, which were closely engaged with ours; sunk one of them; disabled two, and put the rest to flight. He continued running in until within

musket shot of the batteries; when he hove to, fired three hundred round shot, beside grape and canister, into the bashaw's castle, town and batteries. He silenced the castle, and two of the batteries, and a little after six hauled off.

The gun boats fired four-hundred round shot, beside grape and canister, with evident effect.

A boat from the John Adams, with a master's mate and eight men on board, was sunk by a double headed shot, which killed three seamen and badly wounded another. The effect of this attack was serious on shore. A thirty-six pound shot penetrated the castle and entered the apartment of the prisoners, and damage was done to houses and some lives destroyed.

The French commissary now renewed the negotiation for peace, but it was broken off in consequence, as he thought, of one of the squadron approaching the harbour, as a cartel, which he said was interpreted by the ignorant and mistrustful bashaw as a proof of discouragement on the part of the invader.

On the third September, the bomb ketches being repaired, as well as the damages sustained by the other vessels in the action of the 27th, the squadron was again ready and disposed for another attack on the town and batteries. Between three and four o'clock, the action commenced and soon became general. As our gun boats bore down on the boats and galleys of the enemy, they gave ground and retreated under cover of the musketry on shore. The brigs and schooners pursued with the gun boats as far as the depth of the water would permit, and within musket shot of fort English. The action in this quarter now became divided. The brigs and schooners with one division of the gun boats engaged fort English: the other division continued engaged with the boats and galleys.

The two bomb ketches while directing their shells into the town, were exposed to the direct fire from the bashaw's castles, the crown, mole, and several other batteries. The commodore perceiving their danger, ran his ship between them and the batteries, within musket shot, where not less than seventy guns were brought

to bear on him, and there discharged eleven broadsides with so good effect as to silence one of the principal batteries, and to injure the others and town materially. The wind veering to the northward and beginning to blow fresh, at half past four P. M. he gave signal to retire from action under cover of the Constitution. In this engagement, although the frigate and vessels were much damaged, not a man was lost. The bomb vessel commanded by lieutenant Robinson had all her shrouds shot away, and was so shattered in the hull as to be kept above water with difficulty. The Argus received a thirty-two pound shot in her hull, which cut away a lower cable as it entered, and which so checked its velocity, that it fell upon deck without doing injury.

The commodore had for some time contemplated sending a fire ship into the harbour to destroy the flotilla, and at the same time throw a quantity of shells into the town. Captain Somers volunteered in this service, and with the assistance of lieuts. Wadsworth and Israel, fitted out the ketch Intrepid for this expedition. An hundred barrels of gun powder, and one hundred and fifty fixed shells were placed in the hold, with fuses and combustibles so applied as to fire them without endangering the retreat of the adventurers. On the evening of the fourth September, captain Somers chose two fast rowing boats from the squadron, to bring off the people, having fired the vessel. His own boat was manned by four seamen from the Nautilus with lieut. Wadsworth and six men from the Constitution. At eight they parted from the squadron and stood into the harbour, convoyed by the Argus, Vixen, and Nautilus to within a short distance of the batteries. Having gained the inner harbour, and near at the point of destination, she was boarded and carried by two gallies of one hundred men each. At this moment, she exploded. The effect was awful. Every battery was silenced and not a gun was fired afterwards during the night. Captain Somers is said to have declared to a friend that in case the should be boarded, as he was apprehensive, he would not be captured. There is every reason to believe that on the enemy proving successful, the captain seized a quick match and touched a train which communicated instant fire to the mine—by which he and his brave companions found with the enemy a common death.

Nothing occurred after this till the two squadrons joined on the ninth of September. Though commodore Barron took departure from the capes of Virginia on the fifth July, and crossed the Atlantic to the Western Islands in sixteen days, they were fifty days on their passage thence to the coast of Tripoli, having experienced forty-one days head winds and calms in the meantime.

Here ended Mr. Preble's command, so honourable to himself, and in both its immediate and distant consequences important to his country. In naval tactics his active and discerning mind anticipated the effect of long and familiar experience. In this enterprize he displayed the rapidity of conception, and promptitude to act so requisite in critical circumstances, along with the foresight, circumspection, and steady perseverance always necessary to success in difficult undertakings. The energy and intrepidity which marked his character, the passion for achieving deeds of honour that glowed in his breast, were emulated and shared by his officers, and fully seconded by his men, who thought mighty things easy under such a commander. His conduct of this war made an impression on the African governments, that will not soon be effaced, and cannot fail for a long period of time to check their disposition to interrupt the peace that has been settled.

All joined in the suffrage to the distinguished merits of the commodore. His holiness the pope, is said to have remarked that he had done more towards humbling the antichristian barbarians on that coast, than all the christian states had ever done. Sir Alexander Ball in a letter September 20th, said "I beg to repeat my congratulations on the services you have rendered your country, and the hair breadth escapes you have had in setting a distinguished example. Their bravery and enterprize are worthy a great and rising nation. If I were to offer my opinion, it would be that you have done well not to purchase a peace with the enemy. A few brave men have indeed been sacrificed, but they could not have fallen in a better cause, and I even conceive it advisable to risk more lives rather than submit to terms which might encourage the Barbary states to add fresh demands and insults."

After the squadron joined, the commodore obtained leave to return home, which he was the more willing to do as it would

give the command of a frigate to captain Decatur. The officers joined in an address to their late commander, containing the strongest expressions of attachment and respect. The congress of the United States voted the thanks of the nation and an emblematical medal, which were presented by the president with emphatic declarations of esteem and admiration.

When the commodore returned he was received and treated everywhere with distinguished attention. His countrymen showed that they were proud of his fame, and grateful for his services. From this time he was much consulted and employed by the government in the management of their naval concerns—peace was the next year made with Tripoli and the prisoners ransomed—and our navy was not again ordered abroad.

In the latter part of the year 1806—the health of Mr. Preble began to decline. It was the same complaint, a debility of the digestive organs, under which he was near sinking a few years before. For many months he struggled with his disorder, indulging a hope of recovering till within ten days of his death. Finding that the inveteracy of his malady bid defiance to medical skill, he resolved on a water excursion as a last experiment. On Sunday the 9th of August, 1807, he went on board a packet and stood out to sea, but finding no relief he returned on the Thursday following, sensible that the hour of his dissolution was approaching. In the view of this event he displayed the fortitude which became his character, and his exit was in full correspondence with his life. He breathed his last on Tuesday the 25th of August 1807, in the 46th year of his age. The inhabitants of Portland united in every mark of respect to his remains. On the day of his funeral, business was suspended, the colours were displayed at half mast from the shipping in the harbour, and he was interred with military honours and the ceremonies of religion and masonry.

On the intelligence of his death reaching Washington, the firing of minute guns and other marks of naval mourning were ordered in testimony of the honour due to the memory of a patriot and hero; and of the unfeigned sorrow produced by his death.

The person, air and countenance of commodore Preble answered to his character. His features expressed strong passions along with manly and generous feelings. His attitude was erect

yet easy and natural, his step firm, and his whole appearance and port were noble and commanding. In the calm of domestic life and the society of his equals he was placid and affectionate; in the exercise of authority peremptory and rigid. But though he made himself feared, and might be thought sometimes imperious and severe, yet he retained a strong interest in the affections of his officers and men, who were convinced of the goodness of his disposition and the sincerity of his friendship. If he failed in uniformly restraining the impetuosity of his temper, he had no trait of arrogance, malignity or revenge in his nature. Signal instances of his humanity and generosity might be related. He was patient of labour, and in business was remarked for exactness and despatch. He was a kind neighbour and useful public spirited citizen. He cherished his relatives with tenderness, and was the object of their fond regard. He had been several years married, and left a wife and one child, a son, to feel his loss and to inherit the precious legacy of his honourable name. At the time he died, he had nearly completed an elegant mansion where, in the enjoyment of easy circumstances, and the society of a beloved family, he had looked for the repose endeared by past scenes of toil, and danger. It pleased heaven to defeat his plans and terminate his prospects by untimely death, thus teaching us to value our life by the good and noble actions it contains, and not by the time it endures.

FOREIGN BIOGRAPHY.

Among the more pleasing poets of France, the sprightly, elegant and gay Gresset occupies a station of the most brilliant lustre. A recluse student under the direction of the Jesuits, he astonished the world by the production of a variety of poems, which, published when he was not yet of mature age, displayed all the naïveté of an accomplished man of the world. Animated by success so signal in the cloister, young Gresset was now resolved to exchange monastic seclusion for metropolitan notoriety. Among his early adventures at Paris, we may enumerate his successful sacrifices to the muse of Comedy. We allude to his *Sidnei* and his *Mechant*, plays of the sentimental rather than of the humorous cast, and in which Terence rather than Plautus

was his guide. After being admitted to the honours of the French academy, and sharing all that homage which rank and wealth, in prosperous governments, delight to pay to Genius, Talents and Virtue, he insensibly became weary of the life of a man of letters in the capital, and sighed for sequestered shades, and the *innocuous tranquillity* of the country. He was, moreover, swayed by those religious scruples, which in the catholic, as well as in many modes of *fanatic faith*, are inculcated concerning the illegality or the immorality of scenic exhibitions. Moved by these considerations, he retired to a provincial station, gained a post in government, married a lady of fortune, and enjoyed all the privileges of his fame. But such is the restlessness and capriciousness of man, even rural retirement, the blandishments of Beauty, the enjoyment of riches, and the chaplets of renown, could not long detain him from the delights, or delusions, of Paris. As a distinguished member of the academy, he had the honour, on their accession to the throne, to compliment Louis the sixteenth and his queen; and his discourse upon so memorable and so flattering an occasion, was, to the honour of his frankness and intrepidity, a severe sarcasm on the vices and the follies of the court and the capital. Notwithstanding this boldness, so little consentaneous to the character of a parasite of the great, he received from the benignity of his prince letters of nobility and the order of St. Michael, and was appointed historiographer of the order of St. Lazare.

Among the works of Gresset, independently of those which are the common topics of fame, are several *facetiæ*, odes, and a translation of the Georgics of Virgil. His reputation rests principally upon *Ver Vert*, *Chartreuse* and *Le Mechant*; the first characterised by its ingenious pleasantry, the second by its philosophical freedom, and the third by the fidelity of its portraits, and the harmony of its versification. It is nobly said of him by M. Bailly, that for the graces of light poetry, Gresset should be placed between Chaulieu and Voltaire, and that his morality was as pure as his style.

It is much to be regretted that the writings of so amiable and so excellent an author, have never been familiar to English readers in a perfect version. But, unhappily, even the translation of *Ver Vert*, by Cooper, is not calculated to extend the fame of the original. Other attempts to exhibit our poet in an English dress have been equally awkward and abortive. EDITOR.

ACCOUNT OF GRESSET.

TRANSLATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GRESSET was born at Amiens in 1709, near the end of the reign of Louis XIV. It has been remarked, that the most celebrated men of the eighteenth century, were contemporary with this monarch.

The father of Gresset filled several respectable offices; but he was not very fortunate. He placed his son with the Jesuits of Amiens, who, struck with the extraordinary capacity of the young pupil, endeavoured to draw him into their society. Urged by the entreaties of his connexions, and the solicitations of the Jesuits, who neglected no means to establish men of merit among them, he commenced his noviciate in his 16th year: a taste for polite literature was the chief motive which induced him to acquiesce. He was sent to the college of Louis the Great at Paris.

Under celebrated professors, surrounded by brilliant examples, and enthusiastic, Gresset, for several years, secretly practised the difficult art of poesy. He made a great number of trials, which he never communicated; and the severity with which he judged his own compositions contributed to the success of his works, which, though not numerous, have obtained the author the rank of a classic.

Ver Vert is well known to have been the first work of Gresset. He was twenty-four years of age when he published it. Men of letters admired the novelty of the subject, the description at once chaste and faithful of the interior of a convent, and the roguish details, which never pass the bounds of decent gayety. The wit, elegance, and artlessness of this little poem, place it among the works which will last as long as the language.

J. B. Rosseau, writing to one of his friends, thus expresses himself:

"I have read the poem you sent me, and must say, without flattery, that I have never seen a production which surprised me so much. Without quitting the familiar style he has chosen, the author displays all that is brilliant in poetry, and all that a complete acquaintance with the world could furnish a man who had spent his whole life in it. I do not know whether my cotemporaries and I had not better give up our business than continue it after the appearance of so surprising a phenomenon, who eclipses us all, and over whom we have no other advantage than that of seniority, which we would be happy not to have."

This great lyric has since preferred *La Chartreuse* to *Ver Vert*, because, said he, "it preserves the original stamp of the talent of the author, and that playfulness and freedom, which are the best graces of style."

A description of the pleasure Gresset enjoyed in the country among amiable friends, whom he quitted to occupy an obscure chamber in the college of Louis the Great, is the subject of this poem, and the source of its beauties. Several poets, perhaps pleased with the manner of Gresset, have endeavoured to imitate him, but the greater part without success, because no person has handled with so much art, or rather so naturally, poetical periods in verses of eight syllables. We may apply to *La Chartreuse* the words of La Fontaine: *C'est proprement un charme*.

Les Ombres, a continuation of *La Chartreuse*, was undertaken through complaisance for the person to whom Gresset had dedicated that poem, and in order to give him an idea of a university. It may be easily seen; by the exaggeration of the poet, that the piece is mere pleasantry.

Gresset was a Jesuit when he wrote *Le Charême in-promptu*, and *Le Lutrin Vivant*, two models of narrative poetry.

Necessity had induced him to embrace a profession for which he was not calculated; but his talents having procured him useful acquaintances, he quitted the religious habit to enter into the world; and he was not so ungrateful as to asperse the asylum in which he had been received and educated. His *Adieux aux Jésuites* was dictated by the most lively gratitude. The learned Tournemine observed, in a tone of regret, "that their body had lost a member which it would be difficult to replace."

Fame bore the name of Gresset to the court of Berlin. Frederic II, who had read the works of our poet, wrote to Voltaire in 1738:

"The Muse of Gresset is now one of the principal of French Parnassus: this charming poet has the gift of expressing himself with great facility; his epithets are just and new; and his manner is peculiar. We like his works notwithstanding their defects. Most certainly he is too negligent; and indolence, which he praises, is the greatest-rival of his reputation. Gress-

set has written an ode upon the love of country, which pleases me infinitely: it is full of fire and exquisite sentiment."

Frederick the Great addressed the following verses to our author:

Tandis qu'appesantis, vaincus par la matiere,
Les vulgaires humains, abrutis, fainéants,
Végetent sans penser, et n'ouvrent la paupière
Que par l'instinct des sens;

Tandis que des auteurs l'éloquence déchuë
Croasse dans la fange au pied de l'Hélicon,
Se déchire en serpent, ou se traîne en tortue
Loin des pas d'Apollon;

O toi, fils de ce dieu, toi, nourrisson des Graces,
Tu prends ton vol aux lieux qu'habitent les neuf sœurs;
Et l'on voit tour-à-tour renaître sur tes traces
Et des fruits et des fleurs.

Tes vers harmonieux, élégants sans parure,
Loin de l'art pédantesque en leur simplicité,
Enfants du dieu du goût, enfants de la nature,
Prêchent la volupté.

Tes soins laborieux nous vantent la paresse,
Et chacun de tes vers paroît la démentir:
Non, je ne connois point la pesante mollesse
Dans ce qu'ils font sentir.

Au centre du bon goût d'une nouvelle Athene
Tu moissonnes en paix la gloire des talents,
Tandis que l'univers, envieux de la Seine,
Applaudit à tes chants.

Berlin en est frappée: à sa voix, qui t'appelle,
Viens des muses de l'Elbe animer les soupirs,
Et chanter, aux doux sons de ta lyre immortelle,
L'amour et les plaisirs.

Leaving the Jesuits, and frequenting the theatre, our poet had an opportunity of studying the dramatic art. Possessing poetical talents in a high degree, he chose for the subject of his tragedy of *Edouard*, a celebrated epoch of English history. This

piece has been very severely judged by J. B. Rousseau. "I have found many fine things in this tragedy; and the dagger-scene in the fourth act appears to me to be as theatrical as bold. I am perhaps in part the cause that this author now exhibits a style so opposite to that which so happily distinguished him. I have so strongly preached to him the necessity of correcting his anacronism and repetitions, (peculiar to his style) that I fear my sermon has made too great an impression upon him, and induced him to pass only from one extreme to the other."

Excepting the master-pieces of Racine and Voltaire, this is one of the best written with which we are acquainted. It has great beauties. Notwithstanding some success in the beginning, it did not continue a favourite at the theatre.

Gresset tried a kind of writing in which *La Chaussée* had attained great reputation. He wrote *Sidnei* in 1745. D'Alembert considers this piece an eloquent, affecting, and moral drama, against suicide, in which there is more interest than comedy.

Le Méchant appeared some time after *Sidnei*, and sealed the reputation of Gresset. This comedy, in which the manners of the great are represented, and in which elegance of style is carried to perfection, is a model of dialogue; the greater part of the verses has been transformed into proverbs. It has been aptly said, that Gresset, the author of a single comedy, is the comic poet of whose verses we retain the most.

The success of *Le Méchant* opened the doors of the academy to our author; he was received there amid the applause of the public and men of letters. Soon after his reception, called to Amiens by a tender sister, and, perhaps, disgusted with a world which he had so correctly delineated in his comedy, he retired into the bosom of his family.

Gresset was married at Amiens. He was a good husband and friend. He received the best company at his house, whom he delighted with the charms of his conversation.

J. J. Rousseau, passing through Amiens, Gresset asked an explanation of his opinions. The Genevan replied: "You have made a parrot speak, but you could not make a bear speak."

At the solicitation of the bishop of Amiens, a man of learning and rigid piety, Gresset wrote his *Letter on Comedy*, in 1759, which led Gentil-Bernard to say, in his epistle to madame de Pompadour,

Plus de La Fare; encor moins de Chaulieu;
Piron s'endort, Gresset est tout en Dieu.

There is an epigram by Piron, relative to this letter, in which he manifests his envy at the success of *Le Méchant*, and another of Voltaire.

Our author, on abandoning his theatrical career, destroyed several comedies, through a motive of piety. He had also written two poems, entitled, *Le Gazetin*, and *Le Parrain Magnifique*: it appears that these shared the fate of the Cantos he had added to *Ver Vert*, *Les Pensionnaire*, and *L'Ouvroir*. He recited the last in 1758, at a public sitting of the academy of Amiens, and at court in 1775, when, in quality of director of the French academy, he complimented Louis XVI on his accession to the throne. The following lines begin *L'Ouvroir*:

Temple secret des petites sciences,
Il est un lieu tapissé de sentences,
D'emblèmes saints, de mystiques vertus,
D'anges vainqueurs, et de démons vaincus.

We remember these lines on the vocation of nuns:

L'une découpe un agnus en losange,
Ou met du rouge à quelque bienheureux;
L'autre bichonne une vierge aux yeux bleus,
Ou passe au fer le toupet d'un archange;
Tandis qu'ailleurs la mere Saint-Bruno
Tout bonnement ourloît un *lavabo*.

We recollect also, some lines of *Les Pensionnaires*:

Les petits noms sont nés dans les couvents—
Un jour du monde efface un an de cloître—
Le cœur s'éveille avec l'impatience;
Le désir naît de l'inexpérience—
On ne sait rien, on cherche à deviner—

Car, comme on sait, qui dit religieuse,
Dit femme prude, et sur-tout curieuse.

In a small poem on education; the poet exclaims:

O jour heureux du cœur et du bon sens,
Où chaque mere, élevant ses enfants,
Ne laissoit point remplir à l'aventure
Ce devoir saint qu'impose la nature.

These fragments induce us more strongly to regret the loss of the pieces to which they belonged, and which the author burned with several others, sometime before his death, which happened in 1777.

A few which escaped the flames have been found: they are, *l'Abbaye*, *le Chartreux*, *l'épître sur l'Egalité*, *la Requête au roi*. We recognise in each of these pieces the pleasing facility, the natural and florid luxuriance, and the benign philosophy, which distinguish this author.

Gresset breathes throughout the arch humour of Horace; he has, nevertheless, once exhibited a caustic power, which has been compared to the indignation of Juvenal; it is in *l'Abbaye*. For this piece, written in 1741, we are indebted to the care of M. de Neufchâteau.

Voltaire's fugitive pieces hold the same rank as La Fontaine's fables; but here he is not to be compared. Indeed, where can we find a more happy alliance of poetic and simple language, sentiment more chaste and proper, and philosophy more profound, in such pleasing verses? It is the pomp of genius in careless grace. Gresset ought to be placed after Voltaire: like him, he composed upon the first impulse, and philosophy guided his pen. But his versification is of a different character. No writer has possessed in a degree equal to Gresset, the elegant softness and animated copiousness of the poetic style. Voltaire always exhibits the chief traits; he chooses the prominent point of his subject: Gresset seems to delight in his; and we see him reproduce the same images in his numerous periods, as a rivulet, after multiplied meanderings, returns into the principal stream. The author of *Certrude* unites wisdom and wit; that of *La Chartreuse*, breathes a soft sadness: in a word, Voltaire makes his reader think, Gresset makes him revere.

SCIENCE FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cincinnati, October 16th. 1810.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Inclosed you will find a communication for *The Port Folio*. I do not attach much importance to it, but hope that its being the production of a young man will not detract from its merit, if it have any;—nor do I calculate that any extravagant allowance will be made on that account. To be candid, it is proper to declare that its author never wrote any thing that entirely pleased himself, of course he has no right to expect that the editor of the *Port Folio* will fail to observe his faults.

Your obdt. humble servant,

J. F. M.

As the subject of meteoric stones, has lately excited the attention of men of science, a few remarks upon some of the hypotheses which have been framed to account for the phenomenon, in addition to those which have been published by others, will not, it is presumed, be entirely without interest.

It is not intended in this paper, to examine all the theories that ingenious gentlemen have devised to solve this meteoric phenomenon; but to point out such parts of those in which the mathematics has been employed, as appear to be erroneous, and not founded in correct principles.

When propositions in the mathematics, either pure or mixed, are introduced to establish or confirm hypothetical theories, it is necessary that they be properly understood, and their application to the subject duly investigated. Without requisite precaution in this respect, mistakes may be committed, and propositions sometimes be quoted, which instead of affording confirmation to any theory, may prove the reverse; or what is equally to be apprehended, may prove too much. It is vain to trifle with the mathematics, for its truths, deduced irresistibly by reasoning the most clear and precise, from simple and evident principles, are of too rigorous a nature to subserve the suggestions of the imagination. And the invention of fluxions, or the differential and integral calculus,* has rendered mathematical studies

* The fluxionary calculus differs from the differential only in the mode of conception; the former is founded on philosophical principles, whilst the latter is purely mathematical. The ratios of the differentials of quantities, is nothing

so immense, profound, and subtle in the arts employed in the development of truth, that the writings of eminent mathematicians, of the two last centuries, cannot be read unless genius be united to uncommon labour and assiduity. But without a competent knowledge of those writings, who can safely venture to quote them, especially, since it is known that the demonstrations of some propositions, particularly of the Principia of Newton, were obtained, only by years of intense application and the possession of gigantic genius.

Amongst other projects for explaining this phenomenon, is that of Dr. Bricknel, contained in a letter to president Meigs of Georgia, and published in the National Intelligencer, of the 5th of May 1809. This has been noticed by a writer in this magazine, for the months of June and August last, but not with the attention necessary to explain, satisfactorily, to his readers, the absurdity of such of the doctor's arguments, as go to prove the pretended fallacy of La Place's hypothesis. These are the words of Dr. Bricknel.

"Had the ponderous bodies of stone, metal, &c. which have frequently fallen from our atmosphere for ages, descended from the moon, or other planets or satellites, the increase of matter in the earth, augmenting its centripetal force must have drawn it nearer to the sun, (Newton's Princip. lib. 3, prop. 7.) shortened our year by diminishing the semi-diameter of our orbit, and increasing the velocity of the earth's motion, (Princip. lib. 3, prop. 2;) and increased the solar parallax as we approached him, (Euclid lib. 3, prop. 20).

"Had those meteoric stones come from the moon, the loss of matter lessening her gravitation and celerity must have carried

more than the ratios of the limit of their differences; the ratios of the fluxions of quantities is that of the nascent or evanescent velocities, with which they are generated. Though the fundamental principles of these calculi are different their uses and applications are the same; and if either have advantage over the other, it can only be in the simplicity of conception. M. Cousin in his Leçons de Calcul Différentiel et de Calcul Integral, after noticing Newton's mode, observes, "Ces principes ne répugnent point à la rigueur mathématique; nous dirons cependant qu' introduire dans l'Algèbre et dans la Géométrie le mouvement, c'est y introduire une idée absolument étrangère et qui n'est point assez simple."

her to a greater distance from us, diminished her parallax and lessened the number of her annual lunations, by the above cited doctrines."

The limited knowledge which these remarks betray, of the laws which govern the planetary motions, would not it is confessed be deserving of much attention, had not the appeal of the author to the *Principia* of Newton, rendered it necessary. For when authority is produced to establish any position, it is natural for us to give full credit, as far as the reputation of such authority will admit; both because it saves the trouble of investigation, and because it is supposed the author does or ought to understand the writings which he quotes. This kind of credulity is too common, and is the more dangerous, because it accords with the natural indolence of men. Often predisposed to conviction, the mere circumstance of naming authority, is sufficient to confirm the faith of many, particularly, when the authority adduced is known to be respectable, and of that description, generally considered without the sphere of common apprehensions. But it may be clearly shown, that the work quoted in the above extract, will not support the facts stated therein; but the contrary.

That an augmentation of matter in the earth will not increase its centripetal force, or diminish its periodical time, is easily demonstrated. One principle only is necessary, viz. that an attracting body acts upon each and every particle of matter, at the same distance, with the same force. Because it is evident from this principle, that an augmentation of matter in the attracted, cannot alter the force of the attracting body; and consequently that this increment will be acted upon by the same force, in proportion to its quantity, as the body to which it is an increment. And as a centripetal force is defined to be that, by which bodies are drawn or impelled towards a centre, it is equally plain that this force is not changed by any alteration in the mass of the impelled body, because all the particles of this body are equally impelled, be they few or many. But if no alteration take place in the centripetal force, by reason of an increment in the impelled body, it is clear, no change can be produced in the periodic time. And this conclusion is equally true, whether the matter come from the moon

or *any other body*; provided, we allow the increment to have the same projectile force with the body to which it is added.

But were an accession of matter to occur either to the earth or moon, from *any other system*, the effect would be an increase of the force of attraction of this system composed of the earth and moon upon the sun, and a proportional change in the centre of gravity of the sun, and of the system of the earth and moon. And, were the earth's mass increased from any cause whatever, a change would necessarily take place in the position of the polar diameter of the earth, according to the situation assumed by this additional matter, provided it were not diffused over the whole globe in just proportions, with respect to the polar and equatorial diameters: for Newton has shown, (Coro. 32. prop. 66, book 1, Princip.) that if a mountain, for instance, were placed between the equator and one of the poles, an *evagation* would ensue in the polar diameter, which instead of preserving its parallelism, would describe a circle about its present pole.—Nor could this evagation be overcome, but by placing another mountain on the other side of the axis. He also shows, that if matter were accumulated at the poles, so as to exceed the redundancy at the equator, the nodes instead of moving in antecedentia, as observation has determined they do, would move in consequentia.

If now we suppose the earth increased by an equal subduction of matter from the moon, it will appear that the mere loss of matter in the moon can neither lessen her gravitation, her celerity, or the number of her lunations. The force of attraction in all bodies is in proportion to their masses, divided by the squares of the distances from the centres of those bodies: hence if matter be increased in the earth, the accelerative force of the earth will also be increased, and as this augmentation will tend to accelerate the moon's velocity, her periodic time will necessarily be diminished. Or, since the squares of the periodic times of revolving bodies are as the cubes of the major axes of the ellipses which they describe, divided by the absolute forces, (Vince's Astron. Art. 818); it follows that an augmentation of the absolute force of the earth, upon the moon, will lessen the moon's periodic time.

Such are some of the most important consequences, which I have endeavoured to show in a familiar manner, would result from an accession to our globe. I will observe, however, that from whatever source the meteoric stones, which have sometimes fallen upon the earth, may have been derived, that these quantities of matter are so little, compared with the earth's mass, it would be impossible, for the most skilful observers, to notice their effects. Elucidation of error and of the affectation of citing the *Principia*, to establish erroneous principles, were the principal incitements to these remarks. And there appears to be a greater necessity for them, since, both the ingenious gentleman, who has publicly attempted a refutation of the doctor's arguments, in the *Intelligencer* of the 26th July, 1809, and the writer, under the signature of H. Y., in this Magazine for June and August, have admitted the doctor's position, as it respects stones coming from other bodies than the moon. But I believe it has been satisfactorily shown that this cannot be granted. The first gentleman has also fallen into an error, in his attempt to show the velocity with which a stone should be projected from the moon, to go beyond the influence of her attraction. Independent of the method he has taken to ascertain this velocity, he errs, when he says the earth's attractive force is 49 times greater than the moon's.

To compare the forces of these bodies, it is necessary to ascertain the force of each, at their respective surfaces: and admitting the mass of the earth to be 49 times greater than the moon, it is evident this ratio must be diminished, by the inverse duplicate ratio of their semi-diameters. For the accelerative forces of all bodies, above their surfaces, vary in the inverse duplicate ratio of the distances from their centres. According to Newton, the mass of the moon, is to the mass of the earth, as 1 to 39.78; and their diameters as 100 to 365 (B. 3, Prop. 37, cor. 4.) Therefore; at their respective surfaces, their forces are in the ratio of 1 divided by the square of 100, to 39.78 divided by the square of 365; or as 1 to 3 nearly. By comparing these forces, at intermediate distances, till their difference is zero, we shall

be able to determine the point of equal attraction,* between the two bodies. If we then determine the velocity, which a body would acquire, by falling from this point to the moon, when urged by an accelerative force, equal to the difference of the forces of the earth and moon, at the moon's surface, we shall have the velocity with which it must be projected from the moon, to reach the point of equal attraction.† Though this gentleman has erred in this particular, his letter is a proof that he has not been idle in the astronomical department, and contains many remarks that reflect honour upon the writer.

Of all the hypotheses that have been invented on this subject none is more deserving of attention for its apparent plausibility, or more respect on account of its author, than that of the eminent mathematician M. La Place. The only account of this hypothesis which has fallen into my hands, is that given in Rees's Cyclopædia, purporting to be the substance of a note by Dr. Hutton, on a paper of Dr. Halley. A few observations upon it may not be amiss.

That a particle projected from the moon, in a direct line to the earth, with a velocity sufficient to carry it beyond the point of equal attraction, supposing the bodies at rest, will fall to the earth, is perfectly consistent with the laws of gravity. But this supposition cannot be admitted, because it is contrary to the known operations in nature. It remains then to inquire, whether while those bodies are performing their revolutionary motions about the sun, and about the centre of gravity of one-another, a particle projected from the moon, with the above-mentioned velocity will fall to the earth. Without regarding the possibility of the existence of a force in the moon sufficient to communicate a velocity requisite for this purpose, it is evident.

* A direct method is better, and supposing the distance, between the earth and moon, equal to 60 semi-diameters of the earth, this point is found to be about $\frac{5}{6}$ from the earth, according to Newton's estimate of the moon's force according to Daniel Bunocelli's about $\frac{53.6}{60}$

† Taking Newton's estimate of the moon's force, I find, by calculation, that this velocity must be about 11,000 feet in a second: if Bunocelli's be taken, which is $\frac{1}{3}$ of the earth's (Fenn's System of the Physical World,) it must be about 8400 feet in a second.

if a particle be thrown with a velocity just sufficient to make it reach the point of equal attraction, it will not fall to the earth, but continue its motion in a right line, parallel to the tangent of the moon's orbit, at the point from which it was projected, with a velocity equal to the tangential velocity of the moon at the same point. Because the projectile force, which the particle had in common with the moon, when it composed a part of her mass, is not affected by being projected from her, in a right line any wise inclined to the rectilineal direction of her projectile force. When the particle is at the point of equal attraction, it cannot be inflected either towards the earth or moon, but will continue to move, as before observed, in a rectilineal course; and since the direction of this course is towards the same part as the moon's motion, it will leave the point of equal attraction and constantly approach the moon, till it falls into its body.

Nor will this particle approach to the earth, even if it be thrown beyond the point of equal attraction, unless it arrive at such a distance, between the moon and the earth, that the *excess* of the earth's attraction above the moon's, shall be more than sufficient to cause it to revolve in a circle about the earth, with its velocity in respect to this body. Because if this excess be only enough, and remain constant, it can never approach to the earth, but will revolve, uniformly, at the same distance. If at any distance between the point of equal attraction and the point where the excess is sufficient to cause the particle to revolve in a circle; its velocity compared with its centripetal force be in a greater ratio, to the velocity with which it may revolve in a circle, than the subduplicate of two to one, then it will move in an hyperbola having the earth in the focus; if it be exactly in this ratio, it will move in a parabola; if it be in a less ratio, but greater than that of equality, it will move in an elipsis exterior to a circle.* But when it has passed the point, in its approach towards the earth, where the excess is sufficient to make it revolve in a circle, it will move in an elliptic orbit, interior, or within a circle

* In all these cases, however, the particle will fall to the moon. Because, as the particle advances it recedes from the earth, and comes more and more within the attraction of the moon, which will necessarily cause its course to vary from either of these curves, till it finally reaches the moon.

whose centre is coincident with the centre of force. (*Principia* B. 1, Prop. 16, cor. 7, and Prop. 17). Until, then, this excess is sufficient to cause the particle to revolve in an elliptic orbit, interior to a circle, it cannot approach to the earth. And, it is evident, that the particle thus revolving in an elliptic orbit cannot fall to the earth, unless this excess be great enough to cause its orbit to be so excentric, that the distance from the lower apsis to the focus, shall be less than the semi-diameter of the earth; or coming into the earth's atmosphere its tangential velocity shall be diminished or destroyed. It is also evident that the particle will be subject to perturbations; arising from the actions of the sun and moon, which will cause its orbit to deviate from an ellipsis, and add to or subduct from its velocity, according to its situation in respect to those bodies.

Believing that this paper is already too long, I will close these strictures by remarking, that to all those who wish to understand the great principles of the Mundane System, or Celestial Physics, a knowledge of the Mathematics is absolutely necessary. A more striking illustration of this remark need not be produced than what St. Pierre affords, had he been a mathematician, he never would have inferred, that the degrees of latitude at the equator, were longer than degrees at the poles, upon the principle of the former being of greater amplitude. Blind attachment to the vagaries of his imagination hurried him into error, and his attempt to support his position, by geometrical reasoning, proves, that the principles, even of the strictest science, may be perverted to support error, unless the pertinence, and connection of those principles with the subject, be duly established.

F.

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ESSAY ON SHEEP;

Their varieties—Account of the Merinos of Spain, France, &c.—Reflections on the best method of treating them and raising a flock in the United States; together with miscellaneous remarks on sheep and woollen manufactures. By Robert R. Livingston, L. L. D. &c. &c.

THE last few years seem to have produced a change in the literary world on this side the Atlantic, not unlike the effect produced on the vegetable creation by one of those genial warm days so common in the beginning of our spring—Not long ago all appeared bleak, barren, and cheerless; now the whole prospect is green and gay, with the rich promise of the coming year. It is true, indeed, that these budding honours of our literary fame are as yet but *promise*; yet since enough has been done to show that a very considerable portion of the rising talent of our nation has taken a decided bent towards literary and scientific pursuits, we have little reason to fear for the result. Proud as the boast will be, yet, perhaps, even the present generation may not pass away, before we may be justly entitled to hail our country as the native soil of letters as well as of liberty—"As Athens learned, as Lacedæmon free." It is, however, not a little to be regretted, that our literary taste, while yet in this infant state, should be depraved by a certain sickly appetite for the gaudy, the gorgeous, and the extravagant. This is the general defect of American style. Our writers are seldom contented with telling plain things in a plain way, and truth and nature are continually sacrificed to sound and show. Our wit, even in its finest efforts of happy originality, (and we have some which would do honour to any age or nation,) is polluted sometimes by quaintness and extravagance, and oftener by buffoonery and slang.—Political discussion, and the jargon of diplomacy, are with us alike gilded over, with the common-place figures of school-boy rhetoric; and our lawyers, *grave and sad men* though they be, make many a clumsy attempt (in the affected phrase of one of our legal writers) "to deck with the blush of the rose the Gothic pillar of the law."*

* Caines' Preface to *Lex Mercatoria*.

Yea, even we, right sage and reverend reviewers, whilst sitting in this our seat of judgment are even now sad examples of the same melancholy truth, and "are ourselves the great sublime we draw;" for we fear, if we had been writing at Edinburgh instead of Philadelphia, we should scarcely have dared thus to bedeck the sober front of a grave critic with garlands of buds and blossoms, and little spangles of quotations, tacked with inverted commas on every other sentence.

We are far, however, from supposing that this Asiatic defect of taste arises from any thing inherent in our national character; the manly eloquence and simple dignity which characterises most of the state papers issued during our revolutionary contest, as well as many of the unofficial writings of several of those able and honest men who conducted us through it, sufficiently refute every idea of this kind, and plainly evince it to be rather the vice of the age than of the nation.

We were lead into these remarks by the perusal of the little volume before us, the production of a scholar, and a statesman of no common reputation. The author is evidently well versed in all the arts, and even the elegancies of composition, and professes to have "endeavoured to render the style as simple as the subject on which he treats," and yet his book affords a most pregnant example of the observation which we have just made, that our writers can seldom be contented with telling a plain thing in a plain way. The chief purpose of this work is to recommend to the American farmer the raising of Merino sheep, and to instruct him in the proper management of them.

Now, were we critics of the true Polyphemus Edinburgh breed, here were a glorious opening for a display of our superior knowledge of all the mysteries of crossing, mixing and *breeding in and in*, and the whole of that ingenious process by which, by means of a sort of genealogical chemistry, a flock of common sheep may be transmuted into merinos. Thence we might naturally enough digress into deep and dark speculation on the general policy and comparative utility of manufactures and commerce, and prove by many an elaborate argument, what all the world knew before, that so far from being rivals, they

were in fact most natural and worthy helpmates to one another. Or if we had rather chosen to give our readers a narrative of the merino mania, which raged during the last summer throughout the middle states, we might peradventure have condescended to entertain them with a few pages of abstruse disquisition on the natural credulity of man, and the true grounds and reasons of moral evidence; while the consideration of the permanent good which has been effected, although the bubble itself has burst, might have afforded very plausible foundation for some novel, political and moral theories of our own, wherein we might clearly show that private follies as well as private vices are necessarily productive of public good. From all this tempting field of speculation we refrain—pigmies as we are, we dare not unsheath the sword of Goliath. *Our* business is merely with the literary merit of Mr. L's book.

Our author introduces himself in his title page as Robert R. Livingston, L. L. D., President of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Arts, Member of the American Philosophical Society, President of the American Society of Fine Arts, Corresponding Member of the Agricultural Society of the Seine, &c. &c. and throughout the whole of his little volume seems never for a moment to lose sight of his various honours, and appears anxious to display himself by turns in each of his different characters. One while seating himself in the dilettanti chair of the Academy of Fine Arts, he surveys with the pitying eye of a sentimental connoisseur the deformed legs of the other breed of sheep, or “rocks the cradle of music and poetry with the shepherds of Arcadia.” Then suddenly wrapping himself up in his doctor's gown, which ever and anon is slyly thrown aside to give us a glimpse of the court dress which he wore at the levees of Napoleon, he gravely philosophiseth on the origin of society and of broad-tailed sheep. When on the sudden, hey, presto, pass, as rapid as one of the transformations of Harlequin, his scientific robes disappear, and he is seen in the homespun garb of an “enlightened and patriotic farmer.” Still, though employed in the humblest offices of rural life, tarring and greasing his sheep, or seizing them by the hind legs to make them kick, in order to

judge of their vigour, he never loses his prettinesses or his consequence, and continually reminds us of Addison's opera shepherds, who tended their flocks in flame coloured silk stockings and red-heeled slippers. The treatise itself is ushered in with a preface, not inelegantly written, which seems intended as a kind of supplement and commentary to the list of Mr. L's titles. Herein he informs us, 1st, "that the hope of acquiring agricultural information was not one of *my* smallest motives for accepting a foreign mission;" 2ndly, "that having urged my fellow-citizens to give some attention to the fine arts, and pointed out the easiest way of doing it, I see with pleasure other cities in my native country following the example set them (*upon my suggestion*) by Newyork: 3d, that in spite of *my* occupations, &c. &c. during *my* mission, *I* finally succeeded in emulating the glory of the Argonauts, (which probably consisted, saith the learned writer, in bringing the fine woolled Mingrelian sheep into Greece) by sending over to the United States two pair of merinos a short time before a much greater number were landed by colonel Humphreys; and finally that it is "very consoling to *me* to believe, after having devoted the prime of my life to promote the political interest of my country, that its decline is not absolutely useless; and that those whose fathers have shared in the *labours* of my youth, will receive some advantage from the *amusements* of my old age."

Now, although all this may be most true, yet hold we it not meet that it should be so set down, at least not by Mr. L. himself. But to proceed. Being thus apprised of the dignity and great public services of the illustrious personage who thus kindly condescends to instruct us, we are now prepared to read on with all due reverence and humility. The essay commences with some general remarks on the utility of the study of the natural history of animals. After proceeding for a few pages, smoothly and prettily enough, our author begins to philosophise most furiously on the origin and parent stock of the common sheep, which after much deliberation and discussion of the various authorities of Pallas, Pennant, Pliny, and Buffon, he finally traces to the Argali or Amman, or Mouflon Musman of the mountains. Now, although when once fairly mounted on his fleecy hobby, we have

no doubt that our right honourable philosopher found the journey nothing more than a pleasant morning ride; yet we think he might have spared himself the trouble of galloping over sea and land from Corsica across to Sardinia, and thence to Greece, and so *tramp-tramp* across the continent by way of Russia up to Siberia and Kamschatka, in search of this same venerable patriarchal *Mouflon Musman*, merely by turning to the fourth chapter of Genesis, (a very ancient record to say the least of it) where he might have found the sheep themselves quietly grazing under the care of Abel, never dreaming that in a few thousand years they would be struck out of the pedigree of their merino descendants to make room for their horned relation. But an awkward fact of this kind seldom impedes the progress of a practised theoriser, more especially if he be at all of the Parisian school, and so on we go to deduce the whole social compact and civilization of the human race from this same Mons. Mouflon Musman, who is now left, Oh base ingratitude! to skip about unhonoured and unsung in his native mountains of Corsica and Kamschatka. The origin of society is one of those convenient common places upon which every fine writer conceives himself bound to write as finely as possible, and Mr. L. does not lose this opportunity of stitching another broad purple patch upon his homespun coat of merino wool.

‘The horse, the bull, and the camel, were probably conquests subsequently made over the animal creation, because it required more strength and skill to tame and render them useful; but the young *Mouflon* was soon tamed; the female savage that followed her husband to the chase snatched it from its bleeding dam, pressed it to her bosom, and became its mother; it sported with her children, and taught them to love a race which they had hitherto pursued only to destroy. A slight ray of reason must have shown the savage how much less precarious his subsistence would be, if he could draw it from an animal that fed at the door of his hut, than if he was compelled to seek it in the chase. He would extend his flock; he would cease to trespass upon the hunting grounds of others; but he would appropriate a portion for the support of his flock; he would compound with his tribe; or the whole tribe, going into the same culture, would mark out limits which they would not suffer to be trespassed upon; they would unite for common defence; the rights of property would be known, and a nation be formed where before only wandering hordes had

existed. By what simple means does Providence produce the greatest good? That we are not at this moment fierce, savage, and brutal, little superior to the beasts that roam in the wilderness, and only employing that little superiority in their destruction, and in the destruction of each other, is probably owing to the domestication of graminivorous animals, and, first of all, to that of sheep. To them we are also indebted for some of the most pleasing, as well as for the most important and useful arts. The cradle of music and poetry was rocked by the shepherds of Arcadia; while the spindle and the distaff, the wheel and the loom, originated in the domestication of sheep. This little animal then, in losing its own wild nature, has not only converted the savage into the man, but has led him from one state of civilization to another; the fierce hunter it has changed into the mild shepherd, and the untutored shepherd into the enlightened manufacturer. The more sedentary men became, the greater were their wants, and dependence upon each other; and in those wants and that dependence originated civilization and polished societies.'

This *tirade* of false eloquence and moon-struck philosophy is followed by a brief review of the different varieties of sheep, ending with the natural and civil history of the merino, the whole written in a tolerably chastised and temperate style, although even here the author occasionally takes care to follow the advice of Dogberry, by letting his reading and writing be shown where there is no need of such vanity. After this he descends into a more humble walk, and fills nearly a hundred pages with good practical matter relative to the management of sheep, the comparative value of the different breeds, and the policy as well as private utility of woollen manufactures. There is so much useful detail in this part of the volume, that we earnestly wish Mr. L. before his next edition, would commit his essay to the hands of some puritan friend (puritanic we mean in matters of taste,) who like Jack in the Tale of a Tub, would tear away without mercy all the silver fringe and embroidery with which this piece of good sober stuff is so strangely encompassed. Annexed is an appendix on the maladies of sheep, in the main, plain and practical enough, but disgraced by the following most frigid and puny witticism:

'*Dogs*—This is one of the severest maladies under which our sheep labour; it generally attacks a whole flock suddenly, in which they run from each other in every direction; their wool and flesh appear to be torn to pieces; many, when the disorder is seated on the throat and neck, die suddenly; others appear to

be wounded in different parts of their bodies, and die in great torment. Sometimes the greater part of a flock are carried off by it in one night, and the expense and trouble incurred for years in raising a fine flock are instantaneously destroyed; for such is the nature of this complaint, that no attention on the part of the owner can prevent it. The remedy is good wholesome laws, steadily persisted in—firmness in the magistracy in carrying them into effect—sufficient good sense in the people to aid in enforcing them, a readiness to respect the property of their neighbours, and to sacrifice boyish attachments to the general interest of the community.'

We must here repeat, that our business with Mr. L. is purely as a literary man—towards his agricultural or scientific fame we bear no enmity. Right gladly would we see his steam-boat paddle down the stream of time with favouring winds and tides, merinos at the prow, and fine arts at the helm. But we wish to show him, or rather the public, at his expense, (to which as a patriot he can have no possible objection) that fine feathers do not necessarily make fine birds, and that though he stick his merino's fleece with plumage of all the colours of the rainbow, he can never succeed in transforming him into a peacock.—*Parvis parva decent*, proper words in proper places. Let us not make useful things ridiculous by any unnecessary pomp, either of language or of sentiment.

While we are upon this subject, we cannot dismiss this puffing, strutting little volume, without taking notice of a certain cant in which it seems greatly to delight. We mean the complimenting all the dealers and speculators in sheep for their exalted patriotism. If this were nothing more than harmless cant, it might pass, but in a government like ours it is dangerous to the general weal to suffer the praise of patriotism to become too cheap. This praise is the current coin in which republics are used to reward public services, and it is the interest of every citizen to see that this coin be not depreciated. Doubtless the inventors of useful arts and the professors of practical science should have their rank and estimation, and that a very high one, in society. But if we crown with the civic wreath every fortunate patentee of a steam engine or a carding machine, every judicious speculator in merinos or Fezzan sheep,

what honours have we left for wisdom and virtue—what veneration yet in store for our Jay or Clinton—for the memories of our Washington or Hamilton?

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

New-York, May 2, 1811.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have seen with much pleasure that you have lately introduced into your Port Folio *American Views*.

Our own country certainly affords as beautiful scenery as can any where be met with—And to an American, such views cannot fail to be entertaining—while their beauties to the eye, they will also often recal events which are dear to the mind. By presenting to us Views of our native land, we will also be awakened, which ought ever to be cherished.

I inclose to you a sketch which was taken by a young gentleman of this city, on a fishing excursion last Summer, of a view of the East river or Sound from Riker's island. The reduced size of the view, to make it comport with the plates of your Magazine, prevented the artist from doing justice to the real beauty of the scene; though to enjoy its charms, it must be visited. After passing the troubled waters of the Hell-gate, the tranquil bosom of the Sound, which in this place forms a kind of bay, is extremely pleasing, and the highly cultivated grounds at the seat of Mr. Waddington, afford an agreeable contrast with the rude scenery of the opposite



Engr. by P. M. M. M. M. M.

View of East River or Sound, taken from Riker's Island, with a distant view of the Seat of Joshua Waddington Esq.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE POLITE SCHOLAR.

OF the Bard of Venusium, the gay and gallant Horace, it has been remarked, with critical sagacity, that he is eminently the favourite poet in the estimation of gentlemen, courtiers and cavaliers. He is the chosen companion of *literary* men of the world; and no one can peruse and taste his beauties without improvement in urbanity of manners together with the knowledge of polite literature. For my part, ever since I have enjoyed the honour and advantage of his acquaintance, I have always considered him one of the finest gentlemen of antiquity.

Indeed, he, Julius Cæsar, Ovid, and Tibullus were courtiers as well as authors. They were the politest scholars of the Augustan age. Virgil was rustically shy and repeated his golden verses with all the bashfulness of a maiden. Terence and Phædrus still remembered that they had been slaves, Varro was an husbandman and Vitruvius a builder, Propertius was but a pedant, and Catullus a rakehell. But Horace, *careless, inimitable* Horace, was the very Mansfield, Chesterfield, and Bolingbroke of Rome. He is almost always courteous, bland, and smiling. Even when he lampoons the hated Rival or the perjured Mistress, his poetical vengeance is tempered with all the blandishments of sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Even when he satirises, it is with a pleasing grace, and with an unbended brow. But when invested, as is generally the case, in *wedding garments*, in his holiday suit, and courtly array, we are not only dazzled with the gorgeousness of his *imperial purple*, but delighted with the dignity of his port and the graces of his demeanour. He salutes us with the air of an Alcibiades and we admire; he reasons with the subtlety of Socrates and we approve. He allures us to the paths of pansies and rose-buds, the haunt of the nymphs, and proffers us the festive goblet, the delight of the swains. Minerva is usually before him, and Bacchus, Venus and the Graces by his side. He alternately charms Mæcenas, and ravishes from Augustus all his applause. He passes the brumal eve in philosophical conversation with Messalla; and *fleets the time carelessly* on a vernal morn, in exhorting Sestius to wreath his frolic brow with myrtle. At one time, he trifles gracefully with Lydia or Thaliarchus, and at another solicits Septimus, to share with him in Sylvan delight.

How enlightened, therefore, must that spirit be, and how polished that style which gladdened the hours of judges so illustrious!

Of this admirable author, there is, I think, only one rival among the moderns. I mean the sportive La Fontaine. In despite of all the prosing of Cant and the scorn of Prudery, him I study and his Fables meditate in all the time which I can spare from the laborious plodding of the morning and the drowsy hours of the night. My slender finances forbid me to regale myself with the magnificent folio, but I usually have in my pocket, or before me, the portable stereotype edition of Didot. From this intelligent printer, and from many other authentic sources, I learn the following particulars, which, carefully gleaned and then garnished in my own way will fill up the pages of this speculation.

M. de la Fontaine was one of the most remarkable characters, both moral and intellectual, of his age. Although he enjoyed all the advantages of regular instruction, the principal furniture of his mind was derived from private reading, which consisted of the most classic authors, ancient and modern. In his own language, his favourites were the old writers, among whom, when we reflect upon the character of la Fontaine, we should naturally look for Rabelais. His poetical powers were aroused by the odes of a celebrated poet. A sort of childish simplicity, accompanied with bashfulness, heedlessness, and distraction of mind, seemed from his infancy to have proclaimed him as utterly unqualified for the versatile tasks, of a man of the world; and if he had been born a fool or a madman, he could not possibly have been more completely under the control of others. Nevertheless, he was by no means deficient in that sort of sagacity, which, as it were by intuition, judges of the actions and characters of mankind. Even his simplicity was that Yankee, or Quaker cunning, which liberal men designate, or brand by the name of slyness; and which, whether recognized in the features of a great and original genius, like Fontaine, or among the rude men of North America, or among the yea and nay sectaries, is equally disgraceful to character. Of this eccentric personage it has been acutely observed that he was rather passively, than actively benignant. He was always placid; but his good humour seemed

to be the offspring of temperament rather than of principle. In company he shunned talk, and seemed to retire into the recesses of his own mind. Notwithstanding his peculiar habits of reserve, he acquired the favour of Rank and Greatness; and consorted with all the men of letters in the capital. His durable fame reposes upon his Tales and Fables both original and inimitable. A court lady is said to have incited him to the composition of the first. This is a most curious circumstance; and may be considered as a remarkable proof of the licentiousness of the age, because the Tales of la Fontaine are the last species of reading in which a modest woman would avowedly indulge. However the more candid critics observe that they are more sportive than inflammatory; and that they are oftener satirical than licentious. The ground work of many of these waggish compositions is derived from writers of unblemished reputation, who seemed to be entirely unconscious of the indecorum of their writings; and of this feeling la Fontaine himself seems to have partaken so largely, that he was with the utmost difficulty restrained from inscribing one of them to a grave doctor of the church. After all that Prudery has objected to our child of Nature, his stories are not more voluptuous than the Hans Carvel, and Paulo Purganti of Price, which the latter does not scruple to bind up with his Solomon. To the honour of the French wit it may be remarked that his literary licentiousness corrupted neither his manners nor his conversation, and that his style was uncommonly chaste, when he was in the company of honest women. His Fables, however, are decidedly his fairest work, in which vivacity, fluency, graceful ease and sneering archness, are very prominent characters. Esop, Pilpay and Phædrus, deserve and have all their honours, but it is doubted by the most shrewd and sceptical of the critic race whether our facetious Frenchman has not excelled them all. It has been remarked that though negligent as a mere versifier, he possesses a natural charm, which no study can reach. Rigid truth demands this declaration, that, if he was not the most eminent, he was, unquestionably, the most captivating author of the age.

It is said that the freedom of his writings offended his prince. One cannot help smiling at the gross inconsistencies of human

nature, when it is remembered that this fastidious and false delicacy, this sort of mock modesty, which would be intolerable even in a Connecticut pedagogue, was so absurdly manifested by a monarch, notorious for his attachment to all the allurements of love. Our poet consoled himself for the hypocrisy or neglect of his sovereign with the hospitality of his female friend; for, although he had a family, he was an entire stranger at home. In his declining days, the importunity of the pious, inspired in the mind of la Fontaine, reflections of a graver character than such a wit usually indulged. He penitentially expressed his compunction for the levity of some of his verses; and even the most frowning moralist will balance fairly the goodness of our poet's heart against the lightness of his head.

The most rigid among my readers must remember that a grave bishop, Huet, the celebrated prelate of Avranches has pronounced la Fontaine to be a most pleasing and humorous writer of tales, to whose levity our liberal churchman scarcely alludes. Theodore Beza, that holy hermit, was not the less revered for those amatory verses which he anonymously published; and the wantonness of Bembo's Muse "did not prevent him from making a very good cardinal." In fine, men cannot but be singularly interested in the perusal of a portrait, however ill executed, of a most curious and complex character, who was a man in the theory, and a child in the practice of life.

To the very high honour of la Fontaine, it ought to be remembered, that when a learned friend wished to inspect an Italian version of Quintilian's institutes, it was presented by our poet, accompanied by a most beautiful and complimentary poem, in which he severely flagellated the folly of those, who place in competition and even prefer our own to the Augustan age. This is a glorious testimony from a competent judge of the excellence of classical literature, and is a memorable proof of the candour of one, who while he justly ranked among the best writers of his country, chose rather to argue against himself than despoil the Greeks and Romans of merited honour.

He has been justly described as one of the most original geniuses of the age of Louis XIV. Rheims had the honour of his education. At a very juvenile period, he profited by the instruc-

tions of the fathers of the oratory; but, from some cause, not explained, he did not long remain in tutelage. One day, listening with rapture at the recital of an ode of Malherbe, he was so fascinated by the charms of poetry, that he instantly commenced the study of that favourite author; and the process of reading, at length led him to the more ambitious process of invention. At this critical epoch in the life of our author, he had the good fortune to find a friend and a counsellor, who fostered his ambition, and exhibited to his unexperienced eye the fairest models of style in the Latin, Italian and French writers. Among his own countrymen, his greatest favourites were Rabelais, Marot, and D'Urfé. The second of whom he selected as his model.—Meanwhile, he did not neglect authors of graver complexion, but perused Plato and Plutarch, with so much profit, that we discern even in his lighter pieces, a lively tint of their morals and philosophy. Like the darling Gay, as described by the affectionate Pope, la Fontaine blended, in admirable alliance, the wit of a man and the simplicity of a child. He was of a temper singularly soft, timid, bland, credulous and sincere; untainted by ambition, envy or avarice; prone to reverie, and profoundly ignorant of the ways of the world, his life, was a state of perpetual wardship, and, conscious of his own imbecility, he cheerfully submitted to the guidance of other men. Without the slightest inclination for a conjugal life, he was persuaded to marry, by the arguments of his family friends; and although thus cold, or thus indifferent, it seems, by a rare good fortune, that his spouse gained the affections of her reluctant Benedict; and such was his confidence in her powers of judgment and taste, that he never wrote, without consulting her opinion. Wholly incapable, however, of an ardent attachment, as he married her reluctantly, so he quitted her without regret. At Paris, he was introduced to the great and the gay world, by the duchess of Bouillon, who, stimulated by her own fondness for sportiveness, first induced him to engage in the composition of those "Tales," which are as remarkable for their genius, as for their waggishness and wit. The superintendant, Fouquet, the Mæcenes of Paris, received him into his house, and gave him a pension. The acknowledgment of our poet for the generosity of his patron, was made in a singular,

though in a very characteristical and appropriate manner. He gave, at the expiration of every three months, a receipt in full, not in the language of the compting house, but in the language of poetry. When the power and popularity of this minister, were no more, la Fontaine, unlike the ungrateful herd of summer friends, was mindful of his patron in adversity, and wrote pathetical verses, bewailing his fate. After this sinister event, he found protectors among princesses and princes, and seemed to be a sort of minion of the great; but his best friend was madame de la Sabliere, who by domesticating him in her house, exempted him from the necessity of attending to those petty but indispensable cares, for which both by habit and inclination a poet and an absent man, is so ill qualified. He was now on a footing of familiarity with the most illustrious of the Parisian literati. *He drank champagne among the wits.* Boileau, Moliere, Racine, Chapelle, &c. were among his favourite friends, who loved the frank Fontaine, for the candour and ingenuousness of his honest heart. But they seem to have treated him as Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Pope and Swift, treated Gay, as a sort of *enfant gâté*, who engaged the affections, without challenging much respect. They generally denominated him *le bon homme*, a phrase, which to every one tinctured, however slightly with the French idiom, is much more significant of love or pity than of reverence.—Like Addison and Shenstone, he was more remarkable for literary than for colloquial powers. He was far from shining in society, and, except among the favourite few, was a slave to an invincible taciturnity. The love of letters and of authors effectually detained him at Paris, although he generally made an autumnal visit to his wife in the country. Such was his carelessness or contempt of money, that each of these excursions cost him a moiety of his fortune, for he never gave or renewed a lease, and as his wife was not inferior to him in bad management, it may be easily imagined that their finances were in no very flourishing condition. A whimsical instance is on record of that absence of mind which might be added to the ludicrous sketches of a La Bruyene. Fontaine had an only son, whom, at a tender age he consigned to the care of a personage high in office. After a long absence, he accidentally met his child, and was wholly unconscious

of the closeness of their affinity. In the course of conversation he manifested his delight in the genius of the juvenile stranger, and, when informed that he was his own son, Ah, he exclaimed, how rejoiced I am at this information! From the levity of some of his writings, or, more probably, from the rusticity of his manners, he was not caressed by his sovereign, and was the only great genius of the age, who did not bask in the sunshine of regal munificence. When our fabulist was chosen a member of the Academy, the king was not induced, till some sacrifices had been made, to ratify the election. In despite of the indiscretion of some of his writings, his life and conversation were scrupulously correct. The ladies were always treated by him with the utmost respect and deference; nay, such is the capricious inconsistency of eccentric genius, he gave admirable advice to many a matron, with respect to the virtuous education of her daughters.

After the demise of his patroness, who, with a constancy, not always to be expected from woman, persevered in her kindness to him, for more than twenty years, he was solicited by madame Mazarin and monsieur St. Evremond to migrate to England. Accordingly he attempted to acquire the language of that country which he intended to visit, but the difficulty he found in a foreign idiom, and above all, that attachment to the *natale solium* for which a Frenchman, in general, is so eminently distinguished, rendered this scheme utterly abortive.

The defenders of the roman catholic faith now began to teize him; and, as it has been shrewdly remarked by a protestant infidel, it being of much more consequence, in the estimation of a papist, how a man dies, than how he lives, the monk and the priest beset the poet, with a view to his conversion. As la Fontaine, during his healthful hours, had treated religious topics, if not with profanity, at least with indifference, advantage was taken of a season of sickness to assail him with the arguments of an infallible church. The malady of our poet corroborated the spiritual strength of a pious priest, who hovered round him for the purpose of ascertaining, as a babe of grace would express it, the state of the sinner's soul. On the part of the wit, this curious colloquy was eminently characteristic. I have lately, said he,

perused the gospel, which, egad, is an admirable volume; but it contains a certain doctrine, to which I cannot subscribe. I cannot reconcile the eternity of hell torments with my sense of the goodness and justice of God, nor comprehend how finite offences, should be infinitely punished. Embarrassed by the shrewdness, or simplicity, of this observation, the good father answered it as well as he was able, and this pious process, as we are told, terminated in the full conviction of our poetical penitent. As a ple-nary proof of his holy regeneration, or his nascent enthusiasm, the bard committed to the flames a comedy, which he had just composed, expressed his deep sorrow for his trespasses against decorum, and renounced all the profit to be derived from a new edition of his more mischievous verses. On the intelligence of these sublime sacrifices by this whimsical convert, the duke of Burgundy, the celebrated pupil of the famous Fenelon, after remarking that the poet ought not to be poorer for having performed his duty, generously sent him a purse of gold, which, at that time constituted the prince's whole treasure. This same illness, which threatened to be fatal, la Fontaine survived, and then resided in the house of madame d'Hervart, who proved to him a second Sabliere.— Here he attempted a version of certain sacred songs, but found himself wholly incapable of this novel exertion of his genius.— Although his conversion might be sincere, yet as Nature and Habit, in despite of all violence, will predominate still, he could not, for his life, abstain from his accustomed levity. At the very advanced age of seventy-four, he died tranquilly at Paris; and though we do not learn that in his last moments he was persecuted by officious piety, yet, as a hair shirt, was found next his skin, when he was undressed for interment, it is a proof that he was not unwilling to submit to the infliction of monkish austerity.

Among the most illustrious of his poetical contemporaries, la Fontaine holds a front rank both as a polished Phædrus and a facetious narrator. His verse which is sometimes careless, and even incorrect, has a certain charm, the gift of genius, which all the efforts of drudging application among his associates or imitators could never emulate. The originality, the fluency, the delicacy and grace of his manner bid defiance to all rivalry. His stories are enlivened by those characteristic circumstances

which stamp all its value upon vivid description. His reflections are the most perfect specimen of that *curiosa felicitas* of the Romans, and of that *nüiveté* of the French which the most precise philologist must utterly despair of adequately translating. One of those inexplicable peculiarities and contradictions in the human character, which mock all analysis, was remarkably conspicuous in him. Though almost an idiot in life and behaviour, he was a perfect sage in theory and reflection. He has been taxed by the austerer critics, for too much prolixity and diffusion; and they have blamed him, for indulging like Sterne, too much in the digressive style. His Tales over which some coquettes chuckle, and many prudes seem to blush, have been more than once most magnificently edited; and will continue to be perused, by the candid and the catholic, while a taste for arch humour is to be found among mankind. His Fables, like the romance of Cervantes, are in the hands of boys, and men; and of the splendid editions of 1755, 1759, it has been remarked, by an excellent judge that the plates were executed with *zoological precision*. Among the minor editions that of La Coste is preferred. The prompt pen of our poet produced also the romance of "The Loves of Psyche" "The Florentine," a comedy, "The Eunuch" another, "Festive Odes," "Letters" and "Occasional Poems." D'Alembert, whose critical testimony is certainly worth recording, has remarked in his eulogy of Boileau, that if among the illustrious writers, during the age of Louis XIV. La Fontaine is not the most eminent, he is unquestionably the most original; an object of despair to imitators, and an author whom it might seem to puzzle Nature to reproduce. France, conscious of his genius, fondly cherishes his memory. When the prefect of one of the provinces was informed that the poet's widow had been harassed by the petty officers of the revenue, for the payment of his taxes, he immediately wrote to one of his subalterns, charging him to exempt the family of La Fontaine from every public burthen. This is now at once a precedent and a prescription. A shining proof of the sense entertained by a grateful country, of the matchless power of one of the brightest of her sons.

I trust that the *liberal* reader will pardon or extenuate my attachment to Horace and la Fontaine. A *duumvirate* of great

and original geniuses, but like many of that eccentric tribe, sometimes seduced by the wiles of Indiscretion. I make no apology for their fouler blemishes. In many instances, the pages of these poets merit the reprehension of Taste, as well as of Virtue. But surely I may be pardoned for reading and remembering pure and brilliant passages in a fabulist, perused by prudes, patronized by princes, and praised by a *prelate*. With respect to Fontaine's poetical predecessor, the bewitching bard of Venusium, let it be always remembered that an eulogy of one of the most illustrious of his contemporaries describes *Trebatius*, as a valiant soldier, a profound lawyer and a *good man*; beloved by Cæsar, the darling of Augustus, the correspondent of Cicero, and *the companion of Horace*.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

Reader, if, like Alexander Pope, you are prone to rise from the midnight couch and wisely seek your taper and writing desk, that an *idea in the night* may not be lost, you will be obliged to the Philosopher below, who judiciously counsels you how to obtain, in a summary manner, a little fountain of the purest radiance. The phosphorescent flame is the best substitute for a tinder box that has yet been found, and communicates to a candle or lamp in the most easy and expeditious manner.

EDITOR.

Improved mode of preparing Phosphorus bottles.

Should Mr. Nicholson think the following observations worthy of a place in his valuable Journal, they, perhaps may tend to lessen a difficulty occasionally experienced by individuals, in the prosecution of a favourite study.

It probably may be acceptable to the public to be informed of a method of preparing a phosphorus bottle, which is, in a considerable degree, free from the inconveniences attending those prepared according to the usual methods.

Phosphorus, cut into small pieces and mixed with quick lime in powder, answers the purpose very well. The phosphorus

should be carefully dried by filtering paper, a thin slice being cut may be divided into as many pieces as can expeditiously be done, and each piece introduced into a small bottle with as much lime as will surround it. Lime slacked in the air and submitted to a strong red heat, in a blacklead crucible, for twenty minutes, is in a good state for the purpose.

The bottle when full, may be exposed to the radiant heat of a fire, till some of the pieces of phosphorus have assumed an orange tint; it will then be ready for immediate use. But the heating is not absolutely necessary, if the bottle be not immediately wanted, and it will continue longer in a serviceable state.

It is almost superfluous to observe, in using the bottle the mouth should be closed with the finger, as soon as the match is withdrawn. I have been in the habit of preparing a bottle by this method at the conclusion of winter, for the purpose of lighting a lamp furnace during the summer months, when I had not convenient access to a fire. A narrow quarter ounce bottle has generally continued serviceable, although very frequently used, for four or five months.

THE defects of the roofs of buildings in general, either from the silent operation of time, or the action of the elements, are, perhaps, experienced principally by those who are careless of the materials they employ. Most of our houses, even in great towns, where it might be supposed the useful and the elegant would be studiously blended, are so slightly or so negligently covered, that they are generally penetrable in tempestuous weather. The following plan we have known to be successfully tried in America. A gentleman's villa, thus defended, has for more than thirteen years resisted the *tooth of time*, and the *denissimus* imber of VIRGIL.

EDITOR.

Method of increasing the durability of Tiles; by Count Van Mellini. Translated for Nicholson's Journal, from Savvini's Biblioth physico-econ, Oct. 1808.

Means of increasing the hardness of tiles, and consequently their durability, have been sought, without the discovering of any sufficiently cheap and simple for common use. Such is the glazing or varnishing of tiles, which is

indeed very good, but too expensive to be generally adopted. The tarring of tiles has been proposed; and this process appearing to me easily practicable and not expensive, I determined to make trial of it on one of my roofs, which required a great deal of repairing. Providing some of the largest brushes I could obtain, I and an assistant set ourselves to coat the upper side of my tiles with tar liquified over a gentle fire, and kept moderately hot. Four persons were employed to hand us the tiles, and when tarred, to lay them in the sun to dry; which took three or four days, it being then the spring of the year. It is proper to say, that I had set apart the best tiles, or those which appeared the most thoroughly baked; and that I exposed the others to the sun, that they might be warmed, and receive the coat of tar more easily. After the process, these appeared as if coated with a reddish-brown varnish. Four hours were sufficient for the preparation of two thousand.

Near my house was a tile kiln, just ready to draw. As soon as it was sufficiently cool to allow the tiles to be handled, I had as many taken out, as left in the interior of the kiln sufficient room for a few people to coat them with tar. While two of these were tarring the tiles, three others were employed to give them, receive them when tarred, and lay them in a corner of the kiln, where the heat was reduced to that of a vapour bath. When the kiln was quite cold, the tiles were perfectly dried, but they had not such a shining coat as the former, because the great heat had caused the tar to penetrate into their substance. Their pores were completely stopped, and they were rendered impenetrable by water, as I found by experience. The five persons I have mentioned, tarred four thousand tiles in six hours. *Both these experiments did not consume a barrel of tar.*

The roof, for which these tiles were used, is open to the north, and exposed to all the violence of winds and storms. It was repaired in 1799, and not one of the tarred tiles is injured or decayed. They are covered with a very fine moss, and their surface is in as good a condition as if the tar had just been laid on. On the other hand, several of those, which, as I said before, I had set apart, supposing they would resist the weather, without any preparation, because they were thoroughly burned, are cracked, broken at the corners, or splintered on the surface.

Some persons say that tarred tiles would be more durable, if they were powdered with iron filings and charcoal dust; but, I conceive, these substances would render the surface rough, and thus detain the water, while those, coated with varnish, would let it run off.

I am of opinion, however, that a mixture of lime and tar would be more beneficial. I think too that fats in general, whale oil, or the dregs of our oils, would be equally adapted to the purpose, and still cheaper.

ANNOTATION.

Few people in London or its vicinity, where tiles are the common covering of houses, but must have experienced great inconvenience from roofs leaking,

and the consequent trouble and expense of frequent repairs. Sometimes, indeed, this is owing to the badness of the mortar employed; but is most commonly the consequence of a few tiles being cracked to pieces by frost, after they had imbibed water. The method, above recommended, would appear to be a sufficient remedy for this; and the expense attending it is not an object at all comparable with the comfort and advantage of a secure roof. I am not certain whether the count be speaking of plain tiles, or pantiles; but, taking them to be plain, the least favourable supposition, and the size of ours, a roof of twenty-four by twenty-five, which would be that of a house of middling size, would take about four thousand. Now, two thirds of a barrel of tar, at 2*l.* 6*s.* a barrel, the highest price in the market at the present time, come to 1*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*; and the labour, at the rate of six men for eight hours, the longest time in the two experiments above, at 5*s.* a day, will be 1*l.* 4*s.*; so that the whole additional cost of a moderate sized roof would not exceed 2*l.* 15*s.* This must very soon be reimbursed, by the saving in the repairs of the roof alone; and all the inconvenience, beside the injury done to the ceiling and goods, would be avoided. If coal tar were used, which, I should imagine would perfectly answer the purpose, supposing such a roof to require a hundred weight, this now sells for 18*s.* so that the cost would be only two guineas.

LONDON BREWERS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Many of your readers, fond of *barley wine*, and greedy of foreign information, are solicitous, from year to year, to ascertain the *quantum* of strong beer annually brewed in the first twelve breweries in London. I herewith send you a schedule, upon whose accuracy you may rely. The quantity of strong beer or porter produced, is computed, from the 5th of July, 1809, to the 5th of July, 1810; and I have only to add my hope that Philadelphia will soon emulate so *wholesome* an example; a circumstance by no means to be despaired of, when we reflect upon the zeal and ability of her capitalists, and her exuberance of the best materials for the composition of a salutary beverage.

	<i>Barrels.</i>
Barclay, Perkins & Co.	235,053
Meaux, Reed & Co.	211,009
Truman, Hanbury & Co.	144,990
Felix Calvert & Co.	133,491
Whitbread & Co.	110,939
Henry Meux & Co.	93,660

VOL. IV.

3 E

SUPERB FETE.

Combe & Co.	-	-	-	-	-	-	85,150
Brown & Parry	-	-	-	-	-	-	84,475
Goodwin, Skinner & Co.	-	-	-	-	-	-	74,223
Elliott, & Co.	-	-	-	-	-	-	57,251
Taylor	-	-	-	-	-	-	45,510
Clowes, & Co.	-	-	-	-	-	-	41,594
Yours,							A. B.

 SUPERB FETE,

Given by the Duke of Orleans, at his seat of Villers Cotteret, to Lewis XV, after his coronation at Rheims.

Statement of the articles consumed or employed on the occasion.

14,039 livres six sous were expended in sea and fresh water fish,
(about 585 pounds sterling.)

100,809 lbs of butcher's meat.

29,045 heads of game and poultry.

3,071 lbs. of ham.

10,552 bbls. of bacon and hog's lard.

36,464 eggs.

6,060 lbs. of common butter.

600 lbs. of Vanvres ditto.

150,096 lbs. of bread.

80,000 bottles of Burgundy and Champagne.

200 hhd's of common wine.

800 bottles of old hock.

1,400 bottles of English beer and cider.

3,000 do. of liqueurs of all sorts.

8,000 lbs. of sugar.

2,000 lbs. of coffee, besides tea.

1,500 lbs. of sweetmeats.

65,000 lemons and oranges, (sweet and sour.)

800 pomegranates.

150,000 apples and pears of all sorts.

15,000 lbs. of sweetmeats, preserved and candied.

2,000 lbs. of sugar plums.

4,000 lbs. of wax lights.

30,000 china plates and dishes for dessert.

20,000 pieces of crystal dishes for sweetmeats and lustres.

115,000 decanters and glasses.

50,000 pieces (plates, dishes, tureens, &c.) of silver and gilt silver

3,800 table cloths.

900 dozen napkins.

2,000 dozen of aprons were used by the cooks and others.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STRICTURES ON VOLNEYS "VIEW OF THE SOIL AND CLIMATE OF
THE UNITED STATES."

Cincinnati, Ohio, August 26th, 1810.

MR OLDSCHOOL,

If you deem the succeeding remarks worthy of publication, you will please to insert them in the Port Folio, and oblige their author.

D.

IT is not designed by the writer of the following observations, to attempt a regular criticism upon Volney's "View of the Soil and Climate of the United States." The correction of some of the errors, in those portions of that ingenious work, which relate to the Western Country, and the addition of a few facts are all to which he aspires. At the same time he cannot refrain from expressing his high sense of the merits of that systematic and useful performance; and his regret that it, and other works of a similar kind are not more generally perused by the inhabitants of the country to which they relate. But the taste of our citizens at large is not for physical disquisition. Any work that is purely physical, however preeminent its merits may be, will have in this country a very limited number of readers; and it is only by connecting it with theology, ethics, politics, or belles lettres, that its general celebrity can be insured. This connection is sometimes natural and convenient; but in a country so new, so interesting, and intrinsically so little known as ours, inquiries into the productions, the laws and the operations of nature are of the first importance, and should have popular sanction, without the aid of a connexion with popular and fashionable topics.

It is remarkable that the existence, in the western territories,

except about Pittsburg, of argillaceous slate (*argilla fissilis Linnaei*) should be entirely unnoticed by so minute an observer as Mr. Volney. It has at least an equal share with limestone in forming the foundation, on which the superficial strata of many parts of this country rest. It may be said, in some places to be a stratified bed, in which the tabular limestones are immersed, horizontally. The exact extent of the region which has this structure is not yet ascertained. To the south it is very limited; so that Kentucky, and probably Tennessee are, emphatically, limestone countries. Yet still there is more or less slaty matter between the great calcareous layers. To the west it is much more extensive, being diffused, I believe, throughout the Indiana and Illinois Territories. It is at least certain, that in many parts of those territories, the quantity of limestone is vastly less, than in the districts south of the Ohio; while the proportion of siliceous and argillaceous matter is probably greater, than in any other part between the mountains and the Mississippi. From the former of those regions I have, through the politeness of Mr. William Harris of this town, received beautiful specimens of crystalized quartz, in hexangular pyramids, and in six sided prism terminating at each end in six sided pyramids. The same gentleman has also brought from that quarter, specimens of efflorescing pyrites; rhomboidal crystals of the carbonate of lime; two or three varieties of iron ore; granite and siliceous and argillaceous sandstone. From the Illinois territory I have also received cubical lead ore (*galena*), and a specimen of what probably is fluor spar. It is in a short, purple, four sided prism terminated at each end by three sided pyramids: the sides of both the prism and pyramids are unequal. As most of these productions are generally found in schistous rather than calcareous tracts, it is highly probable that slate abounds considerably in that quarter, and indeed specimens of it have been brought from thence by the gentleman just mentioned.

To the north, slate and limestone conjoined, it is supposed, make up the foundation of the country as far as Lake Erie; which is bottomed, Mr. Volney thinks, upon a "dark coloured schist." To the east and north-east the slate probably extends, combined with more or less limestone, to the Alleghanies, and the falls of Niagara. At the latter of these places it has been described,

and its agency in giving to the cataract a kind of retrograde motion, ably pointed out by that learned naturalist, professor Mitchell.

Some geological appearances similar to what the professor has described, are observable along the Ohio. The valley of this fine river is from one to two miles wide, measuring from the top, or brow of one hill to that of another; but the river itself in most places, occupies little more than a fourth of this breadth. The rest is made up of the gentle or abrupt slopes of the hills (most of which as Mr. Volney has justly observed intersect the river nearly at right angles) and of the interval, or bottom lands.

These intervals are alternate, and seldom exist on both sides of the river, at opposite points. It is on the slopes and precipices opposite to these bottoms, that the phenomena alluded to are exhibited. The limestones of those acclivities, are in a very broken, confused and jumbled state. The river has evidently, in former times, undermined the hill, carried away the frail and perishable slate, and vast masses of the superincumbent mound have fallen down. A part of these have been washed away by the current and the river upon having its channel extended on one side, has receded from the other, leaving an interval space, proportioned in width to the recession of the water. Interval lands exist, probably produced in the same way, along most of the minor rivers and streams, from the lake to the Ohio. But south of this river in consequence of the pertinacious resistance of the predominant limestone, no such undermining and precipitation have occurred, and the streams generally flow in narrow vallies.

Mr. Volney has nowhere mentioned his finding granite in this country. This is somewhat singular, as that compound, although it be seldom or never seen in the adjoining state of Kentucky, is scattered in detached masses over most of the great region between the Ohio and the Lakes. I do not know that it is ever dug up at any considerable depth. It generally lies in or upon the strata of mould and loam, which are incumbent on the foundation of slate and limestone just mentioned. The specimens I have seen are of various colours and composition; quartz, feldspar and mica appear, however, to be the predominant substances. A few miles north of this town a great number of these granitical masses, are aggregated

into a kind of region. It is narrow and lies from east to west. It has not yet been explored as it deserves.

Mr. Volney has detailed several reasons for believing, that the regions which have been spoken of, were once a lake. To give credit, or even plausibility to this opinion, it was necessary to show that they have nearly the same level; and to this end he has stated a number of facts. One of them is not true. He informs us, that the Ohio in its annual floods, as he was told, mounts up the great Miami to Greenville, a distance of seventy-two miles.† The Ohio does not at any time, dam up the Miami a fifth part of that distance. Greenville is situated on a creek of that name, which has a cascade below the fort. This creek discharges itself into the south-west branch of the Miami, more than fifty miles above the back water of the Ohio. The other facts mentioned by him are no doubt really such, and they clearly show the moderate elevation of the dividing platform, between the Ohio and Lake Erie. But he has not so fully proven, that the Ohio, six hundred miles from Pittsburgh, occupies a channel only two hundred feet lower, than at that latter place. His speculations however respecting "lakes that have disappeared," are ingenious; and should be established or overthrown by an industrious and skilful collection of facts.

Mr. Volney's exhibition and account of the site of this town are in all material circumstances correct. One observation however requires notice. He states that "fossil shells and fluvial substances are found among the gravel of the second bank." There are in it, no fossil shells, except the very few that are imbedded in the water-worn fragments of limestone, which are deposited there and which are common to limestone every where. The fluvial substances are only rolled pebbles, gravel, and sand. He represents the town to be built on the second or upper bottom; but when he was here the principal part of the houses, (as they still are) were on the lower or first bottom.

It may not be uninteresting to add, that the regions which have been the subject of the preceding remarks, are likely to afford a greater variety of metallic, saline and other valuable mineral productions, than could have been calculated on, considering their fertility. Traces and indications of iron exist every where: chalybeate springs,

† Brown's translation, page 74.

with ferruginous breccia and ferruginous sand-stone, are very common; amorphous, figured and crystalized martial pyrites abound in various places, hæmatical and several other kinds of iron ore have been found in different parts; the beach of almost every stream exhibits iron sand, or the granula ferruginous oxi e.* This general diffusion of that valuable metal is, however, injurious to our clays, which are nearly all coloured by it. Some of them are even good ochres, and may be valuable as such. But for this combination of iron no country would surpass this in argillaceous productions; for in none, probably, do they abound in greater quantities. Native alum, copperas and nitre are known to exist. Silver, lead, and it is said, copper have been discovered. Crystallized plaster of Paris has been found; coal is obtained in different parts, and sulphur springs in several places indicate the existence of that inflammable beneath the surface.

It is curious, that no inconsiderable degree of mineralogical and geological resemblance exist between the regions we have been reviewing, and the summits of some of the Andes!

According to Helms, a German mineralogist, of whose observations a summary is given in Rees's Cyclopædia, some of the eastern spurs of those mountains, present red and green granite and gneiss; but the grand chain consists, towards the summits, of argillaceous schistus of various kinds, on which are incumbent in many places, strata of limestone, large masses of ferruginous sand-stone, iron sand, alluvial layers of marl, veins of quartz and gypsum, all of which are found north of the Ohio. Even the celebrated mountain of Potosi, so rich in silver, has a metaliferous covering of argillaceous slate, with ferruginous quartz, and 'bullets' of granite, similar it is presumable, to the small granitical masses found north of the Ohio. Future researches must determine, whether the *metallic* productions of these distant regions, have an equal identity with each other.

(To be continued.)

* And even the site of our town has afforded, what is probably a prussiate of iron (prussian blue) united with clay and sands.

REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Oberon; a poem, from the German of Wieland, by William Sotheby, Esq. in two volumes, first American from the third London edition, with a Preface, containing Biographical Notices of the Author and Translator and a review of the work.

GERMAN literature has of late been much indebted to the well known hospitality of the English nation for comfortable entertainment. As strangers have often abused such confidence, and imposed on such benevolence, German literature may at least plead precedent in its defence. This country seems the churchyard of letters, infested with ghosts, sprites, hobgoblins, fairies, and monsters of all sizes. Such restless spirits regard Germany with the same discontent as their predecessors did the Stygian shores; and the British Channel realizes the fable of the river Styx, which must at all events be passed.

“ Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the floods,
Or fowls, by winter forc’d, forsake the woods,
And wing their *hasty flight to happier lands;*
Such and so thick the shiv’ring army stands,
And *press for passage with extended hands.*”

In sober sadness, this popular enthusiasm for ghosts has done much to corrupt the purity of English taste. Authors, to whom preceding centuries, as they have passed, have paid obeisance, are now regarded with a sneer, or laughed at for the venerable antiquity of their garments. This hunger of the mind for the monstrous and incredible “grows by what it feeds on,” and becomes tenfold more insatiable by enjoyment. That nice and delicate sense of propriety, implanted by the hand of Nature, quickened and invigorated by the contemplation of the fairest models of art, the rudiment of all taste, is often vitally impaired by the study of works formed in professed violation. The eternal laws of Nature, by which not merely the moral, but even the physical world has been governed and preserved from the day of its creation to the present, have been immolated to the idol of Novelty. Such alarming ravages have extended not merely over the fair and beautiful creation of Taste; not merely to the bowers of the Muses, where the happy few, who are consecrated to their service, are allowed to enter, but the moral world has like-

mise in a virtue, that the indulgence of parental and filial affections, which man inherits in common with the beasts, is an unworthy servitude to prejudice, beneath the dignity of philosophy. Between those principles that violate the ordinances of heaven and the rudiments of taste there is a close and intimate connexion. They are all links of that revolutionary chain, by which the world is held in bondage. Is it at this time of day to be doubted that the pages of Kotzebue (and Kotzebue was a German) have disseminated poisons? He wore out the vigour of his days in the corruption of the human heart, and became at last the hoary pander in the service of Infidelity and Lust. He seems to breathe the purest philanthropy; the heart is exhilarated by the noble sentiments he inspires; and at the very moment when every godlike affection is thus pressed into his service, the character he draws is dashed with some vice of so dismal a shade, that it required all that preparatory brilliance to rescue it from condemnation. Here then we discover his object; all that adorns and bespangles the character, all its grace and loveliness, is merely to soften our abhorrence, and finally to enamour us with the crime. Allured by a spectacle so tempting, the reader compares his own sensations; he contrasts his former disgust and abhorrence of the vice, with the pleasant images that now occupy his mind while engaged in the same employment, and wonders at this revolution of his sentiments. Where he once felt detestation and horror, he now feels sympathy and compassion; where he once censured he now palliates; arguments drawn from our mutual infirmities aid the pernicious impression, and he rises at last more than half a proselyte to the page. There are no class of men whose duties are more severe, dignified, and responsible, than those of public writers; no class so capable of diffusive benefit or injury to the rising race; none by whom future generations may be so powerfully affected. While their bodies are slumbering quietly in dust, their souls are still alive and breathing in their works, and seem to possess an immortality of action. They literally sin in their graves, when they misapply their talents, and commit an evil beyond the power of government to eradicate. Compared with consequences like these, how small, how mean does the glory acquired by sport-

ing ingeniously with a paradox appear! An infidel writer, not endowed with genius equal to his malignity, has cause to thank his Creator for the parsimony of his bounties. Feeble indeed is the answer usually given, that few writers inherit genius enough to ensure the approbation of future ages; it is enough that they have done all in their power to obtain it; and they certainly do not merit less reprehension because Providence has graciously denied the power to do all the mischiefs they meditate. What must we think of the moral standard of action of that politician, who can boldly confess that the *falsehood* he stated in a public paper was only an *election falsehood*, designed to deceive for one purpose only; who pronounces himself a liar in the face of heaven and earth, and laughs at the confidence of that community he abuses? What shall we think of the man who can thus turn his eyes to the thunderbolt uplifted, and thus brave its descent? What is uttered in conversation is soon forgotten; but the press is a formidable engine, that speaks to a time beyond our slumbering dust, and long and distant posterity may reverberate the echoes. We have indulged in these remarks, foreign, though not, we trust, improper, to the present purpose, to introduce a poem, entitled "*Oberon*," translated from the German of Wieland by William Sotheby, Esq. in two volumes. This work is accompanied by a preface, written by a gentleman of Rhode Island, containing Biographical Notices of the author and translator, together with a review of the work. Our first business is with this latter composition; and we can say that the author, whose name is modestly concealed, has afforded us an exhilarating repast, not more by the judgment with which he has selected, than the skill and elegance with which he has served up his literary viands. He scorns that generality of panegyric, that usually veils an author's ignorance of the subject he writes upon; and boldly descends to a minute character of the beauties. The following may serve as a specimen of his style:

"Compared with the best English poets, Wieland wants vigour, prominence and majesty of poetic expression. He has few passages, that stand out, distinguished by gigantic superiority from the rest, and which, like those in the poetry of Shakspeare and Milton, and the prose of Burke and Chatham,

irresistibly arrest the attention, and indelibly impress the memory. The poetry equally permeates the whole mass. It is spread in polished diffuseness over the whole surface. It resembles a column of unblemished marble, where all is finished, faultless and beautiful—touched by the exactest chisel, and smoothed by the hand of Grace; but we have not, as on the column of Trajan, figures in basso relievo starting from the surface, presenting in the occasional ornament itself new scenes and personages, inspiring a separate interest and superadded delight, and yet harmoniously contributing to the grandeur and impressiveness of the whole structure. In reading Oberon, we drive rapidly over a country of rich and diversified cultivation; but there are a few spots so romantically sublime and picturesque as to command a peculiar admiration, and compel us to linger with 'dear delightful amorous delay.' We have not, as in Rousseau, (the characteristics of whose style we deem rather English than French) the heart-awakening and soul-subduing eloquence that suspends or makes us indifferent to the charms of his narrative, by affording a more exquisite pleasure, as it engenders thought, invigorates fancy, and plunges us into those delicious reveries, which entrance the soul, and 'lap it in Elysium.' We will not point at such a variegated blaze of metaphoric brilliants; and we make this observation as a caution to those writers, who cannot handle metaphors or similes with the propriety of this one, and that is, to be *temperate in the use of them.*"

The present writer, in the whole of this passage, chaste as he is in the construction of his figures, impresses but one idea, that the poetry of Oberon is equably beautiful. This one "thought permeates the whole mass." Whether the poetry of Oberon resembles a column or a country, or whether it does not resemble Shakspeare, Milton, Burke, Chatham, Rousseau, or figures in basso relievo, there is but one thought expressed or imagined. We learn from this Biographical Notice that Wieland was born at Biberach in the year 1733. At the age of fourteen, he is stated to have given proofs of his poetical genius by composing many German and Latin verses, and by even attempting an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem. He was early tinctured with the false philosophy, so predominant in his native country

but a year's residence at Erfurth, under the care of an enlightened instructor, corrected this juvenile folly, and taught him how to estimate the Grecian, Roman and English classics. Returning to his father's house, he formed an early attachment to a Saxon beauty by the name of Sophia Guttermann; but as insurmountable obstacles then interposed to their marriage, he turned her into a muse, and wrote under the inspiring influence of charms, more engaging than those of the coy damsels of Parnassus. An agreeable incident introduced him to the notice and regard of Bodmer, who is stated to be the patriarch of German poets. Under his hospitable roof, and in the same apartment, these two poets lived together, and often wrote in concert. While at Switzerland, he devoted himself to the study of the French, Italian and Spanish languages with assiduity and success, conquered his platonic passion, formed another attachment, married in 1755, and is the father of thirteen children, ten of whom are now living. In 1760 he was summoned to his native country, and elected director of the chancery of the city of Biberach, an office uncongenial to his nature and habits; but the duties of which he performed with honour to himself and to his country. He was at length promoted to the office of counsellor of government, and professor of philosophy in the university of Erfurth. At the expiration of three years, he was invited to the court of Weimar, made privy counsellor, and tutor to the sons of the duchess dowager regent, where he spent the remainder of his days in affluence and peace. At the court of Weimar, in 1780, he produced his *Oberon*, the poem which it will shortly become our duty to examine.

The author has by the aid of his fancy lifted his biographical sketch above the flat insipidity of narrative. The romance of the language spreads an unusual glory over ordinary incident, and we feel such sensations as we once did in the extatic hour of childhood, when looking on the windows, we have discerned broken towers, chains of mountains, and impassable forests; when, suddenly roused by reflection, we have discovered that all this was produced by *the frost collected on the pane*. The poem is divided into twelve cantos, and this may be regarded as an abstract of the story.—Sir Huon, a knight of the court of Charle-

agne, had incurred the displeasure of his royal master, for having slain one of his sons in a personal combat. Huon alleged in his defence that the prince confederated with an enemy of his, by the name of Hoenbalt, against his life. In the prosecution of their design, while Huon and his brother were hunting with a falcon, the knight is suddenly alarmed by a cry of fraternal distress. Repairing to the spot, and beholding his brother mortally wounded, he avenges his death, and slays the murderer in disguise, who is at last discovered to be the prince. Charlemagne is inconsolable for the loss, and Hoenbalt attains Huon with murder, who demands the wager of battle, which is at last reluctantly granted. Hoenbalt and Huon accordingly fight, the former is slain, and the innocence of the latter of course vindicated from the charge. The monarch, notwithstanding, harbours a deep and settled resentment, and not daring to doom Huon to open death, banishes him from his presence until *he shall go to Bagdad, and on a day of festivity slay the person who sits next to the caliph at the banquet, embrace his daughter, the heiress, and salute her three times with his lips, and procure four of the caliph's teeth, and a lock of his beard.* On these, and on these terms only, his return to his native country was admitted. On this adventure turns the whole of the incidents that befal Huon. The knight, conscious of his innocence, accepts the terms, and fearlessly sets out on his journey. In his way he falls in company with an old man by the name of Sherasmin, a former companion of his father, who agrees to share with him the perils and vicissitudes of such an adventure. We are now prepared for the introduction of supernatural machinery. Our old friend Oberon, whom Shakspeare, if he did not create, has conferred immortality on, overtakes our two travellers in a tempest, and proffers them his assistance in the perilous expedition they have undertaken. On Huon he confers an horn of such uncommon properties, that if gently blown, the whole assembly, however large, are compelled to dance by the power of enchantment. If the horn was blown into with violence, Oberon instantly obeyed the summons, and came to the rescue of the knight. Oberon further bequeaths a golden bowl, replenished with wine, invi-

gorating to the "guileless mouth," but painful and tormenting to the lip of falsehood. The knight now proceeds with a confidence invigorated to the accomplishment of his adventure. It becomes necessary now for the poet to smooth the way for the action, which the knight is about to commit. To enter the royal presence, commit murder, and salute the lips of the princess, without any other motive than that assigned by Charlemagne, shocks our moral sense, and excites horror at the deed. The knight is in a dream indulged by the fairy with a spectacle of the princess, with whom he falls passionately in love. The benevolent fairy confers the same favour on the princess, who is equally enamoured with the knight. This is the poet's apology for what Smollett calls "a rape upon the lips." Now for the murder. Our hero, on his route to Bagdad, hears the cry of distress, and discovers an unhappy victim in the paws of a lion. The unhappy sufferer is rescued by the valour of the knight, the lion slain, and the man, to requite the favour, steals the knight's horse, and suddenly disappears. Sir Huon enters Bagdad, slays a giant in single combat, and takes from his finger an enchanted ring, the property of Oberon. After his arrival at Bagdad, he receives hospitable entertainment from an aged lady, whose daughter was the nurse of the princess. His hostess informs him of the dream, which disturbed the repose of the royal virgin, her affection for the image which she beheld in her dream, and her utter detestation of the man selected by her father as her future husband. Their nuptials were to be solemnized on the succeeding day. Sir Huon is now furnished with a justification for the accomplishment of his meditated adventure, he enters the palace, recognizes in the intended bridegroom the countenance of the person who had treacherously stolen his horse, slays him at the festive board, salutes three times the caliph's daughter, blows the horn, Oberon appears, in whose chariot the two lovers elope, and the fairy himself procures the teeth and the beard, which was the remnant of the adventure. The reader is now prepared to believe this to be the denouement of the poem. This seems to be rather the point of time, when the sufferings and dangers of the two lovers commence. Sir Huon is informed by his guardian fairy not to indulge in illicit com-

merce, but to wait until such pleasures are consecrated by wedlock. He is further informed that if the injunction of Oberon is violated, he shall lose the guardianship of the fairy forever. A quarrel had previously existed between Oberon and his queen Titania, who lived in a state of divorce, on account of an oath taken by that monarch, never to unite until *two congenial souls should be found, who would preserve their faith unshaken, although separated by fate, bear with patience the frowns of adversity, keep their constancy in the midst of the ocean, and "prefer truth and torturing fires to eyen pleasures and a proffered throne."* Here are a tissue of adventures to be achieved before the fairy king and queen can be reconciled, which are reserved for Huon and his Amanda. Huon, on his voyage homewards, violates the injunction of the fairy king, awakens in the midst of a tempest, and his bowl and horn have disappeared. The storm rages with redoubled violence, and Huon and Amanda are committed to the billows. They are miraculously preserved by the enchanted ring on the finger of Amanda, and the tempest abates. The hapless pair arrive on a desolate island, and with all the horrors of a famine before their eyes, subsist on the penurious bounty of nature without a murmur. After many obstacles and dangers, they receive a welcome reception to the hospitable roof of a hermit, where the poet gives us a delightful picture of pastoral simplicity, constancy and love. Titania, in her matrimonial exile, visits this sequestered spot, observes the fidelity of the lovers; and concludes them to be the pair destined by fate to fulfil the vows of her husband. This accounts for the interest she takes in their welfare. By her assistance Amanda produces to Huon the anticipated pledge of their tender intercourse. The poem now casts a retrospective glance on two characters, the old man by the name of Sherazmin, who in the outset of Huon's adventures agreed to share with him the dangers of the journey. To his custody Huon confides the casket containing the teeth and beard of the caliph, and he is commanded to be his precursor to the court of Charlemagne, to present them to his sovereign, and to await at Rome the arrival of the knight. He sets out on his journey, but comes to a very rational conclusion, that the bare presentation of the beard and grinders would be no evidence to the exasperated monarch that they were the queen-

dam property of the caliph's head. He accordingly determined not to comply with this part of his lord's injunction, but to await his arrival at Rome. Not finding sir Huon there, he retraces his steps in quest of him to Tunis. Fatma, who was the nurse of Amanda, and her attendant in her flight, is inconsolable for the loss of her mistress, whom she deems to have perished with her husband amongst the billows. The ship seeks the port of Tunis in distress, where Fatma is sold for a slave. The interview between this lady and Sherasmin is tender and affecting. Meanwhile Titania, who invisibly watches over Huon and Amanda, is more confirmed in her belief that they are destined by fate to reconcile herself and her husband; and in further prosecution of her design, avails herself of her ancient fairy privilege, and steals away the child. Amanda awakens to all the horrors of such maternal deprivation; and while in search of her infant, is seized by a party of sailors, confined on board of a galley, transported to Tunis, and there sold for a slave. Huon, who attempts her rescue, is overpowered by numbers, bound to a tree, and left to perish on the island. Oberon interposes, and Huon is by his command miraculously transported to Tunis. He learns from Sherasmin no intelligence of Amanda, but that Fatma and himself are slaves to a Turk by the name of Ibrahim. He at length receives intelligence from Fatma, that a person supposed to be Amanda, was a slave to and beloved by the sultan, whose name is Amansor. His own mistress, Almansyris, was discarded by the sultan. Huon, to procure an interview with his Amanda, frequents the garden of the sultan in the character of a gardener, meets with Almansiris, the sultan's discarded favourite, who falls desperately in love with him. The sultan, by way of offset, is desperately enamoured with *Zoradini*, (Amanda,) who is still inflexible to his addresses. An interview takes place between Almansiris and Huon, whom he mistakes for Amanda. Every effort is made by the sultan's mistress to inflame the passions of Huon; who remains faithful and constant in the full blaze of such personal charms. Almansiris makes one more bold attempt, and Huon is introduced to her presence while at the bath. This tempting opportunity Huon still resists, and the love of Almansiris turns to deadly revenge. She falsely accuses him to her lord
 1. at tempt upon her honour, and the knight is thrown into a

prison and doomed to be burnt at the stake. Almansiris visits him in a dungeon, offers him her person and her throne, sets before him all the horrors of death as the alternative; he notwithstanding indignantly rejects her addresses. Amanda receives intelligence of this, repairs to the sultan, implores the life of Huon, who consents to the liberation of the knight, and offers Amanda royal honours if she accepts of his favours, and threatens and dooms her to the stake if rejected. This alternative is accepted by Amanda. The fatal day arrives—the lovers are bound and delivered to the stake—the guards apply their torches, and round *Huon's neck the horn of the fairy is again seen suspended*. The chariot of Oberon appears, receives the two lovers, with Fatma and Sherasmin, and conveys them all in safety to the court of Charlemagne: the oath of Oberon is complied with, Titania reconciled, and the monarch receives the knight to his royal favour.

Whether this story was in part borrowed from an old ballad, as the biographer seems disposed to admit, we hold it superfluous to inquire. It is certain that the incident where the two lovers are committed to the billows to preserve the ship from the tempest, is borrowed from Jonah. The interview between Almansiris and Huon, and the treacherous resentment and false accusation of that abandoned woman, is unquestionably taken from the scriptural narrative of Joseph. The controversy and reconciliation between Oberon and Titania is to be found in the pages of Shakspeare. All this, however, is but of little moment, and we never wish to be enrolled amongst the number of those captious critics who hold that every thought of another person, if appropriated by a writer in a different sense from its original application, is *plagiarism*.

We object decidedly to the omission of Mr. Pope's tale of January and May; that formed an *integral part of the poem*. This book may fall into the hands of hundreds who never have read the tale of Pope, and without it the harmony and consistency of the narrative are broken. We protest against all such license; for independently of this mutilation, it is a prerogative which no editor whatever can lawfully assume. The poet deem-

ed this tale material towards the completion of his work, and it does not rest with an editor to say that it is not. Little can be advanced against the propriety of the tale; the supernatural agency is woven so gracefully amidst the threads of the narration, that they contribute alike to the firmness and to the splendour of the tissue. The moral flowing from the poem seems to be, that repentance and reformation will be accepted from heaven, and suffering virtue finally rewarded. The supernatural agents are none of those celestial monsters which Germany manufactures in such abundance; they belong to a race rendered venerable by tradition, and who are still benevolently allowed a nook in Parnassus. In short, the whole plot is so happily conceived, and there is such a dependence and coherency in its subordinate parts, that it resembles a smooth ball of ivory complete and entire; turn it this way or that it rolls with equal facility, and it would be a vain endeavour to find the spot where the artist began to polish the surface. With regard to the execution, we are sorry that Mr. Sotheby deemed it necessary to employ Spencer's measure in his beautiful translation. This measure lags upon the ear, and leaves the mind lingering in an uneasy state between the celerity required by the thought, and the ponderous gravity required by the structure of the rhyme. This measure, when employed on such light, buoyant and sounding subjects, retards the fervid rapidity of the mind: Oberon appears to escape with the lovers, not in his tight and graceful chariot, but in a ponderous Dutch wagon—a vehicle to which from its structure no celerity of motion can be imparted.—There is something in this measure restraining in flight, something in the midst of hurry and consternation demanding leisure and composure of mind. But this is a matter of comparative insignificance when we consider the ability of execution. The reader rises from the entertainment light of heart, and his mind is replete with delightful images. He has held conversation with clouds and greeted hospitable shadows—To the vision they appear like the moon-beam on the wave, soothing, beautiful, and perfect—but when grasped at fly off into ten thousand glittering fragments, as if they courted only the conversation of the eye.

We do not admit the justice of the remark, that the character of the poem is perfectly equable throughout. Sometimes the Muse of Oberon presents us a garland, with an aspect denoting confidence that the splendor and fragrance of its separate flowers merit our gratitude for the gift; at other times she surrenders it with a coyness and reluctance so unfeigned, that when we applaud we read in her eyes symptoms of apprehension and mistrust. Indeed it would be impossible for a poem to merit the high character which the editor of the present work has bestowed on it, if it possessed such an entire uniformity of surface.—The poem is peculiarly valuable on another account—the noble stand it has made against the supernatural monsters of German literature. We are happy to find our old friends Oberon and Titania, those pleasant little divinities, maintaining the integrity of their ancient dominion in a contest so successful against those vile earth-born giants of Germany, who have already attempted the conquest of the empire where those delicate fairies preside. If Mr. Lewis, who has acted the part of a literary Charon, and ferried over the Thames such armies of foreign ghosts, continues in his present employment, we may expect them ere long to form so formidable a phalanx as to exile human nature from the world of letters. The pages of this ghost-maker abounds in such prodigies that he often makes the grave of his hero the punctum saliens, or starting point of his existence. We therefore cordially congratulate the public on the return of Oberon and Titania; and if Wieland's assertion is correct, that they have reconciled all their animosities, and like good husband and wife agreed to share the same bed and board, we hope, as an evidence of their sincerity, their first care will be to repair and improve their estate, which has in consequence of their family broils suffered such unmerciful dilapidations and ravages. We should be guilty of gross injustice if we should neglect the present opportunity of congratulating our countrymen on their rapid proficiency in the typographical art. The present work is executed in a style that does honour to the American press.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE beauty of women is as much a subject of national pride and exultation as the wisdom and valour of men. These being qualities which each sex the most highly prizes in themselves and the most warmly admires in each other, it is perfectly natural that in a community such should equally be objects of general concern. If the skill and prowess of men is exercised in guarding their rights and protecting their country, such is the influence of female charms that they have arrested the warrior's arm in the attitude of assault, averted the horrors of impending war, disarmed the fury of the foe, saved their country from the humiliation of defeat, and secured the restoration of peace and tranquillity. The bewitching fascination of beauty is altogether irresistible. The soldier, whom no dangers can intimidate and no difficulties deter, who unfeelingly has robbed thousands of existence, who stands unmoved at the mollifying spectacles of distress, who has caused the annihilation of families and the desolation of nations, has fallen captive at the feet of woman.— Nothing contributes so effectually to render a woman celebrated, as beauty. It makes her an object of envy among her own sex, while it inspires the opposite with sentiments bordering on veneration. The very mention of her name draws forth encomiums from the one, and excites the malevolence of the other. In every company she is introduced as a principal subject of conversation. Every gentleman is proud of being admitted into the circle of her acquaintance; those that know her make a boast of it, while those who have not that honour, endeavour, by the extravagance of their admiration, to conceal their chagrin. Upon whomsoever she condescends to smile, it seems to give him for the moment the most rapturous bliss. Whoever is so fortunate as to obtain her as a partner in a dance, regards himself as the most favoured of mortals. Even among the women, though an object of envy, she is a pattern for imitation. Her very foibles are copied under the delusive hope that they may

impart a portion of her attractive qualities. If she make any change in her dress, different from the common style, it is desecrated and obeyed as a signal for an alteration in the fashion.— Her name is not merely known in the sphere in which she revolves, or in the town in which she was born, or where she lives; but extends far and wide, with a lustre undiminished. A fruitfulness in giving birth to females, endowed with the brilliant attribute of beauty, tends to render particular places illustrious.— The charms of women shed a ray of glory around their country.

The ladies of this metropolis are justly celebrated for the possession of extraordinary charms. In this particular the umpire of public taste has awarded them a reputation "proudly pre-eminent." A sweet and interesting expression of countenance, a wholesome ruddiness of complexion, blended with a skin delicately fair, a form graceful and majestic, with a deportment of the most perfect ease, yet full of dignity, may be said emphatically to designate them. In most large cities, the women in general have palid countenances and emaciated forms; but here, from the healthy situation of the town, the breadth of the streets, promoting a free circulation of air, the temperate lives young ladies lead, and the unusual quantity of exercise they take, their constitutions become invigorated, and the roseate bloom of beauty suffuses itself over their cheeks. A voluptuous indulgence in luxury and dissipation is extremely pernicious to the health, and as a consequence thereof diminishes the lustre of female charms. This is a practice to which those more particularly habituate themselves who are resident in large towns; but whether it arises from superior refinement of sentiment or greater purity of heart, it is one in which the ladies here do not indulge; nor do they like nuns immure themselves in cloisters and sedulously shun all intercourse with society; but by judiciously blending pleasures with domestic avocations, avoiding too much gratification on the one hand and too great abstemiousness on the other, they become accomplished women, acquit themselves with elegance in the drawing room, maintain at home their dignity as mistresses of families, while they preserve their beauty from the ravages of disease.

It would be preposterous to assert that there are no homely women in this city. In a large concourse of people such are always to be found. It is impossible to walk the streets or frequent any public place of amusement, without meeting with many of that description. Their numbers are, however, comparatively small. Indeed few places, in proportion to its population, can on the score of beautiful women, be placed in competition with Philadelphia.

But it is not in mere personal charms, that the women of this place possess a superiority. They have much more to recommend them. Were they mere pretty automaton, though their presence might afford a momentary pleasure, yet in a little while we become satiated with the sight and behold them with tranquil indifference. A silly uneducated woman cannot long maintain dominion over the heart of a sensible, well informed man. The charm vanishes, the illusion disappears, the chains that bound him fall. Beauty must first inspire love; but something more durable is necessary to secure it. Every quality that can render them better wives or more entertaining companions, the ladies here are conspicuously possessed of. There is no place in America, perhaps few in the world, where the education of women is superintended with equal care. Seminaries for this purpose abound, under the direction of persons eminently qualified from their learning for the fulfilment of so important a station. The progress of the female mind in literature has been such as to show the susceptibility of their understandings to improvement, while the modest demeanor of that sex in society sufficiently refutes those who illiberally condemn female learning, and asperse it under the repulsive denomination of pedantry. Instead of wasting the precious hours of their lives in trifling amusements and petty occupations, the ladies, in a majority of instances, are now profitably employed in the cultivation of their minds; in consequence of which society has been in every respect benefited. Conversation no longer partakes of the frivolity that once characterised the sex. The husband no longer need blush at the folly of his wife, or dread to spend the long evenings of winter in her insipid company. The very nature of the

sex seems to have undergone an exaltation. They appear beings of a distinct and more noble species. Even their native charms have been greatly enhanced. The eye glistens with intelligence and the countenance beams with animation.

————— Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous e'en in outward form,
Where dawns the high expression of the mind.

L. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE LITERARY WORLD.

Among the *giants* of literature, Johnson and Warburton, are deservedly enrolled. Like Rome, from humble beginnings, they rose to the proudest preeminence. The works of Warburton have been collected by the care of Hurd; but, from some circumstance, without our power to explain, they are not to be found in America, except in the library of two or three private gentlemen. The genius, learning and orthodoxy of this active prelate merit the consideration of some; and *the literary world* may perhaps, profitably impart the ensuing information.

Bishop Warburton was, in a great measure, lost to the world and his friends, some years before his death, by the decay of his intellectual faculties; *the body pressing down the mind that mused upon many things*: which hath been the case with many a great genius as well as himself. For he was indeed a great genius, of the most extensive reading, of the most retentive memory, of the most copious invention, of the liveliest imagination, of the sharpest discernment, of the quickest wit, and of the readiest and happiest application of his immense knowledge to the present subject and occasion. He was such a universal reader, that he took delight even in romances, and there is scarcely one, of any note, ancient or modern, which he had not read. He said himself that he had learned Spanish, to have the pleasure of reading Don Quixotte in the original. He was excellent and amiable both as a companion, and as a friend. As

a companion, he did not dwell upon little or trivial matters, but disclosed a nicer vein of conversation, was lively and entertaining, was instructive and improving, abounded with pleasant stories and curious anecdotes: but sometimes took the discourse too much to himself, if any thing can be said to be too much of such an inexhaustible fund of wit and learning. As a friend he was ingenuous and communicative, would answer any questions, would resolve any doubts, delivered his sentiments upon all subjects freely, and without reserve laid open his very heart; and the character which he was pleased to give Mr. Pope of being *the soul of friendship*, was more justly applicable to him, and more properly his own. The same warmth of temper which animated his friendship, sharpened likewise his resentment: but even to his enemies, if he was easily provoked, he was as easily reconciled, especially after the least acknowledgment and submission; so that his friends truly applied to him the saying

"Irasci facilis, tamen ut placabilis esset!"

He was rather a tall, robust, large boned man, of a frame that seemed to require a good supply of provisions to support it; but he was sensible, if he had lived as other people do, he must have used a good deal of exercise; and if he had, it would have interrupted the course of his studies, to which he was so devoted, as to deny himself any other indulgence; and so became a singular example, not only of temperance, but even of abstinence in eating and drinking; and yet his spirits were not lowered or exhausted, but were rather raised and increased by his low living. His capital work, the Divine Legation of Moses, is left unfinished, to the loss and regret of all who have any regard for genius and learning. It is, indeed, a loss much to be lamented, whatever was the cause, whether he was disgusted at the ill reception, which was given to the work by several of the clergy, for whose use and service it was principally intended, or whether he was diverted from it, by the numerous controversies wherein he was engaged for its defence. But he should have cared for none of these things, and should have proceeded directly and steadily to the end. The viper might have fastened upon his hand, but, like St. Paul, he should have shaken off the beast into the fire, and, like him too, would certainly have felt no harm.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Resign'd, to Sleep's refreshing power
The weary villagers repose,
While here I seek at midnight hour,
That peace which Solitude bestows.

No sound now greets the list'ning ear,
Except the nightingale's soft lay,
Or when the watchful chanticleer
Anticipates the approaching day.

The plummy tenants of the grove,
Who cheer'd me with their evening lays,
Have ceas'd their tender notes of love,
And fled with Sol's departing rays.

Behold yon silver queen of night,
In clouded majesty arise;
See! she unveils her peerless light,
And Darkness at her presence flies.

Fond Hope! oh that one cheering ray
Might thus within me light impart;
That thus thy beams might chase away,
The gloom from a desponding heart.

Once gliding down Life's busy stream
So smoothly—all was blissful pleasure;
But ah! the dear, delusive dream
Dissolv'd and fled—I fear forever.

And now, my lonely way I grope,
While gloomy Darkness hovers o'er me;
And scarce a distant gleam of Hope
Remains to cheer the path before me.

How dull the sluggish moments are,
While here in solitude I roam;
How blest the gliding moments were
I pass'd in happiness at home.

A stranger was I then to sadness,
In gilded paths of pleasure led;
But sorrow now succeeds to gladness,
Those halcyon days of bliss have fled.

I've seen a parent's brow unclouded,
And smiles the peace within bespeak;
But now, in Sorrow's vesture shrouded,
Behold his pale and faded cheek.

I've seen full many a wandering elf
Fed at his hospitable door;
Now, no one poorer than himself,
He weeps that he can give no more.

I've seen him cheerful, blithe and gay,
Unknown to Sorrow, Grief and Care;
I've seen him in a gaol—a prey
To gloomy sadness and despair.

At the decrees of righteous heaven,
I would not impiously repine,
And never shall offence be given,
By one complaining thought of mine.

But surely, cruel Fate hath borne
With an oppressive hand upon him;
And unrelentingly hath torn
His earthly peace and comfort from him.

Dear parents! though of wealth bereft,
Let Hope—reviving Hope awake you,
Remember, you have children left
Who never, never will forsake you.

J. A. C.

Troy, May, 1809.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A place in the Port Folio is respectfully requested for the following trifles.
Though the author is a stranger and would not

"From Kindness court what Candour might refuse,"

he would be happy to be received as a friend: he wishes to cultivate an acquaintance with yourself and your readers, and would be proud to feel himself at home in your company.

J. M——Y.

SONG.

Know you a maid whose blushes.
Have Witcherie's every charm?
Whose bosom heaves and flushes
In Youth's luxuriance warm.

Know you a maid thus glowing
With lips of fragrant dew?
With ringlets wavy flowing?
With eyes of lucid blue?

My girl of witching blushes,
My Ella, then, know you;
Warm youth her bosom flushes,
Her eyes are soft and blue.

As the lone bird's hymn'd vesper,
From tree-top wild, at ev'n—
As through the low reeds whisper
The dying gales of heaven.

So soft, so wildly stealing,
Her warbled note is still;
With all the soul of feeling,
So sweetly does it thrill.

And she's in all thus moving,
If every grace can move;
And she was form'd for loving,
For all her soul is love.

J. M——Y.

FOR THE POET FOLIO.

EVENING.

I ponder'd alone on the brow of a hill,
That was whiten'd with many a wild springing flow'r,
And heard, far below me, the fall of a rill,
Whose stream down the slope had been swell'd by a shower.

For a show'r, breathing freshness, had come from the west,
While the noon fervour fever'd the faint reaper's brow,
Animation effusing o'er Nature oppress'd;
And the fields and the woodlands were lovelier now.

'Twas a scene full of joy to the spirit composed,
To the heart that no turbulent passions possess'd;
And I felt, to my eye as its beauties disclosed,
All the joy it could yield to the harmonized breast.

When the flow of the beautiful Schuylkill serene
Stray'd pensively sweet by its borders embank'd,
While remote, behind jutting of woodland unseen,
The slow dashing oar midst the solitude clank'd.

The sun's yellow radiance but late had expired
On a cliff-top that hung o'er the wave's lucid blue;
And the gales, that from day far in dells had retired,
Now wander'd abroad through the fall of the dew.

A mist rising gray round the neighbouring heights,
Slow curl'd in fantastic revolvings on high;
And the star that the hour of tranquillity lights
Look'd o'er the blue skirts of his silvery sky.

Cool and sweet the light breezes that stole up the hill
Now breath'd and disportfully play'd with my hair;
Oft the beetle hum'd by, and the cry wild and shrill
Of the night-hawk, forth winging, was frequent in air.

What a flow of emotions that moment was mine!
What a full and untroubled expansion of soul!
Sweetly freshen'd the gale, and a spirit divine,
Full of life and of love seem'd to breathe through the whole.

O, man! look on Nature:—where, where wilt thou find
 A pleasure so pure and subliming as this,
 That, nor murmurs nor pang ever leaving behind,
 Steals the soul into thought but to lap it in bliss?

J. M.—Y.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ODE.

———*Nimium ne crede colori.*—*Virg. Ecl. 2. v. 17.*

Trust not, too much, to an enchanting face.—*Dryden.*

Lo! where the rose, ambrosial flower,
 Unfolds its petal, to the dewy shower;
 Yet ah! thy term is but a vernal hour,
 Sweet child of Morn;
 Not long, that heav'nward blush, and red'tent pow'r
 Shall thee adorn.

The orient sun, now darts his chasten'd beam,
 And wakes thy glories, with a transient gleam;
 But when he pours adown the torrid stream,
 From zenith's height:
 How passing then, thy beauties seem,
 Thy purple light.

The chalic'd drops, Aurora's pearly tears,
 Whose crystal ray, thy form sill more endears,
 The tender pistil, which in joy uprears
 Its fragile stem,
 Shall melt and droop, and then thy fate appears
 Oh! lovely germe.

Apt emblem of the beauteous maid,
 Rich flow'ret in the social braid,
 By Venus' fleeting charms betray'd
 And driv'n to mourn,
 How sylphs forsake, how roses fade
 Yet leave their thorn.

EUGENIUS.

Norfolk, (Va.) Nov. 3.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator.

Scal. poet.

The following is a very sparkling and lively version of one of the epigrams of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné, as elegant a wit, as any that stirred up mirth and merriment, in the gallant days of Henry IV. His Baron de Focnesté, with all the sharp causticity of Rabelais, but without his bold vulgarity, and with all the irony and humorous caricature of Bruscambille and Scarron, without their "horse play railery," contains lessons of morality, to improve the head and ameliorate the heart. I accidentally hit upon this version in the course of my miscellaneous researches the other day, and determined forthwith to send it to Mr. Oldschool.

Sylvia her gambling nephew chides,
 With many a sharp and pithy sentence,
 The graceless boy, her care derides,
 Yet seems to promise her repentance:
 "When you, dear aunt, relinquish man,
 "Expect me, to abandon gaming."
 The prudent matron shakes her fan,
 "Go, rogue, I find you're past reclaiming."

EUGENIUS.

Norfolk, (Va.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BIRTH OF A DAMASK ROSE.

One summer morn, when Love was young,
 And slumbering on his mother's breast,
 The mounting lark so loudly sung
 It broke his slumbers—up he sprang
 And left his parent still at rest.

He caught her doves with tender hands,
 (From him they never wandered far)
 And now the little urchin stands
 And binds them fast in flowery bands,
 Then ties them to his mother's car.

He mounts the seat, away they skip,
Swift through the yielding air he scours;
And still to hasten on the trip
Young Love impetuous snaps his whip,
The lash a *string of braided flowers*.

The more his pastime to beguile,
He lowers his flight and skims the ground;
He saw and past with many a smile
The tribes of Flora rank and file,
That rais'd their gaudy heads around.

And now bethought him to alight,
He draws the reign and slacks his pace;
When lo! a flower of lovely white
Look'd through the foliage broad and bright,
And seem'd to court the boy's embrace.

And what will mother say to me?
He cries, for absence such as this;
This flower my sole defence shall be,
Forthwith I'll pluck it from the tree,
And give it to her with a kiss.

He pulls with all his might and main,
And plucks the flower that charm'd his eyes;
He wounds his hand, but feels no pain,
Remounts the chariot, shakes the rein,
And to his mother bears the prize.

O, my dear mother! do not slight
Your son, and turn away your head;
Look at this flower, how lovely white!
She turn'd, and trembled at the sight—
'Twas all one deep and blushing red.

She caught him with a mother's care,
But when unhurt she found her boy.
Henceforth ordain'd that flower so fair
The ruddy vest should always wear,
As a memorial of her joy.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This delicious ode is a perfect model of the gay style. In the eighth couplet, the idea of the supremacy of the insect and the subserviency of men is equally novel and brilliant; in short these verses would be perfect were they not, in two or three instances, deformed by the expletive *does*, which, however was the fault of the age rather than of COWLEY.

Happy insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee? -
 Fed with nourishment divine
 The dewy morning's generous wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy *Ganymede*.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields, which thou canst see,
 All the plants belong to thee,
 All that Summer hours produce
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does *sow and plough*,
 FARMER HE AND LANDLORD THOU.
 Thou dost innocently enjoy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee
 More harmonious than he.
 The country hinds with rapture hear
 Prophet of the ripen'd year,
 Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But when thous't drunk, and danced, and sung
 Thy fill the flowery meads among,

Voluptuous, and wise withal
 Epicurean animal!
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

GENIUS can dignify even a Grasshopper; and the ancients seem to have thought more highly than the moderns of the powers and properties of this vocal insect of the meadows. Theocritus and Virgil allude to its lively note; and almost every pastoral associates cheerfulness with the gay chirp of the Grasshopper.

Anacreon thus compliments the *Cicada*, as the favourite of Apollo; but COWLEY, I think, has done still more justice to this tiny warbler. I cannot check the impulse of admiration which leads me to transcribe the ensuing verses, than which I know nothing more easy, sweet and voluble in the English language. The first translation is very recent, nay, it is entirely new, but although very beautiful, it is exceeded by its brilliant predecessor.

Happy insect! blithe and gay
 Seated on the sunny spray,
 And drunk with dew the leaves among,
 Singing sweet thy chirping song.

All the various seasons' treasures
 All the products of the plains,
 Thus lie open to thy pleasures,
 Favourite of the rural swains.

On thee the Muses fix their choice,
 And Phœbus adds his own,
 Who first inspir'd thy lively voice
 And heard the pleasing tone.

Thy cheerful note in wood and vale
 Fills every heart with glee;
 And Summer smiles in double charms
 While thus proclaim'd by thee.

Like gods canst thou the nectar sip,
 A lively chirping elf;
 From labour free, and free from care,
 A little god thyself.

SARCASM.

The ensuing joke, at the expense of some of our best friends, will be relished by none more than by the gentlemen, who are thus *ingeniously assailed*.

EDITOR.

INSCRIPTION FOR INNER TEMPLE GATE.

As by the Temple's Inns you go,
The *Horse* and *Lamb* displayed
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The *Lamb* sets forth their *innocence*,
The *Horse* their expedition.

O happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without *guile*,
And law without delay.

ANSWER.

Deluded men, these Inns forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick; these all are shams,
By which they mean to cheat you,
But have a care, for you're the *Lambs*,
And they the *Wolves* that eat you.

Nor let the thought of *no delay*,
To these their courts *misguide* you;
'Tis you're the *shewy horse*, and
They the jockies that will ride you.

THE MERRY WORLD.

Of this same world I am, according to the estimation of friends or foes, a worthy or an unworthy member. Whatever may be my pretensions, it is most certain that as a mingler in the great *symponia* of this world, it is my duty, and ought to be my delight, cheerfully to pay my *quota* to the common stock, and *club* my share of the general felicity. Hence, like my immortal predecessors, Addison and Goldsmith, I sometimes haunt coffeehouses, playhouses, concerts, balls, *wakes and wassels*, as my master Shakspeare saith, in order to collect the materials of mirth, and supply the aliment of joy. Though I cannot sing a stanza, or a stave, and though the terms of *plain song* and *falsetto* are equally strange to me, yet I have a high relish for exquisite music and poetry in alliance; and when the *enchantress* sings to me, even in my most melancholy mood, I listen with all an enthusiast's rapture. I am so persuaded that most of my readers share with me in this sort of satisfaction, that I have resolved to communicate occasionally, such songs and such remarks upon song writing, as may possibly detain, in a gloomy afternoon, the attention of the lovers of mirth and melody. Although my taste may be pronounced *tramontane*, at any rate it shall not appear affected; for such is my fondness for the simplicity of the lyre, as well as the simplicity of life, I can say with the generous Goldsmith, nothing is to me more sweet than some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The Muse of THOMAS CAMPBELL is the darling of every polite reader; and his celebrated song of the Mariners is warbled by all the sons of harmony. The *old* ballad, from which he caught his idea, and which is now extremely scarce, or most erroneously repeated, we here present to the reader in its legitimate shape, and we already anticipate the pleasure it will afford to some of our friends, who have a taste for Quarles's quaintness, and the *old simplicity*.

You gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas,
You must not think to start;

Nor once to be faint-hearted
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions, strange to know,
And with dreams in the streams,
When the stormy winds to blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wonted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain.
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And all the men expecting
The sea to be their graves!
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our Might and Thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is we know,

That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
Who sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir,
When Winter fierce, with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandize,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil and we moil
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again to France and Spain
For wines beyond compare;
While gallants are carousing,
In taverns, all a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest,
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouze, up we-rouze,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war,
With any foreign nations
We fear nor wound nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains:
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go,
Then we roar, on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ECLECTIC REPERTORY AND ANALYTICAL REVIEW.

THE first number of this scientific Journal, after highly raising, has fully equalled the expectations of the medical and philosophical world, and is honourable to the judgment and genius of its conductors. The plan projected by these gentlemen, contemplates, principally, the careful selection of such foreign essays as may seem most deserving of American favour. But

original communications are by no means excluded; and in the Journal now before us, we perceive four productions of this class, all of which are entitled to very liberal commendation.

Literary and scientific journals have often been branded with the inapplicable and ignominious epithet of light, airy, and superficial. But nothing can be more unfounded than such a reproach. A review, or a magazine, it is true, often presents wisdom to us in a nut-shell, and the quintessence of sweets in the acorn bowl of the fairies. But is this a valid objection in the sober judgment of a rational inquirer? Lord Bacon himself is decidedly in favour of manuals, and we have the authority and example of ERASMUS, in favour of epitome. A Smollet and a Goldsmith in ephemeral essays, have moulded or guided the taste of thousands; and how greatly is philosophy and medicine indebted to Nicholson, Tilloch, and Bradley?

Of those reviews and records of literature, which appeared in England during the reign of George the second, it has been justly asserted, and may be implicitly believed, that they are the *pioneers* in the rugged road to Minerva's temple. They expand the path, and they smooth the asperity. By a single hint, or a casual association, men are often incited to the most glorious enterprises. We peruse a pamphlet, and in consequence, perhaps produce a folio. We compare different reports of clashing theories, and perhaps hit, at length, upon the true system. We glance our eyes at an isolated paragraph, and catch inspiration for the fabrication of a theory; and what can be more natural in the search for knowledge than to rise from alphabets, hornbooks, and abridgments, to the abstrusest performances of the greatest masters? Even the hill of Parnassus, to whose summit all the lovers of learning aspire, has somewhere its level, its *low grounds*, as DEAN SWIFT expresses himself, and, in the language of Mr. POPP,

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least, before they dance.

Moreover, a Journal devoted either to the elegancies of polite literature, the canons of criticism, the analysis of philosophy, or

the history of science, opens a wide and fine field for the struggle of generous emulation. Thus literary and researching men become *banded together* for the noblest and most salutary purposes; individual improvement, the enlargement of knowledge, and the aggrandizement of empire.

On the general utility of such publications, it is wholly superfluous to insist any longer. It seems to be a point absolutely conceded. Nothing remains for the editors of this new Journal but to proffer their pledge to the public, with the expectation that such pledge will be redeemed. Far from throwing down hostile gauntlets, like clashing foes, they present their *gage* like courteous cavaliers; and, on the open field of scientific adventure, justly hope for impartial, if not applauding spectators.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE LIBERAL ARTS.

INGENUAS didicisse fideliter ARTES
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

OVID.

THE liberal, or *fine* arts, are so admirably calculated to deceive life's tedious day, by their plastic, their pictorial, or musical power, that men, from the era of a Praxiteles, to that of a Reynolds, or a WEST, have conspired to enlarge the empire of the painter, the sculptor, and the musician. Princes and popes have neglected the Government and the Church to survey animated canvass on Italian walls; a tenth Leo, and a second Julius, have fondly fostered the arts in the cradle; and the genius of Charles I, of England, was not rebuked by an intimacy with Vandyke.

In America, at this epoch in the history of her republic, an institution to encourage arts of this description is at once a memorable and a joyful event. We hail it as the gay harbinger of the halcyon hours of genius, as the brilliant dawn of that *dawning from on high*, which will soon irradiate a mighty nation.

During the last autumnal month the annual discourse, assigned to Joseph Hopkinson, Esq. by the taste and judgment of the directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, was delivered by that gentleman with a spirit, vivacity, and eloquence for which he is so honourably distinguished. On no occasion do we remember ever to have mingled among a more delighted assembly, which, in fact, was not only exceedingly numerous, but was composed of most of the distinguished characters of this enlightened metropolis. At the rhetorical pause of many a brilliant period, the impassioned orator was cheered by the honest plaudits both of his critics and his friends; and, at the close of his spirited and sprightly harrangue, the lively acclamation of an applauding audience was one of the most distinct testimonies in favour of genius that we ever witnessed. The general tribute to Mr. Hopkinson's talents was never more rightfully paid; and we anticipate the most salutary results from a most animated address, calculated, in an eminent degree, to rouse the genius and direct the energies of art, and summon to glorious exercise all the brilliant troops of the country. The audience appeared to be as thoroughly impressed with the force of the orator's reasoning, as they were electrified by the sparkles of his wit. His pungent sarcasm and sportive sallies repeatedly excited the merriment of the good humoured hearer; but, above all, the encouraging narrative which the orator related, with all the veracity of an historian, of the astonishing advancement of the arts in our nascent country appeared to create the liveliest sensation. In the progress of his discourse, Mr. Hopkinson took occasion to refute the theory of the brilliant but fanciful Montesquieu, which supposes, I know not what influence, of climate over the intellectual faculty. This is one of the wildest chimcras of philosophy. The human mind is influenced not by climate, but by government; not by soils but by customs; not by heat and cold, but by the genial glow of patronage, or the chilling frosts of neglect. It was once inquired, says the ingenious D'Israeli, why Paris and Thoulouse produced so many *eminent lawyers*. It was, for a long time, attributed to the climate, till some *reasonable being* discovered that the *universities* of those cities offered *opportuni-*

ties and encouragements for the study of jurisprudence, which other places and other seminaries did not. A magnificent and munificent government, a happy education, an elegant leisure, and a passion for glory *form a great man*, a Johnson, a Warburton, a Thurlow, and a Burke. But, if by any stretch of fancy, we can, in the profoundest reverie, imagine a form of government, without much dignity and without much gratitude, such a constitution of things might, perhaps, form for the most part, nothing but *little men*; misers, pedlars, compilers of spelling books, fustian orators, fanatic sermonizers, puny deists, babbling philosophers, and callow statesmen.

After his signal overthrow of a specious but an absurd hypothesis, the orator victoriously assaulted that description of travelers who have conspired to calumniate the country. He nobly asserted Columbia's claim; and demonstrated, with mathematical truth, that neither the vine nor the fig tree of exuberance would be wanting, give them but ASSIDUOUS CULTURE AND GENIAL SKIES.

THE STERLING SENSE OF A PHILOSOPHICAL PHYSICIAN.

I MAY not fully subscribe to all the conclusions of this excellent writer, because, in the course of his admirable speculation, he derides with Dr. Johnson the influence of gloomy weather upon a gloomy mind. We fear that we should be at issue both with experience and fact if we utterly denied this theory. For the situation of man, whether sylvan or urban unquestionably in some degree affects the moral faculty; and the sage author of the Rambler in some parts of his works, supports our hypothesis.

It will be perceived that the medical gentleman to whose wisdom we are indebted for the ensuing excellent essay dates from the metropolis of the British empire during the reign of midsummer, at which epoch the whole fashionable world vanish into the country. The sarcasms and the reasonings of our philosophical prescriber may be perfectly understood by a class of the Philadelphians, who, like the loungers of London, are in the habit of wander-

ing on the margin of brooks or the shores of the ocean, in quest of those forms of health and pleasure, which, alas! too often fly like phantoms, before us.

EDITOR

The periodical propensity to migration is beginning to show itself among the more opulent inhabitants of the metropolis. It may be considered as constituting the fashionable epidemic of the summer season. This *domiphobia* may be opposed to the hydrophobia inasmuch as a patient affected with the former complaint, so far from betraying any dread of water is for the most part impelled, by an almost irresistible impulse to places of resort where that element is to be found in the greatest abundance. London, which at other times serves as a *nucleus* for an accumulated population, seems now to exert a surprising *centrifetal* force; by which are driven from it a large proportion of those inhabitants who are not fastened to the spot, by the rivet of necessity, or some powerful local obligations. Men whose personal freedom is not in like manner restricted within geographical limits gladly escape, in the fervid months, from the perils real or imaginary, of this artificially heated capital.

—— Pericula mille
Saxæ urbis.

An already immense and incessantly expanding city, on every side of which new streets are continually surprising the view, as rapid almost in their formation as the sudden shootings of crystallization, it is reasonable to imagine cannot be particularly favourable to the health of that mass of human existence which it contains. But it is, at best, a matter of doubtful speculation how far those maladies, which are attributed exclusively to the air of this great town may arise from the perhaps more noxious influence of its fashions and its habits. Man is not in so humiliating a degree dependent, as some are apt to suppose, upon the particles which float about him. He is by no means constituted so, as necessarily to be the slave of circumambient atoms. As the body varies little in its heat in all the vicissitudes of external temperature to which it may be exposed, so there is an internal power of resistance in the mind, which, when roused into action, is in most instances sufficient to counteract the hostile agency of extraneous

causes. I have repeatedly been acquainted with the instance of a female patient, who, at a time, when she felt too feeble and enervated to *walk* across a room, could, notwithstanding, without any sense of inconvenience or fatigue, *dance* all night with an agreeable partner. So remarkably does the stimulus of a favourite and enlivening amusement awaken the dormant energies of the animal fibre. Upon a similar principle, they are for the most part, only the vacant and the indolent, those "lillies of the valley, that neither toil nor spin," who suffer in any considerable degree, from the closeness of the air or the changes of the weather. One, whose attention is occupied, and whose powers are actively engaged, will be found, in a great measure, indifferent to the elevations or depressions of the thermometer. Leisure, although not the subject, is the principal source of all our lamentations. There is no disquietude more intolerable than that which is experienced by persons who are unfortunately placed in what are called easy circumstances. Toil was made for man, and although he may sometimes inherit what is necessary to life, he is in every instance obliged to *earn* what is essential to its enjoyment. The vapours of melancholy most frequently arise from an untilled or insufficiently cultivated soil.

Although habitual industry is of such indispensable importance to our physical as well as intellectual well being, it will not be found sufficient to secure the continuance of either, without the co-operation of temperance, which is, indeed, its usual and natural ally.

Temperance ought to be regarded as a virtue of more comprehensive meaning than what relates merely to a salutary discipline in diet. Temperance implies a certain regulation of all the feelings, and a due, but restricted exercise of all the faculties of the frame. There is no species of dissipation or exertion in which we may not pass beyond the bounds of a wholesome moderation. A man may be intemperately joyful or sorrowful, intemperate in his hopes or in his fears, intemperate in his friendships or his hostilities; intemperate in the restlessness of his ambition or the greediness of his gain.

The state of the pulse depends so much upon the *beating* of the passions that the former cannot be regular and calm, while

the latter are violent and perturbed. The science of medicine liberally understood, takes in the whole of man. He who in the study, or the treatment of the human machinery, overlooks the intellectual part of it cannot but entertain very incorrect notions of, and fall into gross and sometimes fatal blunders in the means which he adopts for its regulation or repair. While he is directing his purblind skill to remove or relieve some more obvious and superficial symptom, the worm of mental malady may be gnawing inwardly and undetected at the root of the constitution. He may be in a situation similar to that of a surgeon, who at the time that he is occupied in tying up one artery is not aware that his patient is bleeding to death at another.

Without an intimate acquaintance with, or at least a diligent attention to, the intellectual and active powers of man, the physician, from the elevated rank of a medical philosopher, is degraded to that of a mere *fee taker* in the profession.

THE CLASSICAL WORLD.

Horace in London, from whose genius we delight to borrow, thus facetiously, after the manner of his immortal predecessor, anticipates his poetical immortality.

BOOK III. ODE 30.

A POET'S MODESTY.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius, &c.

My work is established, pale Envy be still,
 My fame is not now to be undone,
 I rank with the first of the sons of the quill,
 Even elegant Horace of Strawberry hill;
 Must now yield to Horace in London.

Blow, Boreas, blow, tumble torrents of rain,
How tough is the hide of the witty,
The Seasons may dance hands across back again
They never can injure my permanent strain,
Nor blot out a line of my ditty.

I rather suspect, when I'm locked in a hearse,
My friends will consider me dead,
O no! from that circumstance, never the worse,
My far better half, not my wife, but my verse
Will pop up its flourishing head.

Posterity long shall be proud of my name,
Than Parian marble far whiter,
When Fashion shall die, and ephemeral Fame,
No longer shall trumpet the charms of the dame,
Who lowered the Osnaburg mitre.

My odes shall be sung from the mouth of the Nore,
Old Thames shall the stanzas prolong
From Westminster bridge to fair Twickenham's shore,
Where Pleasure and Beauty shall rest on the oar
At eve to attend to my song.

If Beauty applaud me, let Pedantry foam,
I'm proud of the plan I have hit on,
To make the old bard, when transplanted from Rome,
Leave learning and classic allusions at home,
And talk the free language of Britain.

I care not a fig, what the critics may say,
My fame is too firm to be undone,
Then hold up your head, pretty Muse, from to day,
And crown with a chaplet of laurel and bay
The forehead of Horace in London.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AT the termination of a toilsome epoch, the editor and his publishers, like Eneas and his companions, have a right to declare that they have struggled through many a difficulty, and experienced many a vicissitude; but the glorious object is never lost sight of, and the *tendimus in LATIUM* is the *radiant point* of their adventure. In despite of the assault of Prejudice, the despotism of Habit, and all the prescription of Custom, *fervet opus*, the project proceeds, and the process of literary and philosophical alchymy *shall* be successful. Through a tedious and gloomy night of more than polar winter, we have wandered disgusted and darkling, but the sun of knowledge, now high above the horizon, not only gilds the top of the mountains, but shines in the low valley. Indeed the hill and valley are both irradiated. The greater and the minor luminaries shine benignantly; and we anticipate, for the comfort and glory of our country, not only the day spring of promise, but the noon-tide of perfect splendour.

Having, *pro virili*, gone with the plodding pace of a watchman, the annual round, the editor, unlike the watch, asks for no tribute money at this festal season, but gayly proffers every votive wish of Christmas; and generously exclaims to those he fondly loves:

Come now, all ye SOCIAL POWERS,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the present hours,
And lighten those before us.

MORTUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DIED, at his father's residence, in Buck's County, on the 6th inst. in the 25th year of his age, William Rodman, jr. Esquire. This excellent young man was taken off, in the bloom of youth, by a pulmonary disease, after an illness of about three months, which he bore with fortitude and resignation the happy result of a life of virtue and innocence. In him were combined the manners of the gentleman, with every amiable quality of the heart, sprightly, unaffected, and sincere, he was beloved by all who knew him.

Of his affectionate and afflicted parents, he was the blessing and delight; he was idolized by a large circle of relatives and friends, who will ever revere his memory with the tear of regret. But they should be resigned, for he is triumphant; they should rather emulate his virtues, than deplore his loss—that they may again embrace him, when

“Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
“And bids the pure in heart behold their God.”

Dr. Abercrombie's concluding lecture on Reading and Public Speaking is unavoidably postponed. It will certainly appear in our next.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

OF THE

FINE ARTS.

WE congratulate our country on the flourishing state of this institution, which, after struggling with all the difficulties incident to new undertakings, has at length assumed that rank in the public estimation which its unassuming usefulness so richly merits. The first annual discourse was delivered before the academy on the evening of the thirteenth, by Joseph Hopkinson, esquire, one of the directors. On this occasion, the public officers of the city, the foreign ministers, various incorporated societies, and an unusually brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen attested, by their presence, the interest which is felt among all classes, in the success of the Academy. Nor were the high expectations of the public disappointed, by the orator, who, in a very ingenious and impressive discourse, gave a rapid sketch of the history of the Academy, and the astonishing improvements of the country ; and after refuting, in a strain of indignant satire, the false imputations cast upon us by foreigners, concluded by urging every topic suggested, by humour or

▲

feeling, to subdue the prejudices of those who are either hostile or indifferent to the arts of their country.

After the oration, some of the most distinguished members of the Society of Artists were admitted to fellowships, in the academy, and received their diplomas from the hands of George Clymer, esquire ; the President. This ceremony was witnessed with much satisfaction, not only because it exhibited the Academy as already the patroness of native genius, but because it presented thus conspicuously to public notice, so many of our meritorious artists.*

Our anxiety to extend the reputation of the academy, has induced us to trespass on our usual limits, by inserting the whole of this eloquent oration. We have been moreover enabled to embellish it with an elegant engraving of the present tomb of WASHINGTON, which the pathetic description of the orator will compel every American to view, with a mingled feeling, of pride for the country which produced such a man, and shame for the thankless nation which leaves him to such a tomb.

On the various subjects touched by Mr. Hopkinson, we forbear to dilate, because the discourse itself will fully reward the public curiosity : but, we can omit no opportunity

* The names of the gentlemen on whom this honour was conferred are : Wm. Rush, Thomas Sully, James Peale, Geo. Murray, Benjamin Tanner, John Vallance, Edward Miles, John I Barralet, Moritz Furst, D. A. Volozan, Thos. Birch, Robt. Miles, Alex. Lawson, Cornelius Tiebout, David Edwin, John Dorsey, John Reisch, B. H. Latrobe, Washington, G. Jairman, A. Anderson, N. York, W. S. Lency, New-York.

of commending, with enthusiasm, the liberal purposes of this institution ; and of impressing on the country at large, that the cultivation of the arts has far higher objects than the mere indulgence of personal vanity. These should, indeed, be among the first to share the national munificence, since they are always the best and brightest honours of a free people. But to a young nation, at that dangerous age, when the passions are seduced, by recent wealth, over the limits of former temperance, when luxury is added to comfort, and convenience ripening into elegance, at such a moment, it is of fearful importance to fix the wavering taste of the people to wean the misguided passions from habits of low expense, or mean indulgence, to the more liberal and generous pursuits of letters and the arts. If we regard merely individual happiness, these sister studies are the purest sources of enjoyment: they calm the turbulence of political discussions; like the air we breathe, their influence reaches every object that can contribute to our comfort or satisfaction, till their diffusive light sheds over national manners, a softened beauty, which, like the mellow colouring of the painter, forms no feature of the landscape, but is the charm of the whole. If we seek the glory of the nation, these pursuits will again present us with the most brilliant objects of ambition ; they strengthen the infancy of a nation, because they purify its morals ; they give lustre to its maturity ; they enliven its decay ; and cheer even its ruins with the proud vestiges of ancient renown. Are we, then, too young to cultivate the arts, and is it true that their fastidious visits are reserved for the latest stage of refinement ? Yet, while some of the richest countries of Europe possess scarcely a single artist, our riper age seems already anticipated by the number and the excel-

lence of the American painters. Are we too poor? The answer may be seen in the growing prosperity which surrounds us, and the expensive habits which have excited the alarms of more timid moralists. Are our numbers too few? But in the brightest æra of the arts, in those days from which we have received the models whose very fragments excite at once the admiration and the despair of posterity, the free population of Athens did not probably exceed, if it even equalled that of Philadelphia. We are unjust in thus imputing to ourselves these imaginary deficiencies. The genius and the materials are abundantly spread throughout our country: they languish only for want of taste, and spirit, and patronage. But the progress of the Academy is a most auspicious omen that we shall soon cease to merit these reproaches; and we again repeat our obligations to that institution, for its zealous labors to diffuse a spirit for the arts, and the liberality with which it fosters the exertions of American artists.

ANNUAL DISCOURSE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

ONE of the articles of our association, pursuing the plan of other similar societies, directs that a discourse shall be annually delivered, on some subject connected with the views of the institution.

Owing to the difficulties and embarrassments which always oppose the establishment of any institution, especially when it is so entirely new, the Directors have heretofore been obliged to give all their attention to fixing the foundations of the Academy, and arranging those parts which are essentially necessary to its existence. Those ornaments which are to decorate the superstructure and invite the observation of the public, as well as many of the uses finally to proceed from it, were necessarily postponed.

After five years of experiment, not, indeed, without much laborious effort and occasional despondency, the directors have infinite satisfaction, mingled with some pride, in being able to say to those gentlemen by whose liberality this house of the arts ; this school of our native genius, has been erected and sustained, that the "PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS" may now be considered as completely formed and established ; about to unfold the important uses for which it was designed, and beginning already to add some bright beams of lustre to the reputation our city has always enjoyed in the support of liberal and public institutions.

We now begin to find ourselves sufficiently at leisure to look to those parts of the scheme which are calculated to give character to the undertaking and extend its utility. Among the most important of these is the establishment of schools for the improvement of young artists ; the devising of inducements to excite a laudable emulation amongst them, by encouraging and stimulating superiour merit with honours and rewards. All this, at least in a degree, will speedily be done. Large and commodious additions have been made to our building, which now furnishes ample room for the exhibition of works of art, and convenient apartments for the necessary schools.

The delivery of an annual discourse to the members of the academy is another part of the original plan. The directors have honoured me with the appointment at this time. I am not unconscious that an attempt of this sort is wholly beside my usual pursuits, and that to be qualified to accomplish it properly, requires information which I do not possess, and

which my daily and indispensable occupations put it out of my power to acquire. I have, however, been so long in the habit of declining no endeavour to serve this institution, that I accepted, without hesitation or reflection, the task proposed.

It must not be expected that this discourse will resemble those which are delivered to similar institutions in Europe. They are, generally, strictly technical and scientific, being read by a professed artist to artists. Of course, they are lectures of instruction, lessons of art, critical examinations of works of art, and scholastic disquisitions, which none but a professor of the arts can make or entirely comprehend when made. A society has, however, lately arisen here, from which such instructive lessons may be expected, and which I trust will not disappoint the expectation.

It is my humbler design to point out the uses to be derived from this institution ; its claims to public patronage ; the peculiar propriety of encouraging the arts in our country at this time, and to remove the objections and prejudices which may impede their progress.

Whether it has been the result of accident or may be attributed to the peculiar genius of our people, the fact is certain that the United States, in proportion to their age and population, have produced a very remarkable number of distinguished painters. An American is now, and long has been, at the head of the historical school in England, and president of the royal academy. An American is perhaps unrivalled, certainly not surpassed, in portraying the human face beaming with the soul that animates it ; and a very respectable ca-

talogue might be added of American painters distinguished in the various departments of the art: but they have been obliged to seek abroad for those means of improvement, which it is the object of this academy to furnish them at home.

That particular climates or portions of the earth have a peculiar fitness for the production of genius has been very strenuously contended for by men eminent in taste and literature. If indeed it be true, as some of these authors assert, that the arts and sciences have not flourished beyond the fifty second degree of northern latitude, nor nearer than twenty five degrees to the line, we are placed in a happy medium between these extremes. Or if climate has an influence in any manner upon the production or growth of genius, the extent and variety to be found in the United States cannot fail to furnish that which is most propitious. The vanity of the European has indeed taught him to believe, and his folly has led him to publish the absurdity, that the liberal arts cannot thrive out of Europe. It is for us to refute, by the unanswerable testimony of experience, the flimsy arguments by which this extravagant hypothesis is maintained.

The sagacity, ardour, and inventive ingenuity of the American character are all calculated to carry us to a high state of perfection in the arts. The enterprise of our merchants, though opposed by the most discouraging difficulties, has extended our commerce to every habitable clime, and spread our flag over every water on which a vessel can float. In implements of agriculture, in the machinery of various mechanic arts, many ingenious and useful inventions and improvements have been made. In agriculture, too, such im-

portant knowledge has been acquired, that the face of the country is changed, and plentiful crops cover a soil not long since thought unworthy of culture. Shall we stop here ? Shall we not go on to the more elegant and sublime employments of the human faculties, to those arts which polish the manners and refine the morals of a people ; which give them character and consequence abroad, while they provide for them at home the most innocent and elevated enjoyments ?

When we reflect upon the discovery of this new world ; its rapid and prosperous settlement, the independence of that part of it we possess, and the manner and time of its accomplishment, and connect these extraordinary events with the more extraordinary and disastrous fate of a great portion of the old world, we cannot, I think, but discern in them something more than the ordinary course of human affairs ; something that indicates a great design of Providence.

Is it but a fanciful theory to say that the discovery and settlement of the western world, was preparatory of those convulsions which are tumbling down the political institutions of Europe, and devastating its fairest countries. The arts fly from the din of arms, and science shrinks from the sight of blood—Industry pines and starves ; wealth is plundered to beggary, and poverty trampled under foot. Pride cannot sustain, nor humility avoid the shock. Here the ruined victims find a safe asylum, and honest labour is protected in her gains. Shall we not invite, shall we not joyfully welcome *such* a migration ? And can we do so but by establishing institutions for the encouragement of the arts ; by culti-

vating a taste among our citizens for works of genius, and affording to those who excel in them, that liberal patronage, that friendly regard they so truly deserve. Let us for a moment reflect what a vast mass of intellect is acquired in the thousands and tens of thousands who seek refuge in our land ; and when we further reflect that these people migrate from countries in which the arts and sciences have long flourished, the value of *such of them* as have been there engaged, in such useful and honourable pursuits, and come here to continue in them, is incalculable. In the present state of our country, every skilful, industrious mechanic ; every man of genius and science, is indeed a treasure ; a growing treasure which will communicate its virtue, and spread its utility to a boundless extent.

The changes and revolutions of empires, their rise and progress to wealth and power, and their subsequent decline and annihilation are subjects of curious and profound speculation. Whether their destruction should be attributed solely to those causes which immediately produce it, or they have their appointed periods, and it is written by the great Creator of the universe, that all things human shall be transitory ; and the works of man, like man himself, have their youth, their maturity, their decay, and their death, cannot be easily decided. Certain it is, that nations more powerful than any that now inhabit our globe ; that institutions more vast and splendid than any that now dazzle the imagination, have passed away, leaving not a stone to mark the place of their existence. “ Where ” cries the pathetic Sterne, “ is Troy and Mycene, and Persepolis and Agrigentum ? What is become of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mitylene ?

The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more ; the names only are left."

. But the destruction of an empire does not imply the annihilation of its people, or of the arts they excelled in. Sometimes they have formed new settlements distant from the scene of their calamities ; and sometimes they have incorporated themselves with other nations happily placed beyond the vortex of their ruin. While then we lament the awful afflictions with which Europe is scourged, humanity unites with sound policy in requiring us to receive with liberal favour, the honest industry, the cultivated intellect, the refined taste and improved genius which comes to enrich, and not to disturb us ; to find peace and not to destroy it. Such kindness

" is twice blest,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

If on the arrival of men thus qualified in our country, they find no institutions to foster and exercise their talents ; they find the public taste rude, uncultivated, and degraded, the arts unknown or despised, and the accumulation of wealth absorbing every faculty and desire, except the ostentation and folly with which it is afterwards dissipated, how deep will be their disappointment, how deplorable their fate ! They have fled from tumult and oppression, to drought and sterility ; they have avoided a sudden extermination, to fall into a languishing decay.

This is our peculiar time for transplanting to our western soil, those arts and sciences which have been ripening for ages in Europe. The fruit is offered without the labour of pro-

ducing it. Let us not reject the precious gift. The observation of a learned French critic, is undoubtedly correct, that the arts flourish when the country in which artists live is in a peaceful and flourishing condition ; when the public are not only disposed to encourage them, but enabled to do so, by having no wants but only their pleasures to supply. This is happily our condition. The general prosperity has pervaded almost every mansion ; and our citizens are daily seeking new and expensive gratifications. The cook or upholsterer, who brings some new luxury to the opulent votaries of fashion, finds full employment and extravagant reward. Palaces are built from ice creams and sugar plums, and country seats purchased with soups and gravies. The new cut of a curtain ensures a fortune ; and the man may keep a carriage who can make one on a new and fantastical model. Let us hasten to elevate our enjoyments ; to refine the public taste, and look for pleasure in more noble and dignified objects. Let even the man who consults only his pride in the appropriations of his liberality, reflect upon the satisfaction he may derive from patronizing an academy of arts ; a school of American genius, where he will daily see the fruits of his bounty growing and ripening, and diffusing its sweet odour around. Let him compare, fairly and rationally, such pleasures with the mean, the miserable ostentation of a splendid feast, a tumultuous rout ; where a few days of anxious, laborious, bustling, uncomfortable preparation, is followed, in its best success, with a shortlived, contemptible triumph, mixed with some mortifying sarcasm, some unexpected discontent. He pampers, at an enormous expense, some hundreds of beings, for the most part wholly indifferent, perhaps disagreeable to him, but as they serve to fill his rooms and swell the pa-

geant ; who regard him but as the caterer of their appetites, and remember him and his feast only until another supercedes him. For half the money lavished on such an exhibition, I will not call it an entertainment, this child of fortune might place within these walls some valuable specimen of art, some permanent, honourable, useful monument of his liberality. He might confer a lasting benefit on the arts and artists of his country, and incorporate his fame with theirs. This is a calculation that pride might make, even where higher motives are wanting. But the pride of some men requires more immediate and ostentatious returns for her offerings ; and prefers the momentary blaze of vain admiration, to the steady light of real utility.

In the school of Lorenzo Michael Angelo was formed. If all the wealth of Lorenzo had been given to make such a man, it would have been well bestowed. Let me ask the most dull and infatuated vanity, the most selfish and sordid avarice, whether the prospect, the most distant hope, of producing to America some such astonishing genius, whose name, proudly eminent on the rolls of fame, will be connected with theirs for centuries to come, has not an inflaming influence, an irresistible power to open their ponderous coffers to the noble purpose. The wealth of this country is generally deposited with her merchants. They are, in this respect, the nobles of the land. The family of the Medici, the restorers of learning and the arts, the benefactors to whom every civilized man is now grateful ; the men whom the historian, the poet, the statuary, and the painter, all, all delight to honour, were also merchants. But, let it be remembered, if they had done no more to immortalize themselves than import spices from

the Indies, and draw wealth from every quarter of the globe, they would have sunk into oblivion with their transitory possessions. Wealth is dissipated by indiscretion ; it is lost by misfortune ; its gratifications certainly cease with death. But the just and noble employment of it gives its possessor the most rational and exquisite delight while he lives, and a credit with posterity which no honest man can anticipate without pleasure.

The surest mode of securing a lasting fame is to engage the good will and gratitude of some useful and distinguished class of men. Individual bounties, however benevolent, are transient, and die with their object ; but favours bestowed on some permanent institution, are perpetual. If a munificent benefit were to be conferred upon the arts, in any of their branches, in sculpture, painting, or engraving ; as long as the arts exist here, its professors will remember and acknowledge the benefaction ; and the donor thus enlists in the service of his reputation a lasting and powerful class of men.

I have already observed that quietude is necessary to the culture and growth of the arts. Political independence is not less so. A nation in a state of vassalage cannot excel in them. The mind must be free as air, dreading the inspection of no jealous master : the ardour of genius must not be chilled by conscious dependence, nor its flights limited by the weight of chains. A comparative view of our own country before and since the revolution, abundantly proves this position. Before the revolution, a spelling book impressed upon brown paper, with the interesting figure of master Dilworth as a frontispiece, was the extent of American skill in printing and

engraving.* But when independence and peace were obtained, and when, by the adoption of a regular and free government, that independence and peace were secured, the arts began to show themselves like the verdure of the spring, spare and feeble, but full of health and promise. A short review of their progress, though very imperfect, and confined to this city, may not be uninteresting.

I have seen, not long since, an account, extracted from an English paper, of the number of newspapers published daily in the city of London ; given as a boastful proof of the wealth and population of that capital. If this be any test of improvement, we may derive much benefit from it. At the close of the revolution, no daily paper was printed in this city. There were three or four weekly papers with a very inconsiderable subscription. At this time nine daily papers are published in the city of Philadelphia ; which, from the best information I can obtain, circulate about fifteen thousand impressions or individual papers daily. This is vastly beyond the number boasted of in London, in any reasonable proportion to the size and population of the two cities. We have, besides, other newspapers not printed daily ; as well as several meritorious periodical publications, embellished with very beautiful engravings, of extensive circulation.

It is a fact, worth recording, that in the year 1786, four of the most respectable booksellers of this city, after great deli-

* I do not mean that no other books were printed here---There were a few ; but this is a pretty fair specimen of their style and manner of execution.

beration, many fears of loss, and much calculation and consultation, agreed to venture upon printing a small school edition of the New Testament—Yet so rapid and liberal was the encouragement of letters, that in less than four years afterwards, one of those gentlemen astonished us with proposals for printing the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA*, in eighteen large quarto volumes, and illustrated with five hundred and forty two copper plates. The intrepid publisher even had the temerity to promise that his edition should be greatly improved; that some of the articles should be written over and many others revised. We may remember that this was looked upon as a stupendous, and some thought it a chimerical, undertaking. But as the commencement of this work evinced the courage and enlarged views of Mr. Dobson, its successful termination proved his sagacity and accuracy of calculation. The clamour then was, as with some it now is, in relation to this academy, that the country was too young and feeble to bear such efforts. That we should confine ourselves to such things as are merely necessary, and encourage only those mechanic arts which are of indispensable use. What infatuated absurdity! We are not too young to engage with the luxuries of Europe, nor too feeble to encounter her vices: and are we to feel and acknowledge this weakness only when called to some honourable and useful exertion?—This is much less the clamour of ignorance than of avarice, which seeks to shelter its pitiful hoards under pretences of inexpediency, and to excuse the refusal of a just contribution by affecting a disbelief in the utility of its object.

In 1790, the first number of Mr. Dobson's *Encyclopædia* was published; he having at that time but two hundred and

forty six subscribers to it, and being able to procure for the execution of his five hundred and forty two plates, but two or three engravers. I believe the name of *Scot* only is to be found to the plates of the first volume.

Although Mr. Dobson had so small a list of subscribers to this immense work, he struck boldly at it; and printed one thousand copies of the first volume. Of the second, he printed two thousand copies, and after he had completed the eighth, he reprinted the first. It will now hardly be believed, that he had difficulty in getting printers for this work: yet in the short time which has elapsed from that period, we have seen the art of printing, and every thing connected with it, improved and extended to rival the best productions of Europe. Numerous book establishments have risen of surprising magnitude, in a city where, but a few years since, the first man in the business could have carried his whole stock in a cart. This is literally true. Engravers have multiplied from three or four to fifty or sixty, and increased in excellence as much as in number. The *COLUMBIAD* has been printed and published in this city, from which too, or its neighbourhood, all the materials were supplied. The execution of this work has compelled the unqualified approbation of the most relentless contemners of every thing American, who even affect to doubt the possibility that so much good could "come out of Nazareth."

The fastidious arrogance with which the reviewers and magazine makers of Great Britain treat the genius and intellect of this country is equalled by nothing but their profound ignorance of its true situation. Our literature, taste, morals,

and progress in the arts, are never failing subjects of the most illiberal sarcasm and abuse. But their blunders in matters of fact are so gross and ridiculous, that the censure founded on them should be met with contempt. They are scarcely acquainted with the geography* of our country, and they undertake to decide, with the most disgusting insolence upon our learning, literature, morals, and manners, or rather upon our want of all of them ; grounding their charges and opinions upon the tales of some miserable reptiles, who, after having abused the hospitality and patience of this country, levy a tax from their own, by disseminating a vile mass of falsehood and nonsense, under the denomination of "*Travels through the United States.*" In truth nothing is more difficult than to form a just estimate of a foreign country—a wise man, therefore, will say little about it.

Shall we not boast, too, of the *Ornithology* now publishing in this city ; a splendid and original work, alike honourable to the various and excellent talents of Mr. Wilson, and to the liberality of the public which maintains the undertaking. Compare the edition of Rees's Cyclopædia, printing here, with the English edition, in any point of excellence, in its paper, type, printing, and accuracy, and we are at least, secure in the comparison. It is scarcely credible, but it is true, or as nearly so as a reasonable computation can make it, that in the year 1786

* A gentleman of this city was in conversation with a professed scholar, a celebrated man of letters, in London, with no less a personage than Mr. Godwin ; who after, *most politely*, indulging himself in reproaching American ignorance, &c. spoke of Philadelphia as being situated on the Chesapeake ! How great would be the triumph of those wits and scholars, should an American of any distinction place London on the Baltic ?

the whole annual amount of printing of every description done in this city, including the newspapers, did not exceed five hundred octavo volumes ; and that now, in the year 1810, it is not less than five hundred thousand*. Can we then, patiently, hear it said that such a city, that such a country is too much in its infancy to aspire to an academy of the fine arts ?

But why fatigue you with details upon this subject ? What magnificent evidence does this city herself afford of the progress of the arts ? The uncouth habitations which sheltered our ancestors from the seasons are not yet fallen to ruin, when they are overshadowed with splendid mansions, rising from year to year, in rapid succession, and increasing in taste, elegance, and convenience. Do we not observe a growing knowledge and refinement in public opinion upon subjects of art, and a skill in executing them astonishingly improving ? There is deposited in this academy, the urn presented by the merchants and underwriters of Lloyd's Coffee House, in London, to our countryman, Commodore Truxtun, for his gallant achievement in capturing a French frigate. The present is worthy of the liberality of the donors and of the occasion it commemorates—yet I have seen an urn made in the manufactory of Mr. S. Chaudron of this city, to be presented to Mr. P. Dobel, by some of our insurance companies, which, both in workmanship and design, is undoubtedly superiour to that imported from England.†

* Since the delivery of this discourse, I have received information that authorizes me to double this number.

† I must apologize to Mr. Peale, for omitting a particular notice of his Museum ; which, in many of its departments, is equal to any collection

I do not, however, mean to be wilfully blind to our deficiencies. They are many and important. We have doubtless much to do; but the means are in our power, if the inclination is not wanting. It is certainly true that the talents of this country have not yet been directed to subjects of erudite literature and profound science. To develop the causes of this deficiency would require more time and explanation than can be given to it on this occasion. Briefly and generally, they may be

1. The want of rich and extensive seminaries of learning, which so young a country cannot possess, to which the scholar may retire, undisturbed by the business or pleasures of the world, and be furnished with the best and most ample means of instruction.

2. The desire which every man has to establish himself as an independent member of society, and become the head of a family; and the facility with which this may be done here by the most moderate exercise of labour and ingenuity.

3. Our natural aversion to seclusion, to deep mental abstraction, to pain and privation (all of which the scholar

of the kind in Europe; and when considered as the work of a private citizen, unassisted by wealth, influence, or government; with no patronage but his own merit, and no resources but his own ingenuity and industry, must excite unbounded admiration.

It is impossible, in such a discourse, to notice particularly, every man to whom the arts of our country are indebted. The various merits of Dr. Franklin, and his early and continued efforts, are so universally known and admitted, that a repetition of them is needless. *Mr. Carey* is undoubtedly an enterprising and judicious publisher. I consider his *Museum*, as a most valuable collection, abounding with proofs of American talent and genius.

must endure) while our necessities are not strong enough to drive us, nor our inducements to allure us, to such a course of penance.

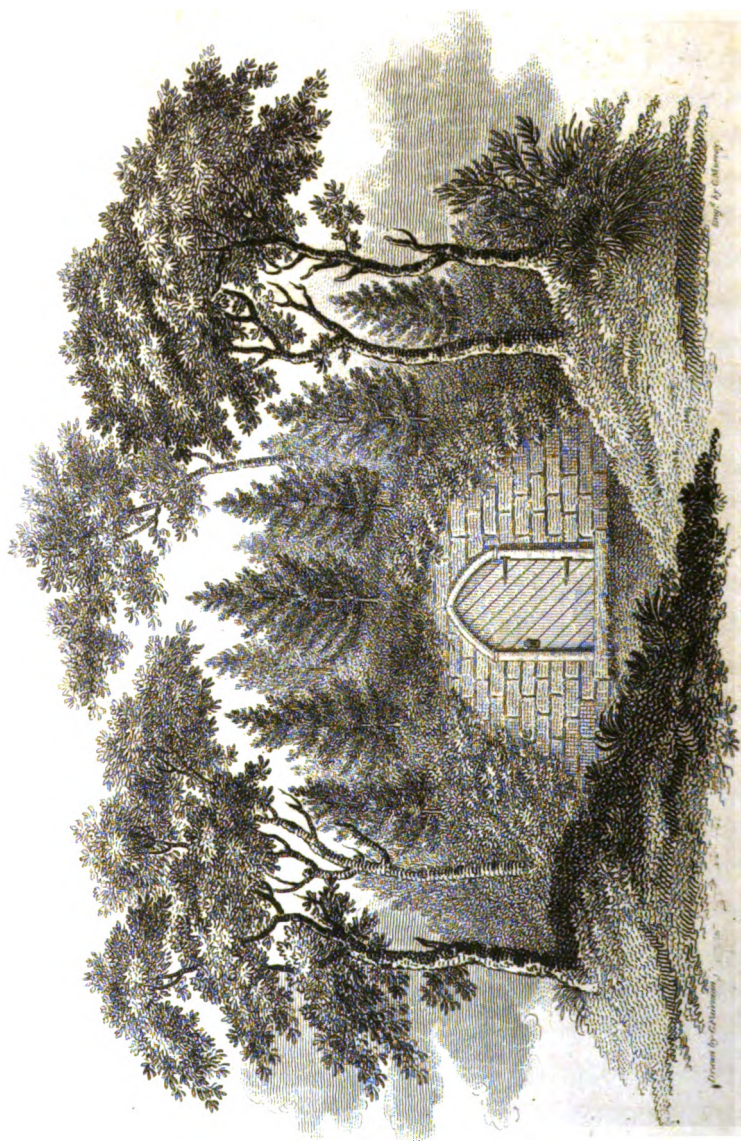
4. Our social intercourse is so early and unreserved as very soon to involve a young man of any sensibility in a matrimonial engagement: and at the age when a devoted scholar would be seeking a retired chamber in the university, and collecting his musty volumes, our youth is looking for a convenient dwelling house and purchasing the necessary furniture. In truth a beautiful woman is so much more attractive and easily understood than a Greek manuscript, that we cannot, very harshly, censure the preference.

5. Another cause may be added, that our young men are, at a very early age, turned into the world to maintain themselves, they must, therefore, adopt some occupation which will yield immediate profit.

None of these causes, however, evince or imply any deficiency of genius or intellect. On the contrary much of both is discovered in the ardour, the reputation, and success, with which law, physic, and commerce, the usual resorts of our young men, are pursued.

The honourable testimonials of merit presented to commodore Truxtun and Mr. Dobel, naturally lead us to a very obvious and important use to be derived from the fine arts, particularly applicable to republican governments. When some eminent citizen, eminent by his virtue, devotes his life, and all his faculties, to the service of his country; when, by

an illustrious sacrifice of himself he averts some dreaded calamity, some threatening ruin, what has the gratitude, the justice of a republic to give? How shall she acknowledge and acquit the obligation? Instead of rank and titles incompatible with her principles; instead of grants and pensions which exhaust the public wealth, and excite rather a spirit of avarice or luxury, than patriotism, the vast debt is cheaply paid by the skill of the artist consecrated by the voice of the nation. Such rewards neither encourage nor gratify any sordid disposition, but operate only on the generous, the disinterested, the sublime passions of the soul. They neither give power nor endanger liberty; yet they satisfy the patriot, and excite the noblest emulation. The greatest minds are impelled to their boldest exploits by the suggestions of honour, and the prospect of some public and permanent testimony of their merit and services. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey" was in the heart and on the lips of the immortal Nelson whenever he was about to plunge into some perilous enterprise. When hereafter our commonwealth shall produce Nelsons blazing with glory; when we shall have statesmen and generals rivaling the heroes of the ancient republics, in the purity of their virtue and importance of their services, performed by incredible exertions, by extreme suffering, by premature death, where is the art or the artist to bear down to future ages the fame of their achievements, or proclaim the gratitude of their country. Shall we disgracefully apply to the very enemy they have defeated, to commemorate the triumph? Must the conqueror thus stoop to the conquered, acknowledging a degrading and mortifying inferiority? Athens was the teacher of Rome in those things which really dignify a nation, after the arms of Rome



TOMB OF WASHINGTON

had subjugated the liberties of Greece ; and Athens is now remembered and revered more as the mistress of learning and the arts than for all her victories.

But shall any future patriot hope to have his memory perpetuated, when WASHINGTON lies neglected. Not a stone tells the stranger where the hero is laid. No proud column declares that *his country is grateful*. If but an infant perish, even before its smiles have touched a parent's heart, yet a parent's love marks with some honour the earth that covers it. 'Tis the last tribute which the humblest pay to the most humble.

" Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh ;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd ;
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

The stranger who, in days to come, shall visit our shore, will exclaim, show me the statue of your WASHINGTON, that I may contemplate the majestic form that encompassed his mighty soul ; that I may gaze upon those features once lighted with every virtue ; and learn to love virtue as I behold them. Alas ! there is no such statue. Lead me then, American, to the tomb your country has provided for her deliverer ; to the everlasting monument she has erected to his fame. Alas ! his country has not given him a tomb ; she has erected no monument to his fame. His grave is in the bosom of *his own soil*, and the cedar, that was watered by his hand, is all that rests upon it. Tell me whence is this inhuman supineness ? Is it envy, jealousy, or ingratitude ? Or is it that, in the great struggle for power and place, every

thing else is forgotten ; every noble, generous, and national sentiment disregarded or despised ? Whatever be the cause, the curse of ingratitude is upon us until it be removed.

In recommending to our fellow-citizens the cultivation of a general taste in the fine arts, and a liberal attention to every institution calculated to promote it, we should not overlook some of its most interesting uses to society. Every man who is a member of that society and has influence and power in it, either by his rank, his education, or his wealth, has a deep interest, perhaps a serious duty, to attend to on this subject. It is no new doctrine to assert that the fine arts are of great importance to the morals of the community. Their influence, in this respect, may reach where the voice of the preacher is never heard, and the lectures of the moralist, never read. By providing an innocent, an interesting, and dignified source of pleasure, they not only draw the mind from gross and vulgar gratifications ; but finally so entirely absorb and purify it ; so quicken its sensibility and refine its taste, that pleasures more gross lose their attractions and become disgusting. Men, whose inclination and fortune withdraw them from scenes of active and necessary business, still require occupation and amusement. The mind that is stagnant loses its vital principle, and sinks either into a distressing lethargy, or low and corrupting vices. What a resource, what a refuge is opened to such men in the fascinating gardens of Taste.

“ Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,

“ Or music to his ear ; well pleas'd he scans

“ The goodly prospect ; and with inward smiles

“ Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ;

"Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
 "And living lamps that overarch his head
 "With more than regal splendour ; bends his ears
 "To the full choir of water, air, and earth ;
 "Nor heeds the pleasing errors of his thoughts,
 "So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 "The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms
 "Of care, and make the destin'd road of life,
 "Delightful to his feet."

Such are the pleasures of a mind purified by virtue, and cultivated by taste. Can a being capable of such sublime contemplations, and commanding such high sources of pleasure, drop from its dignity into some sink of vice, or be lost in the mazes of sensual dissipation ?

When speaking of the morality of the fine arts, I should be unpardonable were I not to fortify myself with the sentiments of the elegant and philosophical critic, Lord Kaimes. He remarks that the pleasures of the ear and eye "approach the purely mental, without exhausting the spirits ; and exceed the purely sensual, without the danger of satiety."—That they have "a natural aptitude to draw us from immoderate gratifications of sensual appetite," and that the Author of our nature has thus qualified us to rise, by gentle steps, "from the most groveling corporeal pleasures, for which only the mind is fitted in the beginning of life, to those refined and sublime pleasures which are suited to maturity ;" and these refined pleasures of sense lead "to the exalted pleasures of morality and religion." We stand therefore, says this eloquent writer "engaged in honour, as well as interest, to second the purposes of Nature, by cultivating the pleasures of the eye and ear, those especially that re-

D

quire extraordinary culture, such as are inspired by poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gardening, and architecture." Shall I say that he adds, "this is chiefly the duty of the opulent, who have leisure to improve their minds and feelings?" He further declares, that "a taste in the fine arts and the moral sense go hand in hand." May I be indulged in a further extract from this distinguished critic and moralist? "Mathematical and metaphysical reasonings," he says, "have no tendency to improve social intercourse; nor are they applicable to the common affairs of life: but a just taste in the fine arts, derived from rational principles, is a fine preparation for acting in the social state with dignity and propriety." It moderates the selfish affections, and "by sweetening and harmonizing the temper, is a strong antidote to the turbulence of passion and the violence of pursuit." It "procures a man so much enjoyment at home, or easily within reach, that in order to be occupied, he is, in youth, under no temptation to precipitate into hunting, gaming, drinking; nor, in middle age, to deliver himself over to ambition; nor, in old age, to avarice". "I insist on it," continues he, "with entire satisfaction, that no occupation attaches a man more to his duty than that of cultivating a taste in the fine arts, a just relish of what is beautiful, proper, elegant, and ornamental in writing or painting, in architecture or gardening, is a fine preparation for discerning what is beautiful, just, elegant, or magnanimous in character and behaviour."

" For the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so long
In outward things, to meditate the charm

Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order ; to exert
 Within herself, this elegance of love,
 This fair inspir'd delight ; her temper'd powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien."

If such pleasures can require any other recommendation than their exquisite and dignified delight, their perfect innocence, their entire exemption from all disgust and remorse, do we not find it in their universality and ease of acquirement. To enjoy a fine painting, a correct and elegant building, a beautiful garden, it is not necessary we should own them. It is only necessary we should have chastened and improved that taste of which every man has from nature a portion; to derive from these expensive possessions every pleasure they can bestow. Thus it is that wealth spreads her bounty, even if reluctant, and is compelled, while she gratifies her vanity, to diffuse her enjoyments.

Further ; every man has not only the means of gratification, thus cheaply furnished, but also the power of enjoying them. This is given him by nature. Whatever distance there may be between the rude and the refined taste, every one has more or less of it ; afforded, indeed, in different portions, but always capable of much improvement. When therefore I have heard gentlemen excuse themselves from contributing their aid to this institution, by alleging they have no taste for such things, I have been astonished. It is not true. Does the gentleman mean to say, he cannot tell a straight line from a crooked one ; that he cannot discern whether an imitation be correct or otherwise ; that he has no pleasure in beau-

ty, no disgust from deformity? What is this taste they are so eager to disclaim? There is no magic in the word:—

- “What, then, is taste, but these internal powers,
- “Active and strong, and feelingly alive
- “To each fine impulse; a discerning sense
- “Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
- “From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross in species?”

If this be taste, is any one willing to avow himself destitute of it? What does it require? Sight, sensibility, and judgment. That it is possessed in portions almost infinitely different; that it affords pleasure in different degrees to different men, is undoubtedly true: but, every man who sees, feels, and judges, has *taste*, which, by culture, he may enlarge and improve.

Let us imagine some gross disproportion in a building, or deformity in a statue or picture, the most common eye would discover it, and be offended. This deformity may be so diminished, that a more accurate eye, and scrutinizing judgment is necessary to detect it, which is obtained by more experience, and, perhaps, a superiour original sensibility or delicacy of mental organization. When a painter spreads over his canvass some animated scene of nature; or portrays the actions or passions of men, what is that taste which decides upon the merit of his work? It is the faculty of discerning whether his imitations are accurate, his combinations just, and whether grace and harmony pervade the whole. No man is without some portion of this discernment.

It is, indeed, so far from being true, that men, in general, are not competent to judge of the productions of the fine arts, that it is by public judgment their merit or demerit is finally established. This is the tribunal before which they stand or fall ; and, generally speaking, it is not only impartial, but just and correct. Public opinion has, in more instances than one, triumphed over critics and connoisseurs, and the triumph has been sanctioned by time and experience. Plays and poems finally take their rank in literature by the reception they meet with in the world, and not by the square and compass of the professed critic. Is not this taste, and a high exercise of its prerogatives ? And this is all as it should be. The object of the fine arts, in all their branches, is to please ; to engage attention, to fascinate. Now, these are emotions of which every man is susceptible. We require no critic or connoisseur to tell us whether we shall be delighted with a play, or subdued by the powers of music. Can any critic prove that we must not be melted with the tenderness of Shakspeare, or prevent him from shaking our souls with terror ? Is there a picture which has fascinated every eye ; or a piece of music which has touched every heart, and can they be proved, by any course of reasoning, to be bad ? It has long since been agreed, that the truest test of eloquence is the impression it makes upon the common audience ; even upon the vulgar and unlearned. May not the same test be applied, not, perhaps, with equal confidence, or to the same extent, to other efforts of genius ?

Professors of an art are frequently prejudiced by attachments to particular schools ; to particular masters ; by personal friendships ; perhaps, sometimes, by envy or dislike :

but the public voice speaks over such considerations ; and, when combined in one sentiment, is seldom wrong, and always irresistible.

The highest efforts of art are but attempts to imitate Nature ; and it is excellent in proportion as it succeeds in the imitation. Is it only to the man of education that Nature unfolds her excellence and offers her enjoyments ? Is it only to him she displays her beauties, her perfections, her symmetry ?

“ Ask the swain

“ Who journeys homewards, from a Summer-day’s

“ Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils

“ And due repose, he loiters to behold

“ The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,

“ O’er all the western sky ; full soon I ween

“ His rude expression and untutor’d airs,

“ Beyond the powers of language, will unfold

“ The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,

“ How lovely ! how commanding !”

Nothing can be more obvious and natural than the connexion between what are termed the useful arts and the fine arts ; and hence is derived a strong inducement for encouraging the latter. The carpenter, the mason, nay, the mechanic of every description, will improve in the propriety and elegance of his design, and the excellence of his workmanship, by having placed before him models formed with correct proportion, with elegant symmetry, with true taste. By constantly observing what is just and beautiful, a desire of imitating it is excited ; a spirit of emulation arises, and superior genius displays itself in the most ordinary works. Instead of immense piles of brick and mortar heaped together,

without any unity or propriety of design, or justness of proportion, where expense is substituted for taste, and gaudy ornament for true elegance, we shall have the plain, chaste, but beautiful productions of legitimate architecture.

Nor is it only in constructing our dwellings and public edifices that the aid of the fine arts is necessary. It is equally required in selecting and disposing the internal decorations and furniture ; which are sometimes, even in the houses of the most fashionable, most ridiculous and shocking.— Those mechanics, therefore, who are employed in these services, have the most indispensable occasion for cultivating their talents, and improving their taste ; especially while their employers are resolved not to do so. It is from the stores of antiquity this improvement is to be drawn. It may surprise some to learn, that most of the ornaments introduced to the persons and houses of the wealthy and the gay, under the irresistible recommendation of being “ *new fashions*,” are really some thousand years old ; purloined from the relics of former ages. The brilliant trinket that sheds its lustre from the bosom of a modern belle, performed the same kind office for some damsel, equally fair, who, centuries ago, mouldered to imperceptible atoms. How various ! how inexhaustible ! is the profit and pleasure to be derived from the studies of antiquity.

The collection and exhibition of works of art, in some public institution, furnishes a cheap school, of easy access, to every one disposed to receive the benefit. The labour and expense submitted to by those who have created this

school, is, at least, disinterested. They have no advantage in it but that which is common to every member of the community, who has any concern in its welfare ; they have no gratification but that of affording the means of improvement to American genius, not always affluent enough to seek it abroad.

The exhibition of fine specimens of art has a further use. It excites curiosity, attracts attention to subjects which might otherwise have been unnoticed, and stimulates the spirit of exertion. The man in whom the spark of genius may be latent, begins to look into his own powers ; to inquire whether he might not produce such works ; to make the effort ; to be crowned with success.

If, on the one hand, we have strong motives for inviting artists, and, with them, the arts, to the American shore, do we not also offer them strong inducements for accepting the invitation ? Without recurring to those derived from the afflicted state of Europe, the prospects presented to them here are, surely, flattering. A young and vigorous country, rising, with unexampled rapidity, to the maturity of strength and opulence ; increasing in luxury with the multitude of expensive wants or indulgences that walk in her train ! The arts, as yet in their infancy, with a people disposed to expense, and desirous of distinction ; public buildings erecting, almost daily, in some part of this vast empire, and innumerable private mansions, calling for the aid of the educated artist. In another direction, printing is extending itself with wonderful increase ; and, in connexion with it, the necessary arts of designing, drawing, and engraving.

Both literature and the arts connected with it have, in England, found their most liberal and effectual patrons in the booksellers. The honourable example is not disregarded here. The same spirit inspires the profession, and the same effects may be expected from it. The history of science and letters amply testifies, that they flourish or decline with the arts.

It would be tedious to enumerate the sources of encouragement which artists of real merit will find in this country ; or to state more particularly the facts and reasons which should draw them to us. At this moment, although we have near sixty engravers in this city, as many more would meet employment.

Nor is our country deficient in objects to exercise and elevate the soul of genius. Our public events, in addition to the common stock of ancient fable, furnish subjects for the historic canvass ; and private affection or vanity will fully occupy the time and talents of the portrait painter. Do not our vast rivers, vast beyond the conception of the European, rolling over immeasurable space, with the hills and mountains, the bleak wastes and luxuriant meadows through which they force their way, afford the most sublime and beautiful objects for the pencil of Landscape. Look at the rich variety, and dazzling brilliancy of our autumnal foliage. The powers of colouring may be exerted to the utmost in representing it. I speak on certain evidence, when I relate that an English artist, who was requested to paint this American foliage, with an intention of sending the picture to Eng-

land, refused to put it on his canvass as it really is, lest his painting might be taken for caricature in England, where, as this painter supposed, it would never be believed to be an imitation of nature.

I could not hope for pardon were I to conclude this address without some acknowledgement for the patronage this institution has received from the ladies of our city. The first contribution to it was by a lady, equally distinguished for her taste and liberality; for the native powers of her intellect and the improvement they have received from a judicious cultivation. The influence of the female sex, in making any undertaking of this kind fashionable or otherwise, is sovereign and undoubted; and it has been most beneficially exerted in behalf of this academy. Our collection of painting and statuary, from its first exhibition, has been visited by our ladies, with a constancy which acquits them of the motive of mere curiosity, and an ardour which could be found only in minds well improved, touched with the fire of genius, and really capable of enjoying her works. It must be admitted, too, that the objects of the institution were so novel in this country, as well as its exhibitions, that it required no inconsiderable share of good sense and fortitude in a lady to countenance them. But intelligence, taste, and genuine modesty bore down ignorance, prejudice, and affectation, without, in the least, impairing that delicacy which is the most fascinating attraction of fascinating woman.

In the present state of society, woman is inseparably connected with every thing that civilizes, refines, and sublimates man. The barbarous days are now but dimly seen in the

mist of distant ages, when she was considered and treated as the slave of an unfeeling master ; born only to perpetuate his savage race, and indulge his grosser appetites. On many subjects of human knowledge her intellect has proved itself equal to the powers of man ; and in some of the best properties of our nature she is much his superiour. The gardens of literature are now illumined with many a lamp trimmed by a female hand ; and the arts of painting and engraving have softened under the tenderness of the female touch. I hope and trust the walls of our academy will soon be decorated with the productions of female genius ; and that no means will be omitted to invite and encourage them.

MR. PRESIDENT,

I have to congratulate you and the members of this academy upon the establishment of the " Society of Artists of the United States ;" and their happy union with this institution. This association promises to be eminently useful to the arts, and to have a decided influence in concentrating them in this city. The success, however, of these gentlemen, depends upon the harmony and cooperation of their efforts ; upon their having magnanimity enough to keep out every selfish wish, every turbulent passion, every petty jealousy and dissension, suffering nothing to divert them from their great design. In the ensuing spring this society will make their first exhibition of works of art, original and collected from every part of the United States.

This evening, too, for the first time, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, will confer its honours on distinguished professors of the arts. This is a most important

and delicate function, and on the just and impartial exercise of it the most interesting consequences depend. Genius must be fostered, encouraged, and sustained by rewards, by honours, by distinction. She is sometimes a wayward child, and must be indulged and cheered. History furnishes us with many anecdotes of the caprices and eccentricities of men of genius, and of the indulgence they have received from the patrons of the arts. If genius has her sublime and ethereal elevations, she has also her discontents, occasional peevishness, her deep and gloomy despondencies, from which she must be drawn by blandishments and kindness. She must be roused and stimulated by public notice and applause. In distributing the honours of the academy, the utmost care must be taken to do it with sound discrimination and honest impartiality, or the charm is gone ; the influence lost. It is happily observed by a celebrated French critic, that " The Roman soldiers would have ceased to set a value upon the crown of oaken boughs, for which they exposed themselves to the greatest dangers, had the favour of the general bestowed it, a few times, on those who never deserved it."

I fear, gentlemen, this discourse, though composed of mere hints and sketches put together with unwarranted haste, has exceeded the limits of your patience, and of propriety. My thanks are, therefore, the more due for your indulgent attention.

INDEX.

Abercrombie's Lecture on the different figures of speech	21	Fruit, how preserved without sugar	39
Abercrombie, James, D. D. Life of	393	Flax, remarks on the cultivation of	62
Arts, the Useful	409—582	Fitzsimons, Mrs. mortuary of	527
Abercrombie's Charge	494	Fortitude, oration on	172
American Scenery	572	Fete, superb	586
Arts, the Liberal	624	Gresset, life of	549
Brown, Charles B. elegy on	287	Hayti, memoirs of	2—136—238—321
Brewers, London	585	Husband, definition of	74
Burke, imitators of	47	Hume and Robertson compared	330
Beehive, No. I.	165	Hudson, facts concerning fishes in the	185
—————II.	147	Horace in London	200
—————III.	504	Indian, a poem	514
Broadhurst's advice to young ladies, criticism on	101	Irony	291
Barton, Dr. Letter from	340	Infancy	159
Baltimore Medical Lyceum, Prospectus of	364	Lion and Hottentot, a tale	374
Beauty	377	Lady of the Lake, criticism on	396
Boa, Serpent, remarks on	209	Le petit soupé	188
Bar, eloquence of the	216	Lines on receiving a purse from Miss ———	190
Clarke, Mr. biography of	17	Levity	194
Clermont Seminary	387—492	Loaves of Mrs. Wiggins and Mrs. Waddle	201
Orabbe's Borough, criticism on	450	Moore, bishop, life of	1
Drama, the	336	Mitchell, Dr. letter from	344
Dolly's Chophouse	382	Merriment	293
Deshoulières, Panegyric on	416—522	Niagara, ride to the Falls of	53—162—230—297
Damask Rose, birth of	614	Nashville, letter from	310
Elegy on the memory of a lady	68	Natural Philosophy, on the study of	433
Education, female	85	New York, origin of names in	184
Eclectic Repertory, Prospectus of	360	Opinions, Liberal	246
Eagle and Cat, a tale	375	Orpheus, the French	291
Edith, lines to	384	Obituary	205
Epigram	190—290—385—614	Oberon, Wieland's, criticism on	592
Evening	612		
Evenings, an author's	616		
Eclectic Repertory	622		

Ode, an	613	Schille, Ferdinand Von, life of	264
Public, Editor's address to	81	Stanzas to —	891
Payne, lines by	377	Laura	190
Pulpit eloquence, letter on	413	Sarcasm	193—618
Paris, letter from	275	Sheep, essay on, criticism on	565
Pitt, elegy on	280	Song	61
Preble, commodore life of	529	Table Talk	14
Philadelphia, ladies of	604	Theatre, on the construction of	174
Readers and correspondents, to 75— 204—523		Voltaire, remarks on	7
Rosseau, remarks on	303	Variety	82—203—294—379
Romans, on the luxury of	346	Volney's View, strictures on	387
Robinson, James, mortuary of	524	White, bishop, life of	131
Rhetoric, Adam's lectures on	122	World, the literary	607
Sterne, remarks on	333	———— Merry	619
Science	405—557	———— classical	71
Scholar, the polite	481—573	Watty and Meg	364
Stille, Mrs. mortuary of	527	Windham, epitaph on	382
Society of Artists, address de- livered to	258	Yellow Springs, description of	4



